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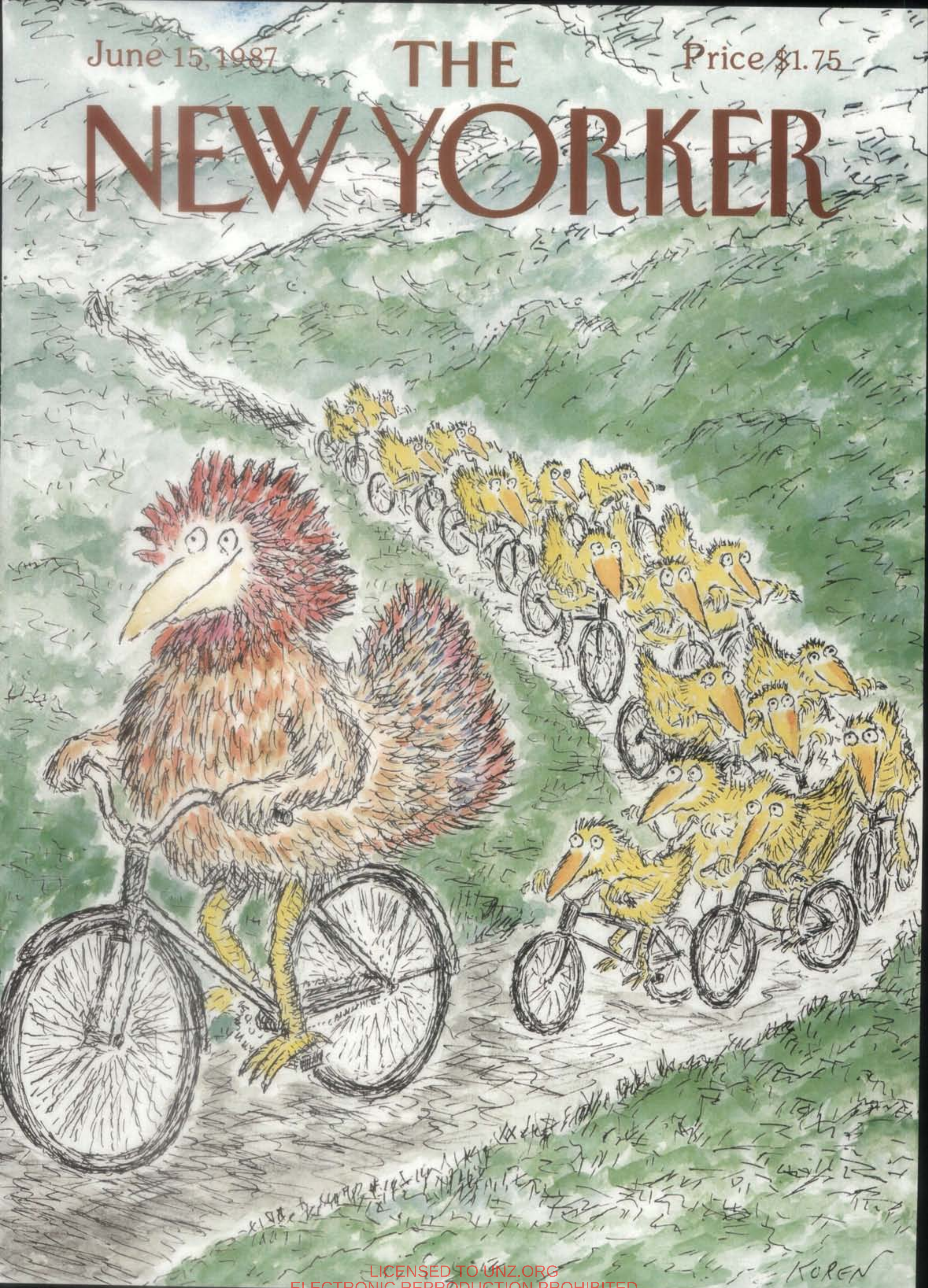
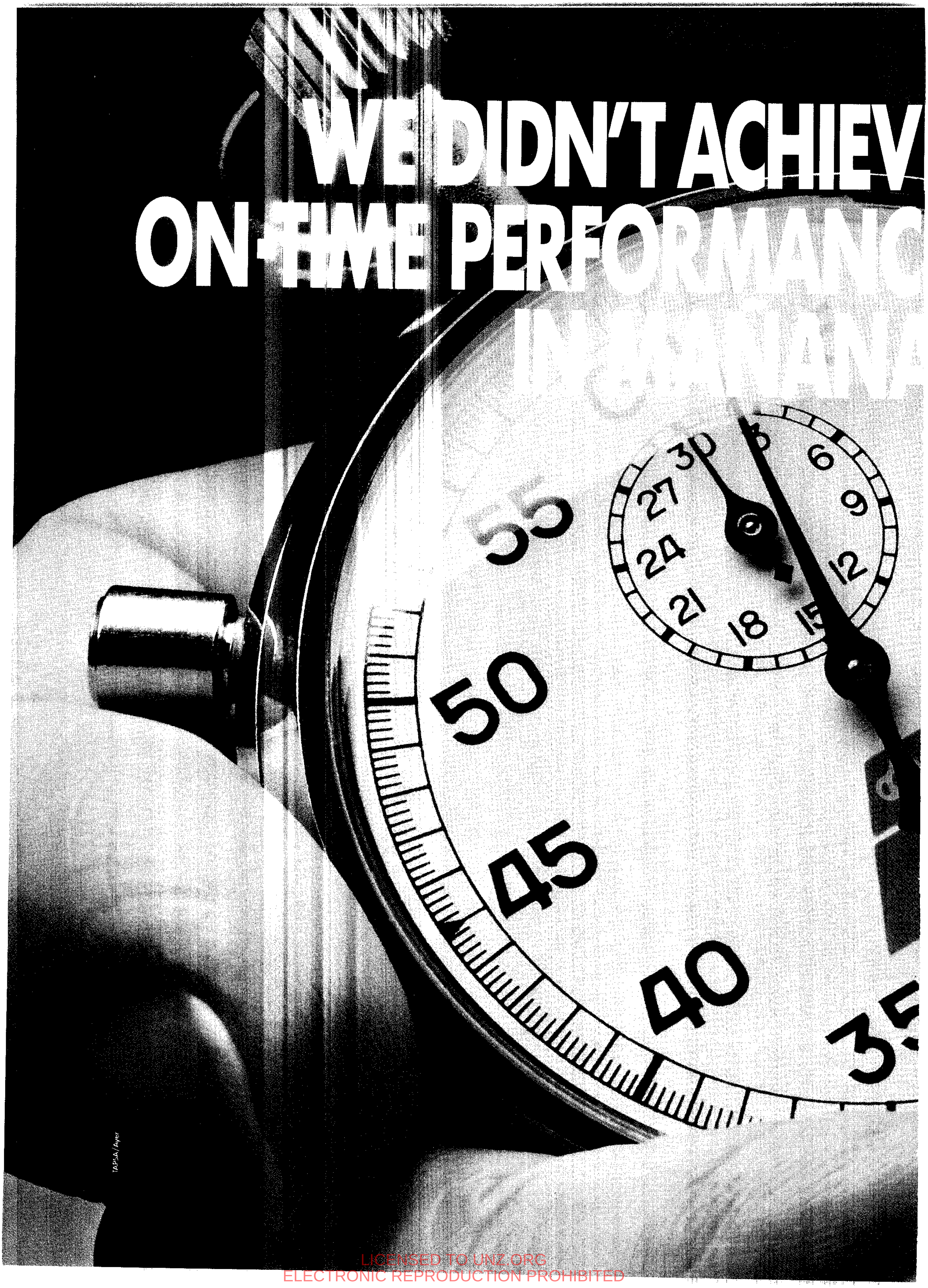
# THE NEW YORKER

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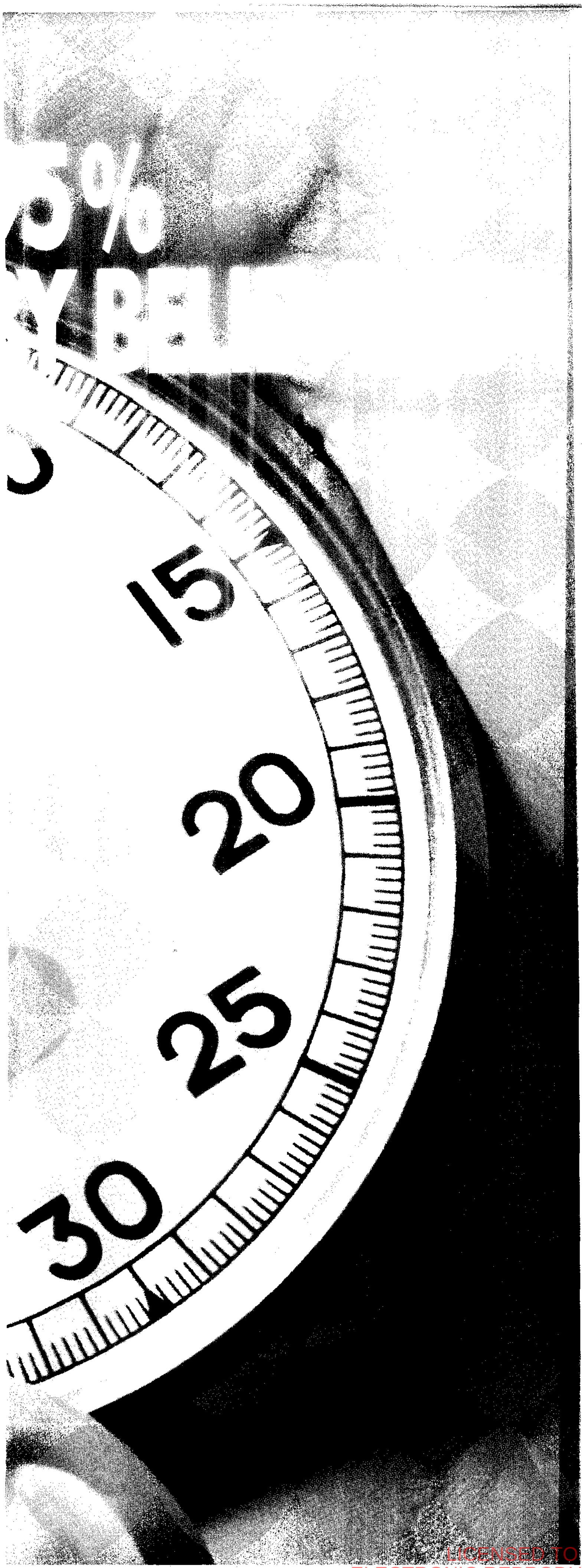

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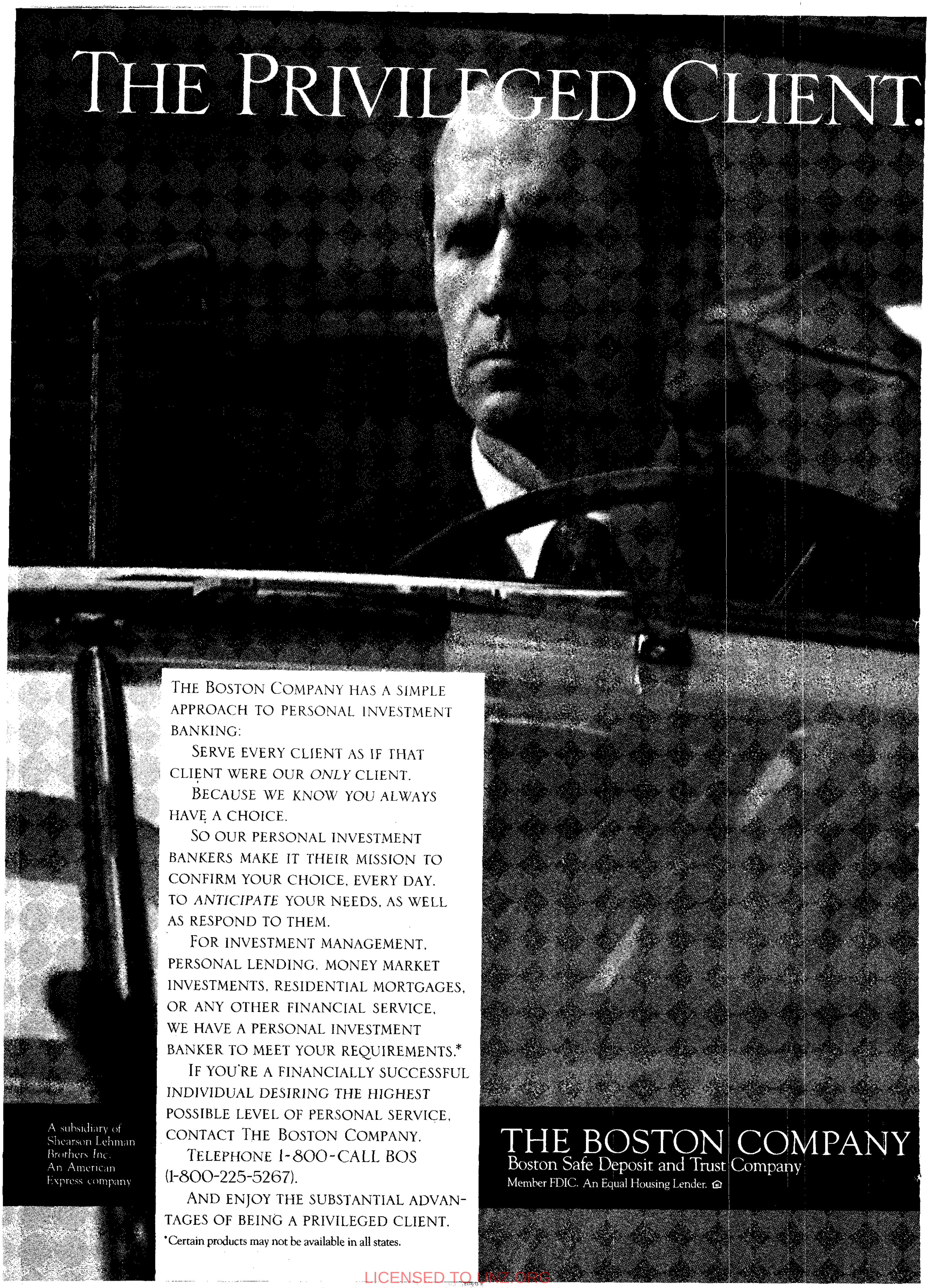

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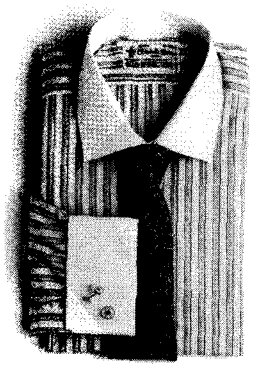

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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|  |  |  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Beirut**—A one-act play by Alan Bowne. Preview Wednesday, June 10. Opens officially on Thursday, June 11. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 8:30 and 10:30; and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 7:30 and 9:30.)

**Bigfoot Stole My Wife**—The collective title for a series of six monologues written by Ron Carlson. With Darren McGavin. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Blithe Spirit**—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Blue Margaritas**—A two-character play, with music and dancing, by Robert Auletta and Donald Byrd. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

**Broadway Bound**—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—Final performances of ROAD SHOW, Murray Schisgal's depressing, prankish play about a writer on his way to Hollywood who makes a significant stop in Indiana. (6/1/87) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 9; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

**Coastal Disturbances**—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Colored Museum**—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Comedy of Errors**—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**The Common Pursuit**—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Educating Rita**—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Ensemble Studio Theatre**—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "April Snow," by Romulus Linney; "Waking Women," by Cassandra Medley; "Bad Blood," by Peter Maloney; and "Real to Reel," by Frank D. Gilroy. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 7:30; Saturday, June 13, at 5 and 9; Sunday, June 14, at 3 and 7; and Monday, June 15, at 7:30.)

**Fences**—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Funny Feet**—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . 21
"THE AUTHOR" . . . . . . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 27
"HANNAH'S EXAMPLE" . . . . . . . . . . *Elizabeth Tallent* 28
"BETWEEN 6:37 P.M. AND 9:04 P.M." (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Harold Brodkey* 32
PROFILES (PHILIPPE PETIT) . . . . . . . . . . *Gwen Kinkead* 35
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE ENVIRONMENT) . . . . . . . . . . *Barry Commoner* 46
THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 72
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 77
JAZZ . . . . . . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 80
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . . . . . . *Andy Logan* 82
BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 91

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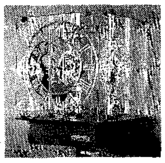

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and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Garden of Earthly Delights**—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

**Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"**—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, June 10, at 2.)

**Lambs Theatre Company**—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT**, is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Morning performances Thursday and Friday at 11. Closes Saturday, June 13.)

**Les Liaisons Dangereuses**—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

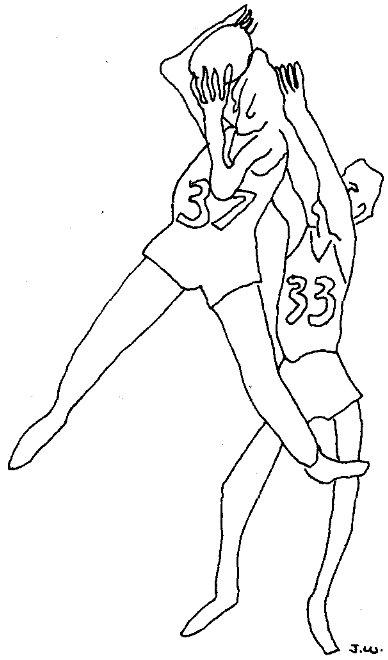
**The Life of the Land**—Edward Sakamoto's play is a sequel to his delightful "Manoa Valley" of a couple of years ago. This time, we again spend a day, just as delightful, with the Kamiya family of Hawaii, some twenty years later. A production of the invaluable Pan Asian Rep, with Ron Nakahara, Carol A. Honda, and Mel Duane Gionson, among other good actors. Kati Kuroda directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**, a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones," by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison. Opens Wednesday, June 10. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**Mabou Mines**—Presenting **IT'S A MAN'S WORLD**, a multimedia theatre piece by Greg Mehrten, which tells the story of an actor (played by Mr. Mehrten) whose homosexuality the world of nineteen-seventies daytime television was not ready for. (6/8/87) (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 869-3981. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

**Les Misérables**—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940**—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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**The Nerd**—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**No Way to Treat a Lady**—A musical with book, score, and lyrics by Douglas J. Cohen, based on William Goldman's novel of the same name. Preview Wednesday, June 10. Opens officially on Thursday, June 11. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Pygmalion**—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead**—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (6/1/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

**Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa**—A charming musical, based on the nonsense poems of Mervyn Peake, in which a family of four sails to a metaphorical island on a piece of drawing-room furniture. The show is more of a staged medley than a fully realized dramatic event, but worth seeing for the delightful songs and performances by Alma Cuervo, Francisco McGregor, Ann Talman, and Stephen Geoffreys. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, June 21.)

**Staggerlee**—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Starlight Express**—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Talk Radio**—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, June 10, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, June 11, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,288 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. Starting Tuesday, June 16, Jim Dale replaces Mr. Lindsay. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH!**

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**PEKING ACROBATS**—A twenty-five-member troupe. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, and Saturday, June 13, at 7:30; and Sunday, June 14, at 2.)

**BEEHIVE**—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**JAMES THURBER KINTYPES**—John Valentine in a one-man show, based on the writings of James Thurber. Part of the Lunchtime Humorists Series at the American Place Theatre. (111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 1, and Wednesdays at noon.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Wednesday evening, June 10: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "Kammermusik No. 2," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Swan Lake," "Les Petits Riens," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Swan Lake," the new ballet, and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 14: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 14: "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concertino," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 16: "Square Dance," the new ballet, and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 17: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 18: "La Sonnambula," the new ballet, and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Interplay," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Interplay," "La Sonnambula," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

**AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 10, at 2: "Enough Said" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 8: "Sunset" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8: "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 8, and Saturday, June 13, at 2: "Enough Said" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 8: "Sunset" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

**PARIS OPÉRA BALLET**—A one-week engagement of "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesday, June 16, at 7, a benefit performance; Wednesday, June 17, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8; and Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8.)

**DAVID PARSONS COMPANY**—The premières of "Around the Corner" and "Three Courtesies," "Tightwire," and "The Edge." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, June 28.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

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**ALGONQUIN HOTEL,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, singing "Dancing in the Dark," "Alone Together," "You and the Night and the Music," and many other Arthur Schwartz songs. **WILLIAM ROY** is her nimble accompanist and, on some *of the lighter numbers, her singing partner.* Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

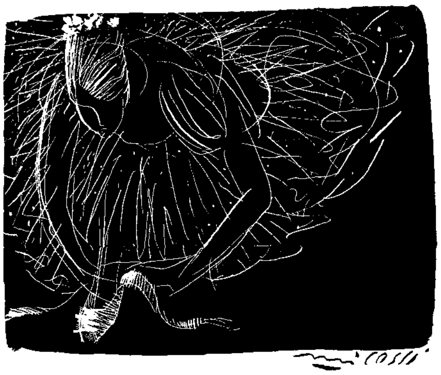
**BALLROOM,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. Murray Horwitz tells Shalom Aleichem stories at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays; Linda Hart, one of Bette Midler's Harlettes, sings gospel numbers at nine Wednesday through Saturday, June 10-13; and musical humorist Michael Garin performs at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

**BLUE NOTE,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Guitarists **JOE PASS** and **BADEN POWELL** trade solos and sets through Sunday, June 14, and on Tuesday, June 16, drummer **MAX ROACH** rides in with his Double Quartet (his regular foursome plus the Uptown String Quartet). **TOM PIERSON'S** big band holds forth on Monday, June 15. Music after nine. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Thursday, June 11, macho soul singer Oran (Juice) Jones; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, the **ROCHES;** Tuesday, June 16, jazz violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** Constellation; Friday, June 19, **JOHN LEE HOOKER,** who can shake you when he sings one of his slow, melancholy, backwoods blues, and release you when he does one of his up-tempo boogie numbers; and Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21, Gloria Loring. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **LARRY WILLIS** works with **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, June 13, and with **RAY DRUMMOND** starting Monday, June 15. On Sunday, June 14, Mr. Willis and Mr. Drummond accompany tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**CARLOS I,** 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **LODI CARR** sings with bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio through Sunday, June 14, and on Tuesday, June 16, **BENNY CARTER** glides in with his luminous alto saxophone, his trumpet, and three sidemen. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.



**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT. BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) flank him. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **BILLY COBHAM,** a powerhouse of a jazz-rock drummer, directs his band through Sunday, June 14, and starting Tuesday, June 16, **CARLA BLEY,** the long-legged, mop-topped pianist, composer, and free spirit, will be here with her sextet. Mondays belong to guitarist and raconteur **LES PAUL** and his trio. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

**GREENE STREET,** 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, June 13, **HAL SCHAEFER;** Tuesday through Thursday, June 16-18, Keith MacDonald; and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). On Sundays and Mondays, you can sit very close to singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH,** a ponytailed, twangy-voiced, scat-a-lot hipster whose repertoire includes "I'm Old Fashioned," "Moon River," Dave Frishberg's "Another Song About Paris," a couple of numbers he wrote with the London-based lyricist Fran Landesman ("She sends me the lyrics, I send her the melody; sometimes we have a song, sometimes we have an argument"), and a funny, mock-fierce tune he wrote about removing ("under the penalty of law") the tag attached to a mattress or a pillow. **BILL TAKAS** is his bassist. Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio, and Wednesday through Saturday, June 10-13, to singer Alicia Sherman, pianist Peter Madsen, and bassist Phil Bowler. Music from ten.

**KNICKERBOCKER,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the calm center of things. **BILL MAYS** works out on it, with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** at his side, through Saturday, June 13, and on Tuesday, June 16, **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** swing into action. Music from nine-thirty.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). The schedule: Thursday, June 11, blues harpists **JAMES COTTON** and **SUGAR BLUE;** Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, country singer **TRACY NELSON** and Snuff; Monday, June 15, Jazz Butcher; Tuesday, June 16, West Texas rocker **JOE (KING) CARRASCO;** and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, True West. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and the light-footed **DIZZY GILLESPIE** on the bandstand. Mr. Gillespie, who has slowed down only a little while sneaking up on seventy, is performing a program called "Dizzy Goes Broadway," with a quintet that features the Off Broadway multi-instrumentalist and free-jazz eminence **SAM RIVERS.** Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The lineup: Wednesday, June 10, Top Shelf; Thursday, June 11, the Jim Campagnola trio; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Damaris; and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, jazz and pop singer Gloria Lynne. Music from about ten.

**POSITANO,** 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—Fancy Italian chow and jazz disguised as music *per mangiare* by. The musicians hang out in the upper-deck dining area. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE'S** trio will be on hand through Friday, June 12. Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterburg and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. The juju music of the Nigerian pop star **KING SUNNY ADÉ,** whose band performs here Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, is all polyrhythmic sweetness and light; it's made for non-concussive dancing. The music of the British quartet **WIRE,** which plays on Saturday, June 13, is dour art rock—more art (impenetrable lyrics, leaden synthesizer sounds) than rock. The rock songs that **ADRIAN BELEW** (a guitarist and singer formerly employed by Frank Zappa, Talking Heads, King Crimson) does with his band, the Bears, aren't glum, but despite Belew's exotic, ornamental guitar work they aren't particularly memorable, either—with the exception of "Honey Bee," which sounds like "Rubber Soul"-period Beatles. The Bears are here on Saturday, June 20. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, reggae singer Sugar Minott; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, June 16, alto saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet; Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, South African singer Letta Mbulu and Nigerian singer-percussionist **BABA OLATUNJI;** and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** hold sway through Sunday, June 14, and starting Tuesday, June 16, **CHICO FREEMAN** and his pop, **VON FREEMAN,** will lead a quintet and trade tenor-sax solos. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**SWEETWATERS,** 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered soul-and-jazz café on the edge of the longhair-music district. A white piano lights up the bandstand. The **CHI-LITES,** veteran soul crooners from Chicago, perform Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, and on Thursday, June 18, **CISSY HOUSTON,** who sings soul and pop tunes with gospelly fervor, begins a three-night visit. Music from nine.

**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, June 10, Funk Philharmonik; Thursday, June 11, the Raunch Hands and the Mad Daddys; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Chicago-blues guitarist **JIMMY DAWKINS;** Sunday, June 14, Bonnie & the Lads and the Riffkings; Monday, June 15, the Lonesome Debonaires and the Baxters; Tuesday, June 16, J.J. Jumpers and the Michael Hill blues band; Thursday, June 18, Ritual Tension; and Saturday, June 20, **FENTON ROBINSON.** Shows after nine-thirty.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—

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Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On June 15, saxophonist **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES,** saxophonist **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and more saxophonists—**CHICO** and **VON FREEMAN,** the guest jazz soloists—will be on hand. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **MIKE LONGO** (a former Dizzy G. sideman) and Ben Brown every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **HILTON RUIZ,** a sometimes driving and sometimes rhapsodic pianist, guides his quintet through Sunday, June 14, and on Tuesday, June 16, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** arrives with his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA,** an institution within an institution, has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Bluesy saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** leads a band through Sunday, June 14, and starting Wednesday, June 17, Norman Mapp sings with support from pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **GENE TAYLOR,** and guitarist Bill Wurtzel. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist Ira Coleman collaborate through Saturday, June 13, and on Monday, June 15, pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** go to work. (**MICHAEL MOORE** fills in for Mr. Hinton on Thursday, June 18, and guitarist **JOE BECK** joins Miss Jarvis and Mr. Hinton on Friday and Saturday, June 19-20.) On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and Mr. Moore play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**PIA ZADORA AND CHARLES AZNAVOUR**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, June 10, at 8.

**LIZA MINNELLI**—Final performances of the engagement. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday through Saturday, June 10-13, and Tuesday through Thursday, June 16-18, at 8.)

**TENTH ANNUAL NEW YORK WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Wednesday, June 10, at 8:30: Catherine Russell, with the Carline Ray trio, and the Gail Hightower group. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8:30: The Noriko Kamo trio and the Amina Claudine Myers sextet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 9 and 10:30: Carrie Smith, with Carline Ray, Bross Townsend, and Bernard Purdie. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 9: The Terry Jenoure quartet and Jeree Palmer Wade, with the Frank Owens trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 14, from 6 to 9: The UJC Big Apple Jazzwomen, with Sarah McLawler and others, in a tribute to the late Eddie Durham. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

**HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Friday, June 12, at 7: The Milt Jackson quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 7: The Robert Banks quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 7 and 9: Carmen McRae, with the Henry Street Settlement Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 7: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. (466 Grand St. Through Friday, June 26. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts. Tickets for the June 19 performances may be purchased in advance; for information, call 598-0400.)

**HOWARD JONES**—With Frozen Ghost. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

**WALTER THOMPSON BIG BAND**—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, June 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

**LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**—With Michelle Shocked. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, June 13, at 8.)

**PSYCHEDELIC FURS**—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 8.

**BLACK SWAN QUARTET AND THE MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS QUARTET**—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, June 13, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

**GEORGE WINSTON**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 17, at 8.

**BRYAN ADAMS**—With the Hooters. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8.)

**JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Hudson River Day Liner; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Stamford Center for the Arts in Stamford. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First performance on Friday, June 19, at 5: Marian McPartland. (Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 7 and 11: The Miles Davis band and Kenny G. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: Sarah Vaughan and Bobby McFerrin. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: Albert Collins & the Icebreakers, with David (Fathead) Newman. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: The Bob Wilber Orchestra in a tribute to Benny Goodman. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: Rockin' Dopsie & the Cajun Twisters and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. (Stamford Center for the Arts.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:30: New Winds and the Dewey Redman quartet. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 5:30: Joanne Brackeen. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 7 and 11: The Chick Corea Elektric band and the Crusaders. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: The World Saxophone Quartet and the Branford Marsalis quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: The McCoy Tyner trio and the Ahmad Jamal trio. (Stamford Center for the Arts.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8:30: The Williamsburgh All-Stars, with Reggie Workman. (Weill Recital Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of the above, call 787-2020.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**JOBY BAKER**—Figurative paintings and monotypes. Through June 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**CARLO CARRÀ** (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturday, June 20.)

**JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**—Recent sculptures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**LEONARDO CREMONINI**—Large paintings of beach scenes with solitary figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

**STEVEN KATZ**—Paintings and drawings of New York streets. Through Friday, June 19. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**JOAN MIRÓ** (1893-1983)—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Aquatints at Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings at Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Bronzes completed in the artist's last two years, at Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, June 20.

**CHARLES SELIGER**—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 13. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

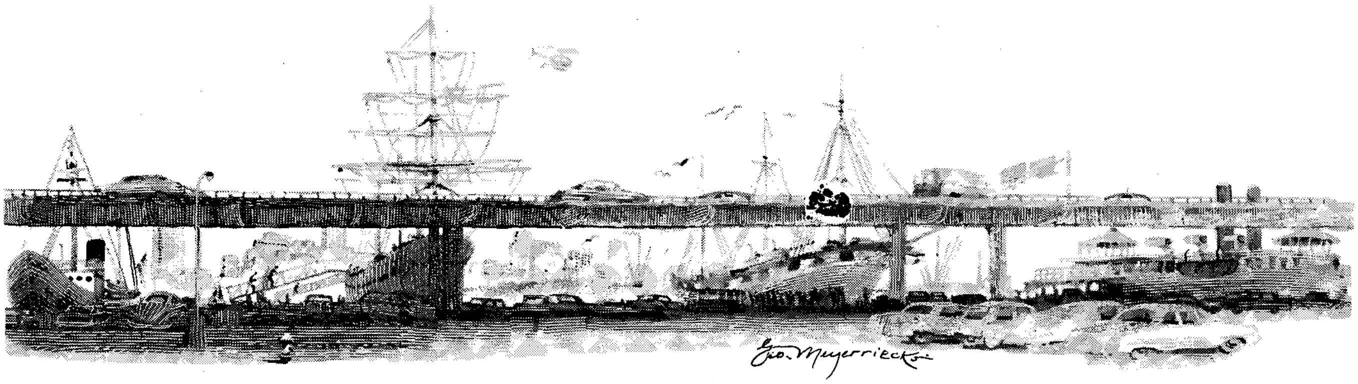
**JOHN STOCKDALE / MARIANNE ENGBERG**—Abstract grid paintings. / Color photographs of masks used in the Basel Fastnacht, a Lenten festival. Through June 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

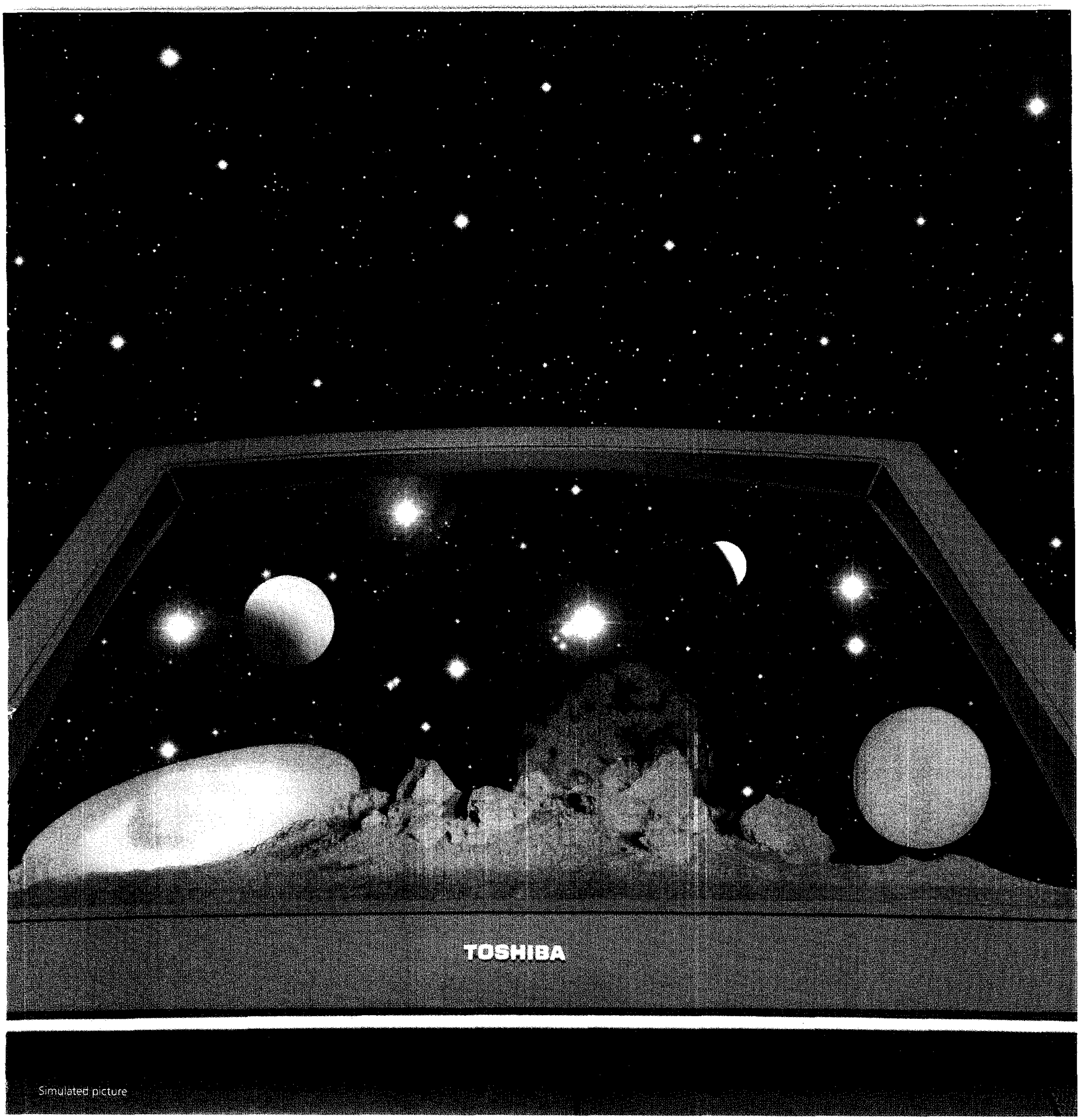
**RUFINO TAMAYO**—Paintings and drawings. Through June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

**SELINA TRIEFF**—Recent works on paper. Through June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**JOHN H. TWACHTMAN** (1853-1902)—Nineteen paintings by an American Impressionist. Through Saturday, June 13. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such American artists as Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings by Therese Oulton and Joan





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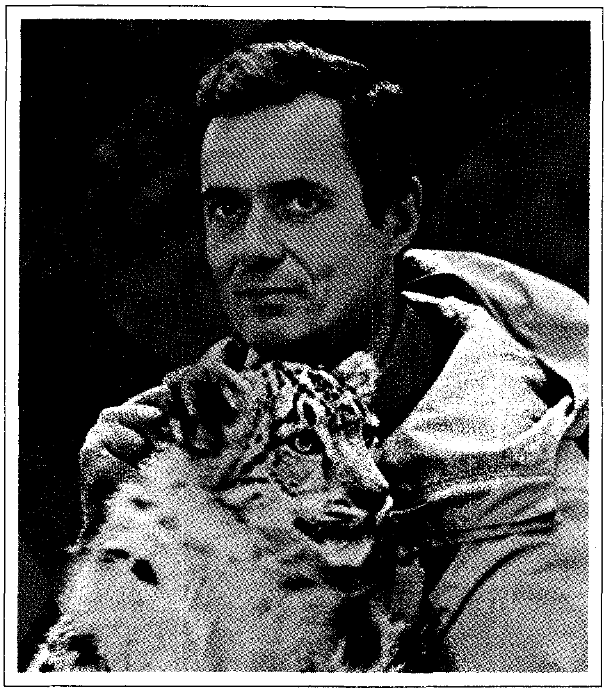


Snow leopards in the Himalayas. Tigers in the wilds of India. Mountain gorillas and lions in Africa. Jaguars in the swamps of Brazil.

George Schaller, pictured here with a snow leopard, has spent years in remote and rugged places studying the natural history of rare animals—and fighting for their survival.

He sees these animals as symbols of the habitats in which they live. Preserve their habitats and thousands of other plants and animals will be assured of a home.

As director of Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, Schaller and the staff have helped establish more than 50 reserves around the world.

*One of the 1000 remaining giant pandas.*

He points out that the destruction of environments is now so drastic that, in the decades ahead, the nature of life on earth will be irrevocably changed.

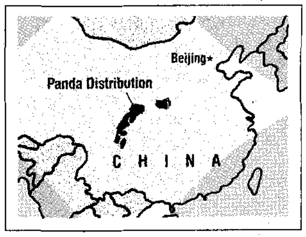
For Schaller, saving fragments of nature is an urgent task.

Recently he faced one of his greatest challenges. With Chinese scientists, he collaborated in a project to save the 1000 giant pandas still alive in the wild. Currently he is working on the Tibetan plateau to help preserve the wildlife of those remote uplands.

# "Future generations must be inheritors... not just survivors."

George Schaller

Since his work takes him to some of the most forbidding places on earth, choosing the right equipment is crucial.

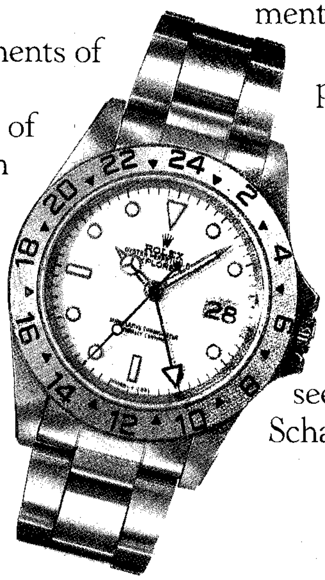


*China: Site of panda rescue mission.*

Not surprisingly, Schaller wears a Rolex.

"My watch must be absolutely reliable, as animal observations are recorded under the most demanding conditions. My Rolex has never let me down."

Inhospitable conditions seem to pose no problem for George Schaller. Or his Rolex.



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Snyder, and drawings by Norbert Prangenberg. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **MAZOH,** 13 E. 76th St.: Twenty works, including thirteen oil panels representing a color spectrum, by Ellsworth Kelly, and a figure in graphite on paper by Georges Seurat. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: A new painting by Richard Estes and miscellaneous works by other gallery members. Through July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**FRANCIS BACON**—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**CARROLL CLOAR**—Paintings of small-town life long ago, based on episodes the artist remembers from his youth in the rural South. Through Saturday, June 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**THOMAS AQUINAS DALY**—Paintings of wildlife and landscapes. Through June 30. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**CHRISTOPHER GERLACH / BARBARA DIXON DREWA**—Paintings of West Coast landscapes. / Trompe-l'oeil paintings of bulletin boards. Through June 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

**K. H. HÖDICKE**—Eleven paintings from the past ten years. Through June 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**ETHEL MAGAFAN**—Colorado landscapes painted in egg tempera and watercolors, plus ink drawings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**BEVERLY PEPPER**—Two gallery shows that complement the artist's sculpture exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Small sculptures at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings at Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2.

**LANGDON QUIN**—Still-lifes and landscapes inspired by the artist's travels in Italy. Through June 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**SEAN SCULLY**—Monotypes with stripe motifs. Through June 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**DAVID SMALLEY / ANNE RYAN** (1889-1954)—Kinetic sculptures in brass and steel. / Color woodcuts. Through Saturday, June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Seven artists have been invited to exhibit their paintings and sculptures. Through July 2. . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Fish, Groover, Guston, Thiebaud, Paul Hunter, and others. Through June 27. . . . **DORSKY,** 58 W. 58th St.: Paintings and drawings by Berlin artists Middendorf, Bach, Penck, and others. Through July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper of either nocturnal scenes (by William L. Haney and Abbie Zabar, for instance) or scenes evocative of dark moods (Jerome Witkin and April Gornik). Through June 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Landscape motifs in abstract paintings by Gregory Amenoff, Robert Barnes, James Conboy, Katherine Porter, and William T. Wiley. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG,** 20 W. 57th St.: A minimal sculpture and drawing by Roni Horn, a lavish marble piece by Louise Bourgeois called "Nature Study, Pink Fountain," and works by five other artists. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Assemblages and collages by Cornell, Schwitters, Westermann, Hesse, and others. Through July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturday, June 20.) . . . **MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through July 31. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through Saturday, June 13. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Sketches for W.P.A. mural projects and other works from the thirties. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . **SIEGEL,** 24 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists, including new members Jo Anne Carson, Martin Silverman, and Thomas Bang. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Twenty-one contemporary Los Angeles artists displaying paintings and sculptures. Through July 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Four oils by Marsden Hartley, four watercolors by John William Hill, two oils each by Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur G. Dove, and several other paintings by Americans. Through July 10. (Closed Saturday, June 20.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**MAC ADAMS**—Six abstract steel sculptures that are illuminated in such a way that they cast shadows of figures. Also, large photographs of figures reflected in household objects—a mirror, a metal kettle. Through Saturday, June 20. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

**JOHN M. ARMLEDER**—An installation of paintings and musical instruments—a trio of gleaming French horns, for instance. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through June 28. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**ENRICO CASTELLANI**—Monochromatic canvases stretched over various patterns of nails to form a slight relief effect. Through Saturday, June 20. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

**MICHAEL CHANDLER**—Out-of-the-ordinary landscapes, among them a wood construction of a fish skeleton with small panoramic (fish-eye view?) paintings of New York Harbor set between its vertebrae. Through Saturday, June 20. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

**DAZE**—New paintings. Through Saturday, June 20. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

**ELIZABETH DWORKIN**—Abstract drawings (in paint, pastel, charcoal) from the past fifteen years. Through July 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

**JUD FINE**—Freestanding mixed-medium sculptures—one measures more than twenty feet in length and resembles an elongated pig—and several large paintings. Through June 27. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**FRANK GARDNER**—Images from Dutch Masters are recognizable in these large-scale mosaics made from bits of fabric. Through Saturday, June 20. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**GILBERT AND GEORGE**—New works. Through July 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**JOAN GOLDSMITH**—Abstract acrylic paintings on paper. Through Saturday, June 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

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**BRYAN HUNT**—Sculptures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

**EVE INGALLS**—Recent paintings of Western wilderness areas. Through June 27. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

**PHYLLIS MARK**—Sculptures meant to move in the wind, which are here activated by fans. Through Saturday, June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**ANDREW MENARD**—Six painted plaster reliefs inspired by Rabelais and Duchamp. Through Saturday, June 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

**NICHOLAS PEARSON**—Large-scale sculptures, each consisting of a web of steel rods in which pieces of colored concrete and painted aluminum are caught. Through June 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

**MARTIN SCHREIBER**—Hard-edge paintings and sculptures. Through June 21. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

**JOAN SEMMEL**—Recent paintings of athletes working out at a gym; also, earlier canvases. Through June 27. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

**DAVID LOEFFLER SMITH AND JONATHAN WAITE**—New paintings. Through July 5. (M-13, at 72 Greene St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

**LEON TARASEWICZ**—A forest near the artist's home in Poland is dramatized in a series of large paintings using vertical shafts to represent the forest in snow, sunlight, rain, etc. Through June 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

**DRAWINGS FROM FRANCE 1400-1900**—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BOONE,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings and constructions by Brice Marden, David Salle, Philip Taaffe, and others. Through June 27. . . . **ENO,** 164 Mercer St.: One of several local galleries with West Coast connections. Members of the Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, Santa Ana, California, among them Janet Croul and Arthur Wang, exhibiting works in a variety of mediums. Through June 25. (Opens at noon; open Sundays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through July 24. . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, paintings, and photographic constructions by Brigitta Rohrbach, Peter Shelton, the Starn Twins, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through July 3. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART,** 584 Broadway: Paintings and drawings by forty-five artists, including Diego Rivera and Wifredo Lam. Through June 21. (Open Sundays.) . . . **RUBIN,** 155 Spring St.: Mel Bochner, Barry Le Va, Fred Sandback, Troels Wörsel, and Lizbeth Marano all have several works on paper, some of them new. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . **SANDER,** 51 Greene St.: Art works that focus on political and architectural matters concerning Berlin today, by Gary Rieveshl, Paolo Buggiani, Dennis Oppenheim, and Leland Rice. Through Saturday, June 13. (Opens at noon.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**CHARLES CLOUGH**—Abstract paintings. Through Sunday, June 14. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**CALVERT COGGESHALL AND FREDERICK HAMMERSLEY**—Abstract paintings by two artists with contrasting styles. Through June 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

**CLAUDIA DEMONTE**—Painted clay sculptures with the artist herself cast as an odalisque—à la Matisse, Rousseau, and others. Through Sunday, June 14. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**GEORGE NEGROPONTE**—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

**JODY PINTO**—Freestanding plaster sculptures of arms and legs; also, works on paper. Through June 28. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Group Show**—"Aspects of Conceptualism in American Work," a two-part exhibit, this first section devoted to precursors. Included are four from a series of so-called mathematical portraits by Marius de Zayas, a collage by Joseph Cornell, and prints by Man Ray. Through June 21. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Sculpture**—Pieces by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**James Casebere**—Photographs. Through June 21. (303 Gallery, now located at 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through June 27. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

**Sid Grossman** (1914-55)—Vintage prints, including a series on Coney Island. Through July 2. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

**David Joyce / H. Terry Braunstein**—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). / Photomontages made with both published and private photographs. Through June 26. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

**Pascal Kern**—Tableaux of rusted nails, industrial molds, and architectural elements in rust-colored prints (even the steel frames appear rusted). Through Friday, June 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Mark Klett**—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest. Through Saturday, June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Gustave Le Gray** (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted an exhibition of works by these paper-negative pioneers. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Deborah Turbeville**—Photographs, most of them done on assignment for *Vogue* and other publications. Through July 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

**International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through Sunday, June 14.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

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**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. . . . **Photography:** Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints), and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. (A related performance series in the Titus Theatre 2: Wednesday, June 10, at 7 and 9: Thomas Kapielski and Frieder Butzmann. . . . Friday, June 12, at 7 and 9: Joan Jonas. Tickets at the museum.) . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Complementary shows are at Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St.; Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St.; and the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.) (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. (Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, and Irene Lipton are among them. Starts Friday, June 12. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show of manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures by new members of the Academy-Institute and by recipients of its awards, among them Renata Adler, James Rosenquist, Frank Gehry, Milton Babbitt, Isabel Bishop, Kenneth Snelson, Robert Bly, Amy Clampitt, Emily Hahn, Ralph Manheim, Steven Millhauser, Padgett Powell, and Norman Rush. Through Sunday, June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**American Craft Museum,** 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing the structures. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of book illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The ink-and-wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view). Through Sunday, June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

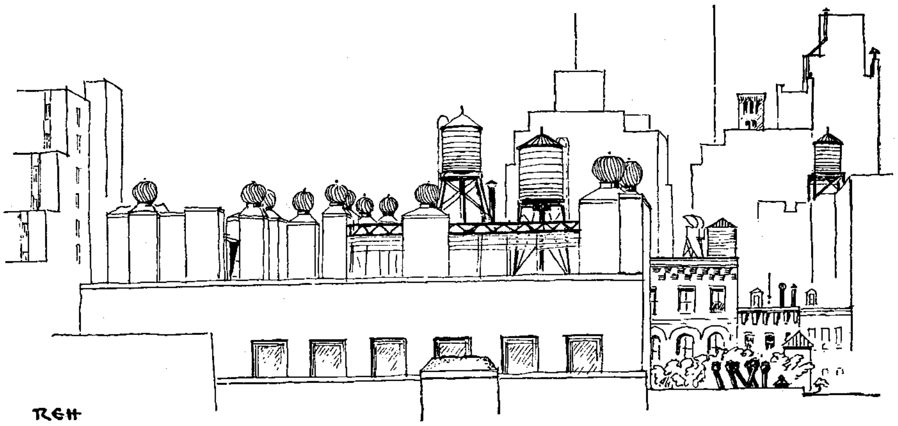
**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of various works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park



W., at 77th St.—Music devotee George Templeton Strong's journal detailing the New York music scene between 1836 and 1850 is the centerpiece of an exhibit of memorabilia of the period—critics' reviews, concert playbills, sheet music, the constitution of the New-York Philharmonic Society. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

**P.S. 122,** 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—"The Ideal," an opera with a cast of twelve—all members or former members of the Bread and Puppet group—about political ideology as defined by the life of Rosa Luxemburg. Friday, June 12, at 10; Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Videos by John Sanborn and Mary Perillo, Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 9.

**Note**—"Middle Ground," a new performance work written and directed by Jessie Allen. (Home for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 44 Walker St. 431-7434. Wednesday through Sunday, June 10-14, at 10:30.) . . . ¶ A benefit program of performance works by Alien Comic, John Torreano, Judith Renlay, Paul McMahon, and others. (Baum Gallery, 109 Hudson St. Thursday, June 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 219-9854.) . . . ¶ Richard Elovich's "Faking House," with Pat Oleszko. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays, June 11-14 and 18-21, at 8.)

## MUSIC

**New York Philharmonic**—Julius Hegyi, Raymond Harvey, Bruce Hangen, and Peter Leonard conducting, seriatim, four new works by American composers on Wednesday, June 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Messrs. Leonard, Hegyi, Harvey, and Hangen conducting works by Strauss, Barber, Elgar, and Stravinsky on Thursday, June 11, at 7:30. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

**"The Western Wind Songbook: A Cabaret"**—Final performances of an engagement by the a-cappella ensemble Western Wind. Their wide-ranging program features works by such composers as Monteverdi, Jerome Kern, and Philip Glass. (CSC Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 3 and 8; and Sunday and Monday, June 14-15, at 8.)

**Golden Fleece Ltd.**—Presenting the premières of two one-act operas: Judith Shatin Allen's "Follies and Fancies," with a libretto by Gloria Russo based on Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and Harold Seletsky's "Songs of Insanity." With a chamber ensemble conducted by Jerome Shannon. Staged by Lou Rodgers. (TOMI Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 14, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

**Composers' Showcase**—A concert performance of the Virgil Thomson–Gertrude Stein opera "The Mother of Us All," with a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Cordova. Directed by Stanley Silverman. The composer, whose ninetieth birthday is being honored, will be on hand to introduce the work. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

**Music Before 1800**—Presenting the Hilliard Ensemble, from London. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, June 14, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**David Hollander**—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, June 14, at 5:30.)

**Elizabeth Rich and Rolf Schulte**—Piano and violin, in an all-Beethoven program. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, June 15, at 8.)

**Newband**—Chamber works by William Douglas, Dean Drummond, David Krakauer, Joseph Schwantner, and Iannis Xenakis. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 17, at 8.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—A benefit program of works by Britten, Brahms, and Mozart. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Thursday, June 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**New York Opera Repertory Theatre**—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting concert performances of Conrad Susa's "Transformations," a work based on a book of poems by Anne Sexton. With Phyllis Treigel and Karen Beardslee, sopranos; Douglas Perry, tenor; and others. Staging by David Gately. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, June 18, at 8, and Saturday, June 20, at 9:15.)

## SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

**Baseball**—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, June 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Monday through Thursday, June 15-18, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 19, at 7:35, and Saturday, June 20, at 7:05.

**Golf**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.)

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; on Friday, June 19, at 3. Through Monday, Aug. 3. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 13. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE,** McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7, from Friday, June 19, through Saturday, Sept. 5.

**Trotting**—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1, from Monday, June 15, through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, June 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

## ET ALIA

**Prose Readings**—"Bloomsday on Broadway VI," a program of readings from James Joyce's "Ulysses," with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Fritz Weaver, John Shea, Maria Tucci, Estelle Parsons, Jerry Stiller, Anne Meara, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, June 16, from 7 P.M. until 2 A.M. For information about tickets and the reading schedule, call 864-5400.)

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions**—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Tuesday, June 16, at 8 (rain date, June 18), "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes, conducted by Garcia Navarro. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 17, at 8 (rain date, June 18), "La Bohème," with Rosario Andrade, Myra Merritt, Vinson Cole, and David Arnold; Richard Woitach. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 19, at 8 (rain date, June 21), "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Nicola Martinucci, and George Fortune; Garcia Navarro. . . . **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island: Saturday, June 20, at 8 (rain date, June 21), "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Knighton, Priscilla Baskerville, and the Messrs. Cole and Arnold; Richard Woitach.

**Conservatory Garden in Central Park**—On Saturday, June 13 (rain date, June 14), from noon to four, the Central Park Conservancy will host a party (music, plant sales, tours) for the newly replanted six-acre formal garden, inside the Vanderbilt Gates, Fifth Avenue and 105th Street.

**Brooklyn Botanic Garden**—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than six thousand rosebushes representing nearly a thousand varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4.)

**Walking Tour**—A conducted tour of the Gramercy Park area, sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, will take place on Sunday, June 14. Meets in front of the New York Life Insurance Building, Madison Ave. and 27th Street, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 873-3400.)

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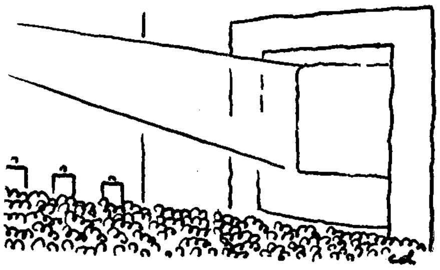
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

### EAST SIDE

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 18: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol" (1973; directed by Lana Jokel), a documentary; "My Life for Zarah Leander" (Christian Blackwood; in German); and "To New Shores" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.
From June 19: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol;" and "A Virus Knows No Morals" (1986; Rosa von Praunheim; in German).

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Angel Heart" (†). From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Raising Arizona" (†). From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "Gardens of Stone" (†). From June 12: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer).

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 11: "Platoon" (†).
From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 18: "Ishtar" (†).
From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 11: "Munchies."
From June 12: To be announced.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ishtar" (†).

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 11: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Summer Heat" (Michie Gleason), with Lori Singer and Anthony Edwards. From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 11: "Tin Men" (†).
From June 12: "Radio Days" (†).

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "The Second Victory" (Gerald Thomas), with Anthony Andrews. From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Personal Services" (†). From June 19: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Morgan Stewart's Coming Home" (Alan Smithee), with Jon Cryer, Lynn Redgrave, and Nicholas Pryor. From June 12: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer).
Theatre 2: "The Stepfather" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 11: "Raising Arizona" (†).
From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

**U.A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 11: "Munchies."
From June 12: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer).

**86th Street Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables."

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Chile: Hasta Cuando?" (†); and "Painted Landscapes of the Times" (1986; directed by Helene Klodawsky), a short film.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

**Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Salvation!" (Beth B). From June 12: "The Puppetoon Movie."
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton. From June 12: "Salvation!"

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Athens, Ga.—Inside/Out" (†). From June 12: "Dances, Sacred and Profane."
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "River's Edge" (†). From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Gothic" (Ken Russell).

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ishtar" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Ishtar" (†). From June 12: "Personal Services" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton. From June 12: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "Shadey" (Philip Saville). From June 12: "Swimming to Cambodia."
Theatre 4: "Law of Desire" (†).

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "The Stepfather" (†). From June 12: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 16: "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film.
From June 17: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 18: "Ishtar" (†).
From June 19: "Roxanne" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

**New Carnegie,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 11: "Tin Men" (†).
From June 12: "Personal Services" (†).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 11: "Radio Days" (†).
From June 12: "Raising Arizona" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

**Cinema Studio I and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

**Embassy 72nd St. I and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Raising Arizona" (†). From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. June 12-18: "Predator." From June 19: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
Theatre 4: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 5: Through June 11: "Beverly Hills Cop II." From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 6: "The Untouchables."

**Metro Cinema I and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Padre Nuestro" (†). From June 12: "River's Edge" (†).

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Cine I and 2,** 7th Ave. between 47th and 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Commando Squad" (directed by Fred Olen Ray). From June 12: "Messenger."

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: Through June 11: "The Stepfather" (†). From June 12: "Million Dollar Mystery" (Richard Fleischer).

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables."
Theatre 4: Through June 18: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend. From June 19: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: Theatre closed. From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**U.A. Twin 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick). From June 15: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Munchies." From June 15: Theatre closed.

**Warner Twin,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: Theatre closed. From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

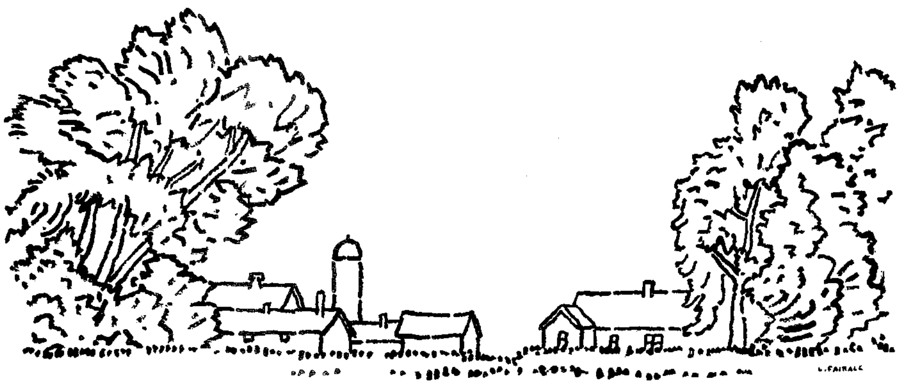
## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 11: "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; directed by Peter Del Monte; in French); and "Le Dernier Combat" (1984; Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
June 12-14: "The Most Beautiful" (1944; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 15-16: "Fool for Love" (1985; Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Days of Heaven" (†).
June 17-18: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Smooth Talk" (1985; Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern.
June 19-20: "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner.

**Film Forum 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 10: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck. At 4:10 only, "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.
June 11-13: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (1985; Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish).
June 14-15: "Caravaggio" (1986; Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry; and "A Bigger Splash" (1984; Jack Hazan), with David Hockney.
June 16: "Himatsuri" (1985; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese); and "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando. At 4 only, "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.
June 17: "The Birth of a Nation" (†); and "Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Donald Crisp.
June 18-20: "Rebecca" (†) and "Spellbound" (†).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and "Shenandoah" (1965; Andrew McLaglen), with James Stewart, Doug McClure, Glenn Corbett, Patrick Wayne, and Rosemary Forsyth.
June 11-13: "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Wife Versus Secretary" (1936; Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and James Stewart.
June 14-15: "The Mortal Storm" (1940; Frank Borzage), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Robert Young; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.
June 16-17: "The Naked Spur" (1953; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker; and "The Man from Laramie" (1955; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, and Cathy O'Donnell.
June 18-20: "Harvey" (1950; Henry Koster), with James Stewart and Josephine Hull; and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Henry Travers.

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 10: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.
June 11: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; and "Husbands" (1970; John Cassavetes), with Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and Cassavetes.
June 12-13: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
June 14: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.
June 15: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais.
June 16: "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.
June 17: "Splendor in the Grass" (†); and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
June 18: "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances



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McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh; and "Gumshoe" (†).
June 19-20: "Harold and Maude" (†) and "Shampoo" (†).

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 10: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.
June 11: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
June 12-13: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.
June 14: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Brian Donlevy.
June 15: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (†).
June 16: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Shampoo" (†).
June 17: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (†).
June 18: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (†).
June 19-20: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (†).

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**THEATRE 1:** June 11 at 2:30: "Thunderball" (1965; directed by Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Claudine Auger, Adolfo Celi, and Luciana Paluzzi. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery, Akiko Wakabayashi, Tetsuro Tamba, Mie Hama, and Donald Pleasence. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby, Diana Rigg, and Telly Savalas. . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery, Jill St. John, and Charles Gray. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2: "You Only Live Twice." . . . ¶ June 13 at 5: "Thunderball." . . . ¶ June 14 at 2: "The Man with the Golden Gun" (1974; Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore, Christopher Lee, and Britt Ekland. . . . ¶ June 14 at 5: "Live and Let Die" (1973; Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore, Yaphet Kotto, and Jane Seymour. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Diamonds Are Forever." . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: "The Man with the Golden Gun." . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "Live and Let Die." . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." . . . ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1977; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore, Barbara Bach, Curt Jurgens, and Richard Kiel. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6 and June 20 at 2: "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Michael Lonsdale, and Richard Kiel. . . . ¶ June 20 at 5: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

**THEATRE 2:** June 11 at 6:30 and June 13 at 4: "Laputa" (1986; Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German, with English subtitles), with Sami Frey and Krystyna Janda. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6:30: A program of films by Peter Hutton, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6:30 and June 20 at 4: "Dear Mother, I Am Well" (1971; Christian Ziewer; in German, with English subtitles), with Claus Eberth.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 12 at 7:30: "Muddy River" (1981; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Nobutaka Asahara. . . . ¶ June 19 at 7:30: "The Face of Another" (1966; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

**The Agony and the Ecstasy** (1965)—There is a dreadful discrepancy between Michelangelo's works and the words put in the mouth of Charlton Heston, who represents him here, and this picture—which is mostly about a prolonged wrangle between the sculptor and Pope Julius II (Rex Harrison), who keeps sweeping into the Sistine Chapel and barking, "When will you make an end of it?"—isn't believable for an instant. It was a terrible fiasco for all concerned—the financiers as well as the artists. Carol Reed directed, from Philip Dunne's lugubrious adaptation of the massive Irving Stone best-seller. With Diane Cilento and Harry Andrews. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17.)

**Angel Heart**—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through June 11.)

**Athens, Ga.–Inside/Out**—"This is one of the most Zen places on earth," says one beaming resident of this music-obsessed university town. Tony Gayton, the director of this low-budget 16-mm. documentary, may have Zen aspirations, too—he shoots and edits as if blindfolded—but his aim is not true. Although the film is meant as a celebration of Athens' crowded creative "scene," it has such a smug insider's tone that it becomes something very different: almost a cautionary movie about the insularity and self-infatuation that college towns are prone to. The picture chuckles and stammers and shakes its head and tells the audience, "You just had to *be* there"—a pretty infuriating attitude for a documentary to take. And fans of Athens' best-known group, melodic and spacey R.E.M., should be warned: the band plays only two songs, and one of them is a limp-spirited cover of the Everly Brothers' "All I Have to Do Is Dream." Among the many other performers are the B-52's (seen here in an old, poorly synchronized film clip) and a promising band called Dreams So Real. —T.R. (Waverly; through June 11.)

**The Birth of a Nation** (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Film Forum 2; June 17.)

**Chile: Hasta Cuando?**—In 1985, twelve years after the military coup that overthrew the Marxist government of Salvador Allende, the Australian director David Bradbury and a small crew went to Chile under the pretext of shooting a documentary on the country's religious and music festivals. What they were really after was an eyewitness account of life under the repressive regime of General Augusto Pinochet—and they came away with this compelling fifty-seven-minute essay in fear and courage. Life in Chile seems an endless succession of street demonstrations (brutally quashed by the military police) and funerals of the General's opponents. The conditions of filming on the run rule out visual elegance, but the movie doesn't need it: Bradbury's film is a remarkably clear and intelligent report on a chilling society. Its anger is unhysterical—mournful, dignified, and precise. In Spanish and English.—T.R. (Film Forum 1.)

**Days of Heaven** (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks. The film suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. (Cinema Village; June 15-16.)

**Devil in the Flesh**—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio, who has explored his obsessions brilliantly in films like "Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near," and "Leap Into the Void." In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Plaza.)

**Extreme Prejudice**—This Tex-Mex border thriller, directed by Walter Hill, wants to be a lean, hard contemporary action picture, but the story (by John Milius and Fred Rexer) has too much fat on it. It's a jumble of genre conventions and macho codes, deployed with a recklessness that suggests desperation. There are scorpions, long swigs of tequila, and heavy eyeballing in smoky cantinas; a lawman (Nick Nolte) and a crook (Powers Boothe) competing for the loyalty of a good woman (Maria Conchita Alonso); and a handful of man's-man proverbs. The echoes of Peckinpah and of Hill's fine earlier work ("The Warriors," "The Long Riders," and "Southern Comfort") are saddening. Also with Rip Torn, Michael Ironside, Clancy Brown, and William Forsythe. Screenplay by Deric Washburn and Harry Kleiner.—T.R. (Criterion Center; through June 11.)

**Gardens of Stone**—The period of this Francis Coppola film is 1968 and 1969, and the title refers to Arlington National Cemetery; most of the characters serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit, and take part in the burials of up to fifteen young men a day. The film is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable. James Caan gives a sturdy, hypermasculine performance as the sergeant who loves the Army but doesn't believe the war can be won. The movie is too wet when it deals with his fatherly efforts to wise up an eager, gullible young trainee (D. B. Sweeney); but when Caan and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the war and the Army bureaucracy they're great together, overacting joyously. With the magical, humorous Dean Stockwell, and Anjelica Huston, Lonette McKee, Mary Stuart Masterson, Dick Anthony Williams, Casey Siemaszko, and, in a scene that's an embarrassment, Bill Graham. The screenplay, by Ronald Bass, was adapted from Nicholas Proffitt's novel; cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (5/18/87) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through June 11.)

**Gumshoe** (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; June 18.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby, Harold falls in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" and "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. (Thalia SoHo; June 19-20.)

**Ishtar**—Written and directed by Elaine May, this must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging nonentities—singer-songwriters (Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman) who can only be booked into faraway night spots; dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. Though determinedly inconsequential, the picture has been made on authentic locations and in a glamorous romantic style; it gets stalled in exposition and in the sand of the Sahara. It isn't dislikable, but it has no comic energy. May's directing is limp, passive; she doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either. And when Beatty and Hoffman play small-timers it's a reverse conceit, a form of affectation. Besides, they don't have the kind of sketch-humor savvy to goof off gracefully. They do have a great desert scene with a troupe of unusually handsome, well-groomed vultures. And there are performers who bring some charge with them: Jack Weston, as the team's two-bit hustling agent; Rose Arrick, in a tiny role as Hoffman's mother. And, as the C.I.A. villain, Charles Grodin manages to be fairly amusing because of his bland, whiny *lack* of charge. With Isabelle Adjani, whose pure, childlike face peeps out of the dark Moroccan clothes she's swathed in; she seems hidden in the picture. Also with Tess Harper, Carol Kane, Aharon Ipale, and Herb Gardner. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (6/1/87) (Sutton, and Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Ziegfeld; through June 18.)

**Law of Desire**—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

**Lethal Weapon**—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

**My Life as a Dog**—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ing-mari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 12.)

**Padre Nuestro**—Director Francisco Regueiro has cast Buñuel veterans Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal in this movie about a dying Spanish cardinal (Rey) who returns home to put his house in order. His goals are to reconcile with his illegitimate daughter, a prostitute who dispenses her favors under the name of La Cardenala, and to arrange the disposition of his vineyards, which produce "the Blood of Christ"—Communion wine. The movie is full of dry little jokes about red hats and red lights, and at one point the Cardinal gives his brother (Rabal), a doctor who's supposed to be a worldly atheist, some pointers, in Latin, on sexual technique. Regueiro's work is intelligent, but the film is finally disappointing; the strong wine of Buñuel's wit seems to have been adulterated with a smooth, tame kind of "wisdom." Though he doesn't do anything he hasn't done before, Rey gives a lovely, funny performance. With Victoria Abril as La Cardenala and Emma Penella as the Cardinal's mother, who's outraged that her son didn't make Pope. Screenplay by Angel Fernández Santos and the director. In Spanish.—T.R. (Metro Cinema; through June 11.)

**Personal Services**—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly,

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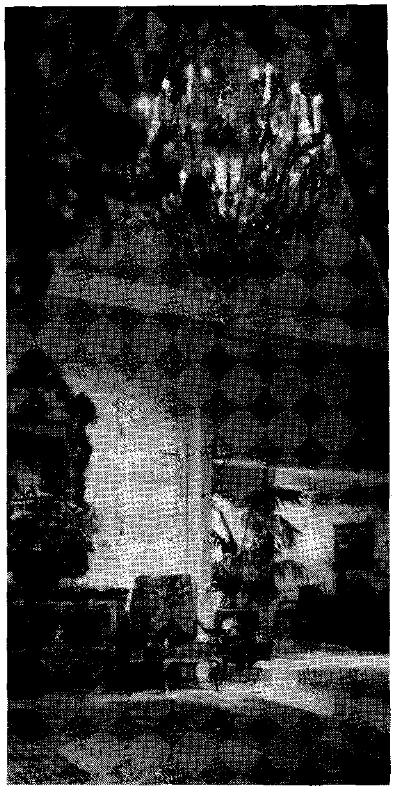

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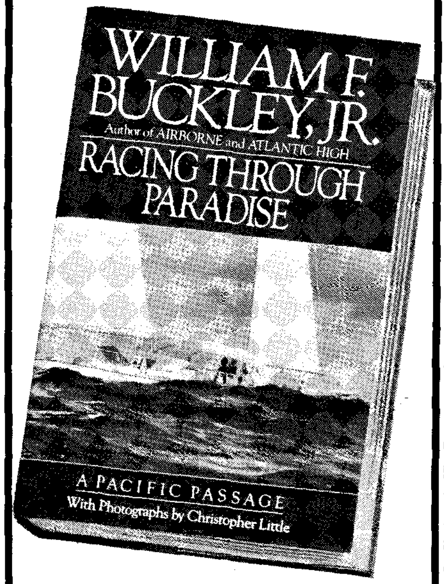
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (Cinema II; through June 18.... ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and New Carnegie; starting June 12.)

**Le Plaisir** (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the First Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

**Platoon**—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Cine 1.... ¶ Gramercy; through June 11.... ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting June 12.)

**Prick Up Your Ears**—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike *Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving.* And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Radio Days**—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at *the center of our attention.* Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green *as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello,* Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Cinema 3; through June 11.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 12.)

**Raising Arizona**—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 11.... ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 12.)

**Rebecca** (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances—he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes the character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. Also with Gladys Cooper, Nigel Bruce, Leo G. Carroll, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, and Melville Cooper. (Film Forum 2; June 18-20.)

**River's Edge**—Directed by Tim Hunter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.... ¶ Waverly; through June 18.... ¶ Metro Cinema; starting June 12.)

**Rosa Luxemburg**—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg *is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to* bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Roxanne**—With Steve Martin and Daryl Hannah, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld; starting June 19.)

**The Secret of My Success**—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, *and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite* Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

**SHAMPOO** (1975)—When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. The film deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with his current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jack Warden, Lee Grant, and Carrie Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16. . . . ¶ Thalia SoHo; June 19-20.)

**SPELLBOUND** (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet with all the obvious ingredients for success "Spellbound" is a disaster. Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll. (Film Forum 2; June 18-20.)

**SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS** (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay, about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture, set in a small Kansas town in the twenties, is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. (Thalia SoHo; June 17.)

**THE STEPFATHER**—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center; through June 11.)

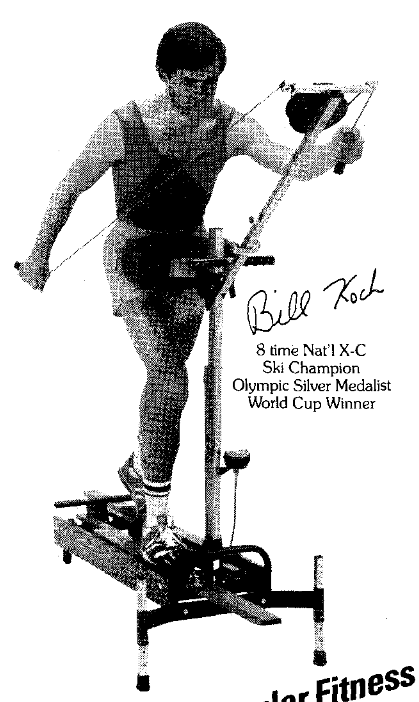
**SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA**—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 12.)

**TAMPOPO**—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

**TIN MEN**—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (D. W. Griffith, 23rd St. West Triplex, and New Carnegie; through June 11.)

**THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING** (1935)—John Ford directed this likable comedy about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role), and the hardboiled girl, Bill, whom the clerk adores. Bill is Jean Arthur, the comedienne with the wistful-husky voice; her distinctive voice was one of the best sounds in the romantic comedies of the thirties and forties. With Wallace Ford, Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek, Arthur Byron, and Edward Brophy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

**THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW** (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19-20.)



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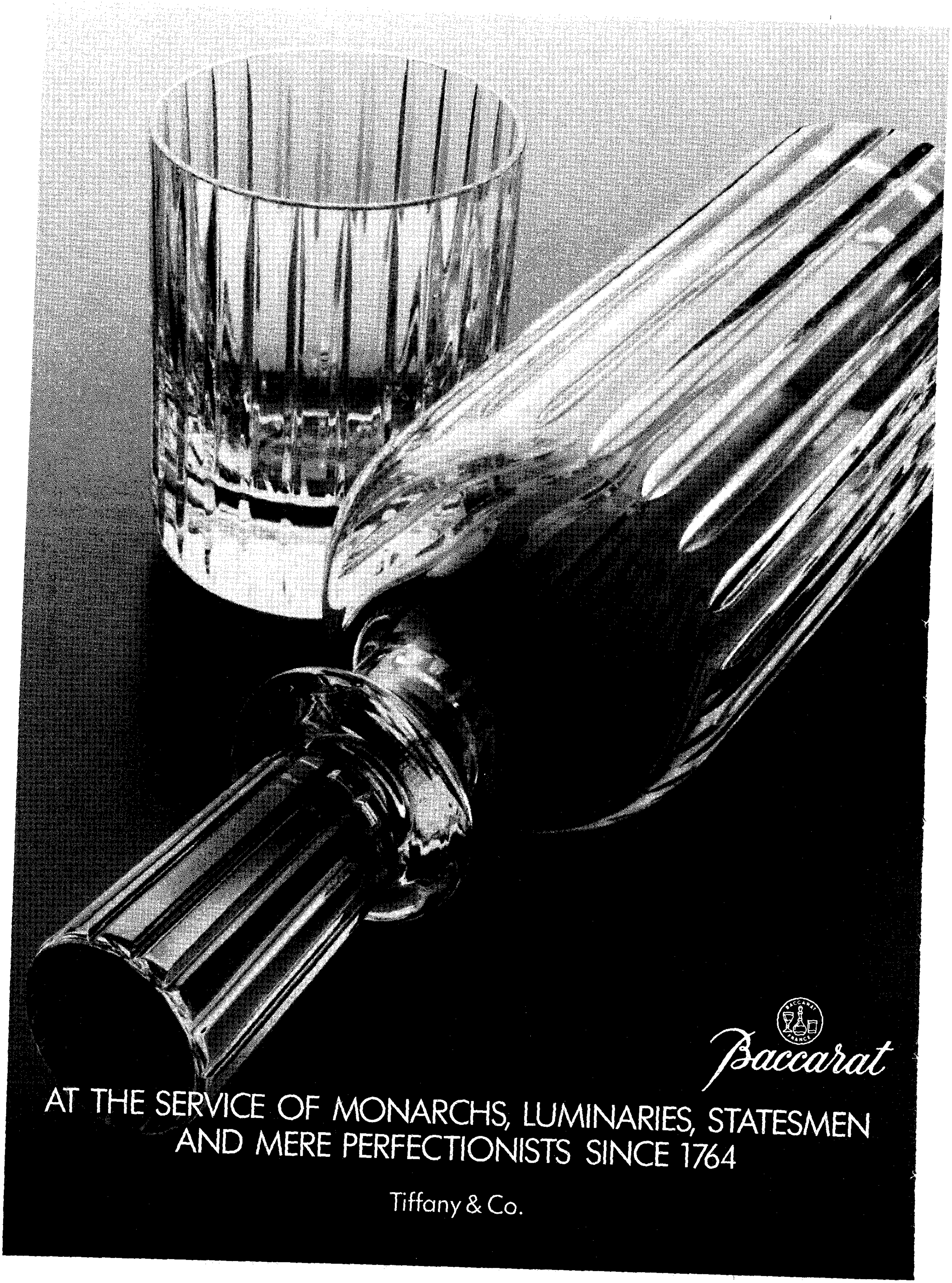
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

"MMWELL, mmm-bah-lyee-uh-nm, there's a lotta mm-ah-nynn-nynn zzyeah no-no yez-yezz no-no *of course* no yez ny no-no we'll talk we'll see we'll know," said Sid Caesar, imitating television executives. Mr. Caesar was in town to do his one-man act at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, at Brooklyn College, on a Saturday night, and we were having a brief chat with him beforehand. Maybe it was just a coincidence, but that exact same weekend George Bush was saying, in New Hampshire, "I probably would have done the same things differently that the President would have done differently." And, oddly enough, it was just about then that Mr. Caesar was giving us his philosophy of life: "Now-was-gonna-be, now-was-gonna-be, now-was-gonna-be."

Mr. Bush: "I guess in my life I've been somewhere in between a total delegation and fine-tuning who plays when on the White House tennis court."

Mr. Caesar, recalling a jazz musician he once heard announcing the next tune at Birdland: "*Dee*-len jun gon fy lo sen ol dom, we-gon *play* vo fy, don-da-den down, da dee-ro dun, da deh-dh."

"Without comparing it with anybody's style, it's somewhere in there that I'll be," said Mr. Bush.

"Pain flows mainly from the veins of the brain," said Mr. Caesar, by now onstage.

"So, having said that," said Mr. Bush, "I'll stand with the President. Then I've got deep convictions about where we ought to go."

"You wanna eat now, or you wanna eat later?" asked Mr. Caesar. "You wanna eat now, you can't eat later. You wanna eat later, you can't eat now."

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A YOUNG friend writes:

The people at the New York Cash Exchange, an organization that keeps track of most of the automatic-teller machines in New York, estimate that there were about a million eight hundred thousand separate transactions over their system during the Memorial Day weekend. I was responsible for five of them. I checked my balance at the Chase Manhattan on Broadway near Houston on Saturday morning, transferred funds from savings to checking at the Chemical on West Fourth on Saturday afternoon (I was worried about a check clearing on Monday morning), withdrew thirty dollars late Saturday night from the Manufacturers Hanover on Thirty-fourth Street, transferred funds from checking back to savings on Sunday morning (I had remembered that the banks were closed on Monday), and then took out money for the week from the Chase on Canal Street on Monday night.

My generation banks the way an earlier generation barbecued. Just as it was not really hunger that drove them to their recreation, so it is not really greed that drives us to ours. (And we certainly don't bank more because we have more to bank: the total amount I juggled over the weekend would probably have just about paid for two bags of charcoal briquettes and an "I'm the Chef" apron.) I had to stand in a long line for each of the five transactions, and I noticed that nearly everyone else in each line was about my age. (The people at NYCE confirm that young people are the heaviest users of the machines. Indeed, the remaining 1,799,995 transactions may just have been 359,999 members of my generation each using a machine five times.) The lines were all highhearted and festive, talky and expectant—more like lines at the slot machines in Atlantic City than like those silent, tight-lipped lines at the bank on Friday afternoons. And how beautiful the young women in these lines are! They stand there in shorts and pastel cotton tops, holding their bankcards out at an elegant, bent-wrist angle—the way women in seventeenth-century Dutch portraits hold gloves or pink flowers. Ever since the NYCE system was introduced, two years ago, anyone who holds the card of one of the hundred and ninety-seven participating banks can use the machines of any of the other participating banks. In the lines, therefore, you see displayed a range of colors and allegiances—the navy and silver of Chase, the gray and sky blue of Chemical, the aqua and white of Barclays—as varied and distinctive as racing silks.

People who don't like the kind of young people who cheerfully spend a holiday weekend standing in lines at cash machines would probably maintain that we enjoy standing in these lines because the automatic tellers sum up the whole purpose of our lives, our twin defining obsessions: machines and money. This may be true, but not, I think, the way it sounds. Every genuine obsession begins in unrequited love. We love the cash machines because they are a little oasis of gratification in a wistful and unconsummated infatuation with money and machines.

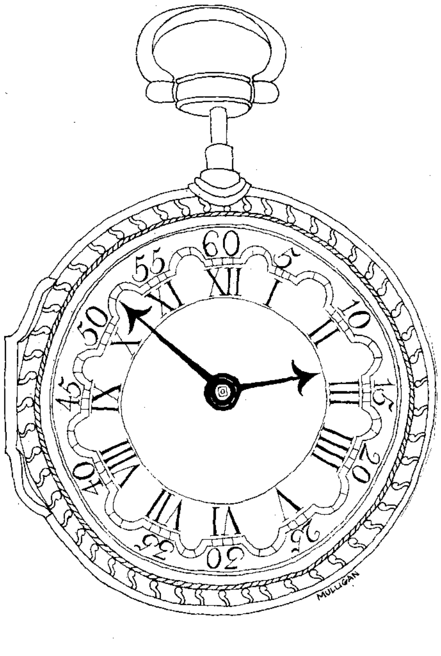
Every generation (it occurred to me as I stood in my five lines) finds a way of organizing its relationship to money which somehow expresses its view of the world. My grandparents love to write checks. I had one of their checks in my pocket over the weekend, in fact—a birthday check for twenty-five dollars—and the sheer calligraphic joy and authority of it made it almost too moving to deposit. My grandparents tell check stories—of the time Cousin Sidney put the deposit down on the partnership by making out a check on the back of a napkin. They even have check *humor*—about the time they gave a tightwad neighbor a check for three cents to shut him up. My grandparents were immigrants, and to have an institution as large and impersonal (and as obviously connected to the real sources of power and authority in the new country) as an American bank lay its hand on their shoulder, so to speak, and announce that their signature on a piece of blue paper was from now on every bit as valuable as cash, meant to them that they were truly accepted as citizens. Check-writing is a symbolic expression of permanence—of belonging.

My parents' generation seems to feel the same way about credit cards. When my father has the chance to fill out an American Express slip, the look of pleasure and accomplishment that crosses his face is like the look that crosses my grandfather's face when he makes out a check. For people who came of age after the war, the whole notion of credit, of sharing in a limitless, improving future—of being in some sense *invested* with the future—must have had the same significance that the notion of security had for their fathers and mothers. (I have even discovered, on television, a whole genre of sixties movies that can only be called credit-card comedies: "The Man from the Diners' Club," "Hook, Line and Sinker.") The same credit-card rituals that make me feel awkward and uneasy—the totting up of the tip, the discreet glance by the clerk or waiter to see that the signature offered is the signature promised—make my father serene.

In one sense, my generation—the bankcard and standing-in-line generation—has regressed completely, back beyond our grandparents, into the world of a pure-cash economy. (We use checks mostly to pay utility bills.) Circumstances have infantilized us—or, at least, left us in some respects permanent adolescents. We don't really believe in a better material future. We believe (and what facts there are seem to show that we are right) that we will probably never own a house—not in New York, anyway—or even a car. (My parents were on their second mortgage when they were my age.) The cash machines are the instruments of that infantilization. We have a peasant's—or, more accurately, a teen-ager's—ideal of wealth: things to put on your back or in your stomach. What we want from the cash machines is essentially an *allowance.*

But the cash machines disguise our infantilization and make our permanent adolescence seem almost glamorous. There's the secret code, the buttons to press, the machine's deep internal rumblings as it speaks to itself and seems to consider your whole life history—and then you open a secret drawer and there is money! Now, *that's* a machine.

What struck me most about my five lines was that not one of the people immediately ahead of me went to any trouble at all to hide his secret "personal" code. When we are comfortably among people our age, we punch out our codes for all the world to see. It's as though we really wanted to share our secret—to allow our fellows to enter and explore our accounts. For we know that, despite the elaborate and pleasing rigmarole of secrecy, we have no secrets to share; our accounts are all essentially alike. Revealing them is our typically reticent way of declaring our sense of generation, and the pavement outside the cash machines is our Woodstock, our little piece of borrowed land on which to declare—or, at least, whisper—our solidarity.



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### *Boss*

When Al Capone's storage vault was opened on TV last year, all they found was trash. Nevertheless, we accepted an invitation one recent morning to cross the Hudson River to observe a similar safecracking: the opening of a long-sealed vault believed to have belonged to Frank ("I am the law") Hague, who was for thirty years the mayor and political boss of Jersey City. He moved around after leaving office, in 1947, and was living on Park Avenue when he died, nine years later, but the vault in question was discovered in the basement of the Mayor's former apartment house, in Jersey City's once-exclusive Bergen Hill section. Officials of Gold Coast Properties, which was converting the building into condominiums, hoped they might find some of the Boss's loot within. (He lived and travelled sumptuously, and amassed a five-million-dollar estate, on a mayoral salary that never exceeded eighty-five hundred dollars a year.) To witness the opening, they had invited several old-line Hague loyalists and opponents, and we went along in the hope that, whatever turned up in the safe, one or another of these guests could at least resolve for us the disputed question of whether Hague had or had not publicly proclaimed himself to be the law.

"Oh, he said it all right," said Thomas F. X. Smith, who was himself mayor of Jersey City from 1977 to 1981 and is now the municipal clerk. "In fact, it was a story he told on himself one day in the thirties when he spoke to a church group. The way he described it, the police brought in a habitual truant, and the Mayor ordered that a job be found for him. When the school superintendent pointed out that the law said that a boy had to stay in school until he was sixteen, Hague said, 'I am the law,' and freed the kid to work."

The Gold Coast people had brought along a larger-than-life photograph of Hague posing glumly in front of his apartment building—a tall man glowering from under a gray fedora, his hands jammed into the pockets of a

Колхоз
WMiller

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well-tailored topcoat. "He rarely smiled, even for photographers," said Mr. Smith. "But I'll say this for him—he was the quintessential political boss. He didn't hide behind a machine, like the Tammany bosses. He got right out there and campaigned, and in thirty years he never lost an election. When a politician stepped into the ring with the Mayor of Jersey City, it was with the knowledge that somebody was going to be knocked out of it, and Hague always made sure he wasn't the one. No one can dispute that he made his own place in American political history. Even today, there are those who celebrate him, justly, and those who condemn him, also justly."

"The way he helped young people in trouble was one of the good things to celebrate about the Mayor," said Joseph O'Connell, a tax consultant and a Hague stalwart of more than fifty years' standing, who took pains to point out that he had never been found "on the pad" of the Boss's paid retainers. "People forget now how he modernized the Fire Department—Jersey City earned the lowest per-capita fire-insurance rate in Hudson County—and cleaned up police corruption. His greatest accomplishment, though, was building what was then the nation's third-largest hospital, the Jersey City Medical Center, with a maternity wing—he named it after his mother, Margaret—that may have been the best in the country. My wife had our twelve kids there."

John R. Longo, a retired Jersey City sportswriter and P.R. man, took a less benign view of Boss Hague. "We had a two-party system, but he controlled both parties and proved, at about the same time as Hitler, that it was possible to establish Fascism in the name of democracy," Mr. Longo said. "He had me in and out of jail twice, on trumped-up charges. The first time, in 1938, he got me nine months on the rock pile for supposedly having forged names on petitions against him, and all those signatures were genuine. I really antagonized him, though, when I got out of jail and resumed supporting the unions organizing over here, and in 1942 he had me convicted on a charge of altering my voting record—I was supposed to have had my political affiliation changed. On that one, I was sentenced to three years, but we filed appeal after appeal until Governor Charles Edison ordered the evidence examined. A handwriting expert found that my affiliation hadn't been changed at all, and I was acquitted."

Before the vault was opened, there was a momentary hitch when inspectors insisted that the locksmith obtain a permit to use an oxyacetylene torch and that firemen be present. But the required clearance was quickly obtained by telephone from City Hall—"The Boss's last payoff," someone quipped—and then we all filed into the apartment house, a ten-story building, where for twenty-four years Hague occupied a penthouse duplex apartment of twenty-two rooms, many of them panelled in marble. Down in the basement, in a corridor lined with the private bins of other apartment owners, was a brick vault secured with a Diebold safe door. While the locksmith, William Kushnick, applied his torch to a spot just beside the handle, we asked Gold Coast's president, Barry Segall, why the developers thought that this safe had belonged to the Boss.

"Well, for one thing, political bosses needed something like this fifty years ago," he said. "What did they know about secret Swiss bank accounts then?"

It took about ten minutes for Mr. Kushnick to get through the safe door, and when it was opened it revealed another locked door. This, however, was secured only by a key-operated lock, and opening it took just a minute or two. Behind the second door was a chamber about fifteen feet deep and eight feet high, containing two barrels of sawdust and approximately seventy-five bottles of inexpensive champagne and sparkling burgundy. This suggested to all the Hague experts present that, if the Mayor had ever owned the vault, it must subsequently have passed into other hands. Frank Hague, even his worst enemies concede, never bought second-quality anything, and, besides, whatever his other vices, the Boss didn't drink.

Mr. Segall claimed to be content with what was found. "The wine seems to have gone flat, but maybe somebody will pay something for the labels," he said. We left him in the vault and climbed back to street level with former Mayor Smith, who said he would have been surprised if anything of value had been discovered. "Frank Hague wasn't the type to leave money lying around," he explained.

On the sidewalk, Mr. O'Connell was bidding farewell to Mr. Longo. We asked these two elderly political antagonists how long they had known each other.

"Ever since we were about eighteen years old," Mr. Longo said. "I'm seventy-four now, so call it 1931 or thereabouts. Back then, we were both students in an oratory class in New York. Our teacher was a famous debating coach, Mme. Zachos—she taught Al Smith and Jimmy Walker—and I remember that one night, because we both came from Jersey City, she chose us to debate each other about Frank Hague. She selected Joe to argue the affirmative, and I drew the negative. Sometimes I wonder how our lives might have been changed if she had chosen the other way."

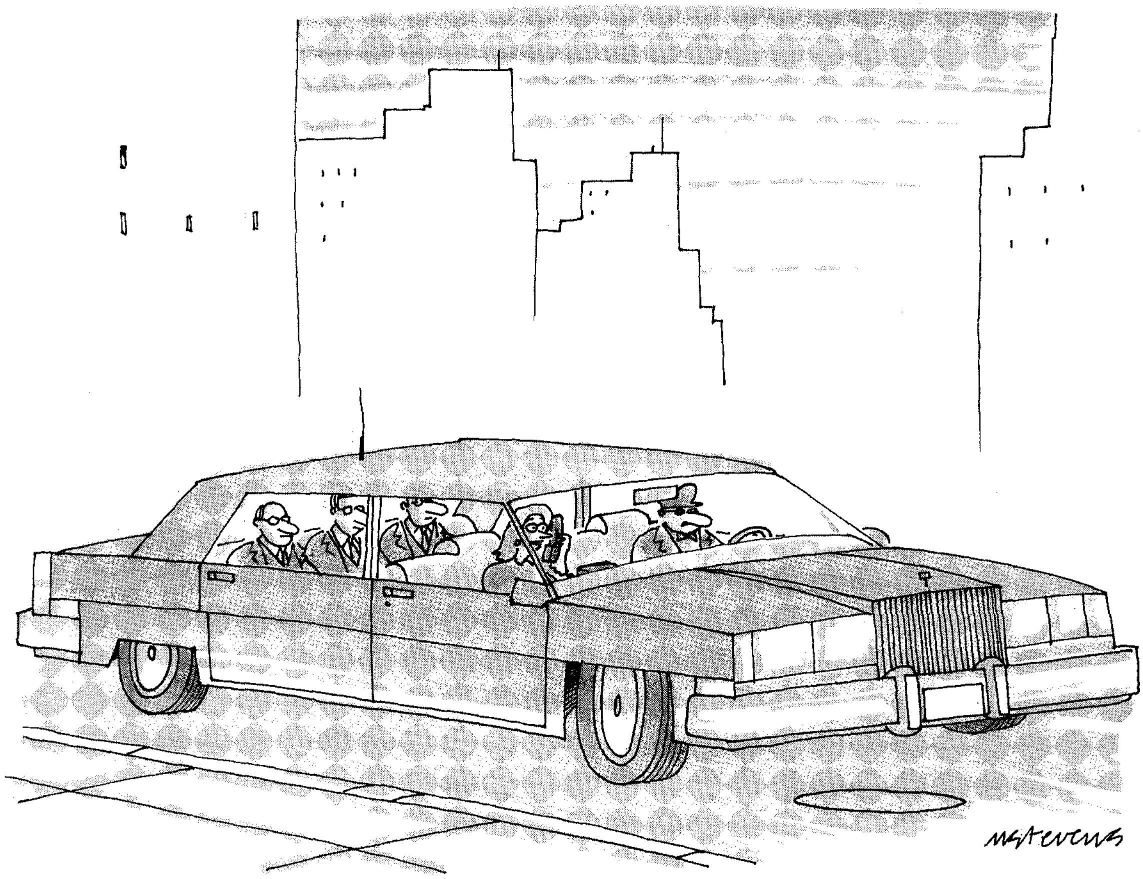
## *Typical*

AT the Peking Duck House, on Mott Street, one recent Saturday evening, the Schwartzman family (Papa Fred, Mama Kyoko, sons Harry and Daniel) got together with the Xu family (Papa Jian-Guo, Mama Jun Cai, daughter Ran) for dinner (prawns in garlic sauce, spicy bean curd, Peking duck, mu-shu pork, sea bass, double-fried pork cutlets, pickled cabbage, and beef with snow peas and bamboo shoots) and conversation (Japanese, Chinese, English, and Yiddish). They shared a big round corner table on the second floor of the restaurant.

The Schwartzmans are one of those typical Manhattan families in which the father, a native of the city who is an entertainment lawyer, has since the birth of his sons (Harry is ten, Daniel is eight) spoken to them only in Yiddish and the mother, a native of Tokyo, has spoken to them only in Japanese. (When Harry grows up, he wants to be "a producer, director, and movie scriptwriter, and also a lawyer, so I won't have to pay a lot of legal fees." Harry gets a kick out of saying this in the presence of his father's clients. Daniel wants to be "a football player, an inventor, or an Air Force pilot." Harry and Daniel learned their English in school.)

The Xus are one of those typical Woodside, Queens, families in which the father is an abstract painter and former set designer for the Shanghai Opera who, in September, 1984, emigrated from the People's Republic of China with forty dollars in his pocket, was bitten by a dog his first night in America, worked as a delivery boy, eventually got discovered by the Carolyn Hill Gallery, in SoHo, and, in time, managed to sell enough of his paintings to send for his wife and daughter. Four months ago, Mrs. Xu, who is a ballerina, and Ran arrived in America. Ran, eight years old and in the second grade at P.S. 11 in Queens, is the only student in her class whose native tongue is Mandarin. When Ran was four years old, she briefly attended an English-language school in Shanghai. Absorbing the intricacies of English has therefore been less of a challenge for her than it has for her mother. When a Cantonese-speaking waiter materialized, Mr. Xu conferred with his wife in Mandarin, and then, addressing the waiter in English, ordered dinner for everyone.

*Comanche Territory*



*"Good afternoon. Kelly, Henderson & Farnsworth."*

Waiting for the meal to arrive, the Schwartzmans had one of their typical three-way dinner-table conversations. In Japanese, Mrs. Schwartzman asked Harry whether he thought he would like prawns in garlic sauce. In Yiddish, Mr. Schwartzman informed Harry and Daniel that, because dinner with the Xus was a special occasion, it was all right for them to order Coca-Colas. (This was a compromise; Daniel had said he would prefer a beer.) When Daniel slouched in his chair, his father said, "*Daniel, kenst zitzen vi a mensch?*" ("Daniel, can you sit like a human being?"), and Daniel sat upright. When the pancakes for the Peking duck were brought to the table, Harry said that they reminded him of matzos. He also said that his favorite sandwich was one that his mother invented—cream cheese with Japanese codfish roe, on rye or a bagel. (His second-favorite sandwich filling is *natto*, fermented soybean paste, mixed with mustard and soy sauce or with dried seaweed and scallions.)

The Schwartzmans became friendly with Mr. Xu two years ago, after meeting him during a reception at Urasenke, a school that teaches the Japanese tea ceremony, on Sixty-ninth Street between Lexington and Third. "When Mr. Xu's wife and daughter arrived in New York, last January, we invited them over for dinner," Fred Schwartzman said. "It was their first meal in an American household—if ours is an American household." Inviting the Schwartzmans to dinner at the Peking Duck House was Mr. Xu's way of reciprocating.

During a break between the mu-shu pork and the beef with snow peas and bamboo shoots, Mr. Schwartzman mentioned that Mr. Xu had donated a painting titled "Meditation on the Homeless" to the National Mental Health Association to be auctioned at its big fund-raising gala in Washington in early June, and that Mr. Xu would be a guest of honor. Modestly, Mr. Xu acknowledged that this was true. In a burst of paternal pride, Mr. Schwartzman also mentioned the brilliant term paper Harry had recently written for his fifth-grade class at P.S. 6—ten pages on the types of weaponry used during the Mexican Revolution of 1810.

There was a digression into horror movies; Harry and Daniel are tireless Stephen King loyalists.

Daniel asked, "*Tate, kennen mir zehen 'Creepshow 2'?*" ("Dad, can we see 'Creepshow 2'?")

"*Vos is 'Creepshow 2'?*"

Daniel said that it was a movie that he thought had something to do with black mummies.

"Do you appreciate grossness?" Harry asked us. "You should. It's a major part of life." Then he began to read to Ran his favorite passages from the 1987 edition of the "Guinness Book of World Records": coffin dimensions for the burial of the fattest person in the world; longest fingernails; smallest waist; most miserly miser; worst possible writing ("The lovely woman-child Kaa was mercilessly chained to the cruel post of the warrior chief Beast with his barbarian tribe now stacking wood at her nubile feet").

Because the restaurant was crowded, it was hard to sustain conversation above the din. At one point, Mr. Xu asked Mr. Schwartzman to repeat something. "Excuse me," Mr. Schwartzman said. "My English is not so good."

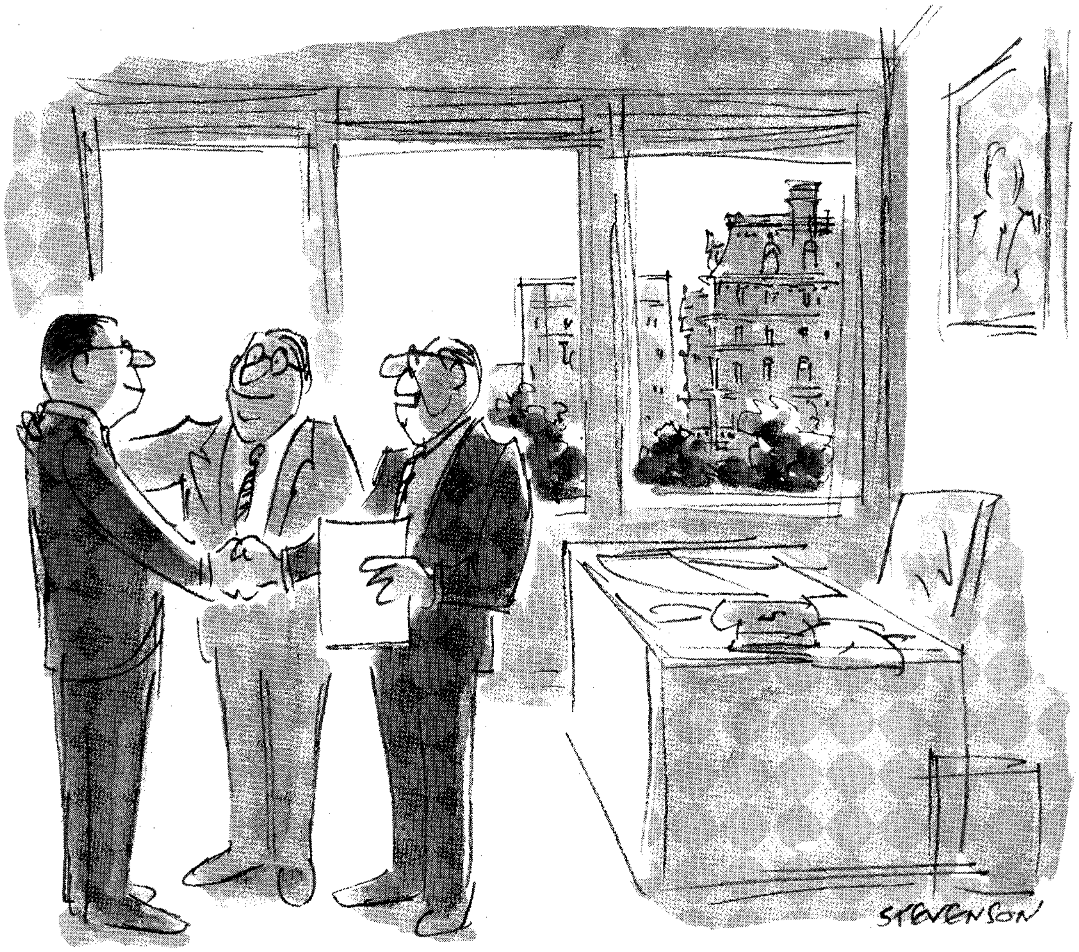
When Mr. Schwartzman offered a platter of food to Daniel, they had another exchange in Yiddish.

"What did you just say to each other?" we asked Daniel.

"He asked me if I wanted a pork chop," Daniel said. "And I said, 'No way, José.' "

## *Rio on a Plate*

ALL this is true. This invitation to Michael O'Donoghue's Existential Ball— But stop. It was Cheryl Hardwick's and Michael O'Donoghue's Le Bal Existential. The invitation said "Attend or don't attend—it doesn't really matter." Some invitations had a blinking eye, others a purple question mark. It doesn't really matter. All we care for is the



*"Congratulations, Dave! I don't think I've read a more beautifully evasive and subtly misleading public statement in all my years in government."*

• •

truth. Michael O'Donoghue collects important works of art done by mass murderers; this is perfectly true. Michael was for many years, during which the conscience of a generation was being formed, a prime spirit at "Saturday Night Live." We give these things in their proper order; i.e., mass murderers first.

Michael O'Donoghue's circular leopard-skin bar is too well known to require description, but not everyone knows *all* the nice things he has. Are we leaving out Cheryl Hardwick? Absolutely not at all—not that it would matter if we did. Cheryl Hardwick is still a prime spirit at "Saturday Night Live." Her musical talent is too well known to require comment, but perhaps something about the black figure on the calf of her silk stockings is new. We think so—not that it really matters.

The new person at the party was Ana Cohen, who looks a little like Claudia Cardinale, according to some people. The *young* Claudia Cardinale, that is—Claudia Cardinale the way she *was*. Ana Cohen works for a man who is part owner of Memphis and other restaurants. She grew up in Cuba. After that, she was in a women's brigade in Nicaragua. This is perfectly true. A *Sandinista* women's brigade. Ana Cohen was one of the guests at Le Bal Existential who took the opportunity to watch the Mike Tyson–Pinklon Thomas fight on a big Sony TV set. A sign over the set said "Tyson vs. Dempsey."

"Did you ever see so many things that were so strange and nice?" Ana Cohen asked the man sitting next to her.

The TV screen was showing statistics of Mike Tyson's performance. "Thrown—115" appeared in type across the screen, and then "Landed—62."

"Look at that nice lamp," Ana Cohen said.

Mike Tyson really began to move, and knocked Thomas down in the sixth round.

Michael O'Donoghue's Bal Existential was held in huge rooms on the parlor floor of a town house north of Greenwich Village. The air was hot and steamy. At first, people danced to scratchy old records, but they had to give it up. Then they really danced to new music. All around were thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of *things*, all strange and nice. There was a dish of candied fruit with a little doll in the middle. There were special napkins, in red (slightly darker than Chinese red) and green and gold. There was cotton around the punch bowl.

There were forty or fifty people, all hot and steamy. One woman wore a beautiful kimono over a dress made of fishnet. All this is true. In the living room was a golden piano with sheet music on it for the song "Golden Earrings," from the film of that name, with Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich (words of the song by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, music by Victor Young). Among the thousands, or tens of thousands, of things was a little plate with a photograph of Michael O'Donoghue and Cheryl Hardwick put on it somehow. Above their heads it said "Rio." "Isn't it great?" a woman said. "Rio on a plate."

We saw Tom Pierson. Mr. Pierson plays keyboards and is a composer. "What are you doing?" we asked.

"I'm playing in Harlem, on Thursday nights," he said.

"What's the group?" we asked.

"The Pierson Orchestra," he said.

"How many pieces?"

"Sixteen."

"In Harlem?"

"In an office building. On the second floor. A place called Northern Lights, on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. The historical migration of peoples west is gradually turning so that they are heading north."

"It's probably the farthest-out fusion group in New York," a man said.

# THE AUTHOR

MY deranged mother has written another book. This one is called "The Bough" and is even worse than the others. I refer not to its quality—it exhibits the usual "coruscating wit" and "penetrating social observation"—but to the extent to which it utilizes, as a kind of mulch pile, the lives of her children.

This one, as I say, is even worse than the others (two American Book Award nominations and a Literary Guild alternate). My poor brother Sampson, who appears as "Rafe," is found, in the first chapter, performing a laparoscopy upon a patient who had been under the impression she was paying for quite another procedure. My brother is a very busy and popular doctor, and a hiatus in his office staffing was responsible for this understandable if lamentable mixup. What the book does not say is that the laparoscopy disclosed a fair amount of endometriosis which was then dealt with in a highly skilled and professional manner, thus averting considerable patient disgruntlement. Mother never puts anything good about any of us into her books.

"Rafe" 's relations with "Molly" (read Callie, Sam's wife) are, as you might imagine, not spared. Some time ago Sam and Callie had a little disagreement about his conduct during the Miami OB-GYN meeting when he was missing for some hours during a presentation on ultrasound and she learned that he had been out drinking with a bunch of heavily armed survivalists who liked to shoot up life-size plywood cutouts of Gorbachev with their (more or less illegal) Ingram M-11s which they can fire one-handed with a can of Stroh's in the other. Girl survivalists were also present. O.K., so my brother Sam is a gun nut. Why tell everybody in the world? Intervention is what surgeons are all about. How my mother gleans these details is beyond me, as none of us has spoken to her since 1974, when "Fumed Oak" was published.

My mother's treatment of my sister Virginia—"Alabama" in the new book (Mother's masks are clear glass)—is flatly vicious. Virginia has had some tough times of late, what with the accident and the fallout from the accident. In "The Bough" "Alabama" has a blood-alcohol reading of .18% immediately after the crash, and that happens to be the right number, as many of Virginia's friends have recognized. What is truly reprehensible is the (painfully accurate) analysis of my sister's character. Virginia did her dissertation on Emerson; so does "Alabama." That certain passages in "Alabama" 's dissertation offer striking parallels to recent work by Joel Porte (Harvard University Press) and Eric Cheyfitz (Johns Hopkins University Press) is announced for the first time in "Bough;" I had not thought Mother that much of a scholar. The line in the book "They shouldn't let me go into a bar without training wheels on" is pure Virginia.

My other brother, Denis (the "good brother" in the book), has asked his lawyers to look into the legal aspects. They have told him that suing one's mother is an awkward business at best and the appearance of filial impiety more or less cancels, for jurors, any merit such a suit might possess. They also pointed out, very reasonably, that the public nature of such an action, involving a well-known author, would tend to call attention to some of the very things we are not anxious to emphasize: for example, Denis's practice of purchasing U.S. Army morphine Syrettes from disaffected Medical Corps master sergeants and the ingenious places he finds to hide them in the office (hollowed-out cigars, his computer's surge suppressor) and the consequences of this for his brokerage business, all finely detailed in "The Bough." I must say I have never read a more telling account of the *jouissance* produced by high-grade morphine. What busy little bee brought her this news?

"The Bough" is No. 9 this week on the Los Angeles *Times* list. Thus does Stamford provide titillation for Santa Barbara, by way of Mother's bee-loud glade in Old Lyme. Somehow she uncovered the specifics of my "theft" of several inconsequential medicine bundles (cloth, painted wood, feathers) from the Native American Institute, where I am the former curator-at-large. I say "theft" because I wish to be as hard on myself as possible in this matter; others might call it "creative deaccessioning," and the Ghost Dance material (drum charts, dance notation) received in exchange, which the board would never have realized the value of, will be my monument. Yes, the finder's fee charged to the transaction was quite substantial, in the high six figures, as Mother does not fail to note, but Willie Leaping Deer and I earned every penny of it. No one who fully understands the Ghost Dance, whose object was to render the participants impervious to the encroachments of the white man (rifle bullets included), would have hesitated for a moment. "Mark" has a ridiculous affair with a Dakota shaman of ambiguous sex, and none of that is true except the trance scene; furthermore, the chanting on that occasion involved no intoxicants save "Pinafore," which I was teaching Wokodah and which he greatly enjoyed.

It is not that we, my mother's children, lead or claim to lead exemplary lives. But couldn't she widen her horizons just a bit?

"Mother, why do you do this to us?" I asked her recently.

Mother is handsome still, and bears a carefully cultivated resemblance to Virginia Woolf.

"What?" she said. "Do what?"

I was holding up a copy of "The Bough." "This," I said, more or less pointing it at her.

"But you're *mine*," she said.

—DONALD BARTHELME

◆

"Daddy's Dyin' (Who's Got the Will?)" sounds like a vaudeville skit, or a very dumb comedy, but don't be misled. Playwright Del Shores, director Sherry Landrum and eight actors have cast pearls on a sow's ear of a premise.—*Ray Loynd in the Los Angeles Times.*

To coin a silk purse.

# HANNAH'S EXAMPLE

WHEN Caro is really furious at Hart, she consoles herself with thinking what his heart is the size of: His heart is the size of a *pea;* his heart is the size of a *pinhead;* his heart—she gazes with hot malice at her own little fingernail—is no bigger than *that.* But mostly it is the image of the pea—dry, hard, withered up completely—that sustains her.

Lying late in the rumpled bed, Caro crosses her long-johnned legs, draws her knees to her chest, and grasps her ankles in a stretch meant to lengthen the muscles of her thighs. Though she's two months pregnant, and various alien emotions have been washing through her, it's *not* like her to be absorbed in this daydreaming spite. This is a mood that might have been borrowed intact from Hart's ex-wife, Hannah.

If, in her silently blazing Wasp way, Hannah had been almost continually angry at Hart, she'd almost continually had reason. Hart's infidelities tended to be spur of the moment, but they were frequent—too frequent for his wife's increasingly embittered resistance. Hannah's example has caused Caro to swear two things to herself, as safeguards for her future. First, she will never try to stick with Hart through his being unfaithful to her, because she knows how that ended for Hannah: each reconciliation was ruined by yet another, though better concealed, phase of cheating. Caro had been Hart's final, serious betrayal of his fair-haired wife, because Caro's energy proved more than Hannah could withstand. The purity of Caro's determination to have her husband had undercut Hannah's nerve so completely that she'd lost her resilient old hope of winning Hart back, rendering him faithful, and piecing her family together again. Maybe this was finally revealed to Hannah for what it was: an impossibility. But when the fight went out of Hannah, her looks—which had always made Caro feel so small and Third World—went, too. In that cruel time, Caro had once had to wait in the car while Hart called at his ex-house for his son, Kevin. It had been a lesson that Caro, her chin on the steering wheel, had absorbed, first absently and then with rising disbelief: reserved, threatening Hannah was gone, and in the doorway, wearing a soiled, safety-pinned kimono, stood another, supplanted Hannah, a smudge of jam over her left breast, her dirty braid slipping over her shoulder as she dumped her mewing cat to the ground and caught her tall son by the elbows to kiss him goodbye.

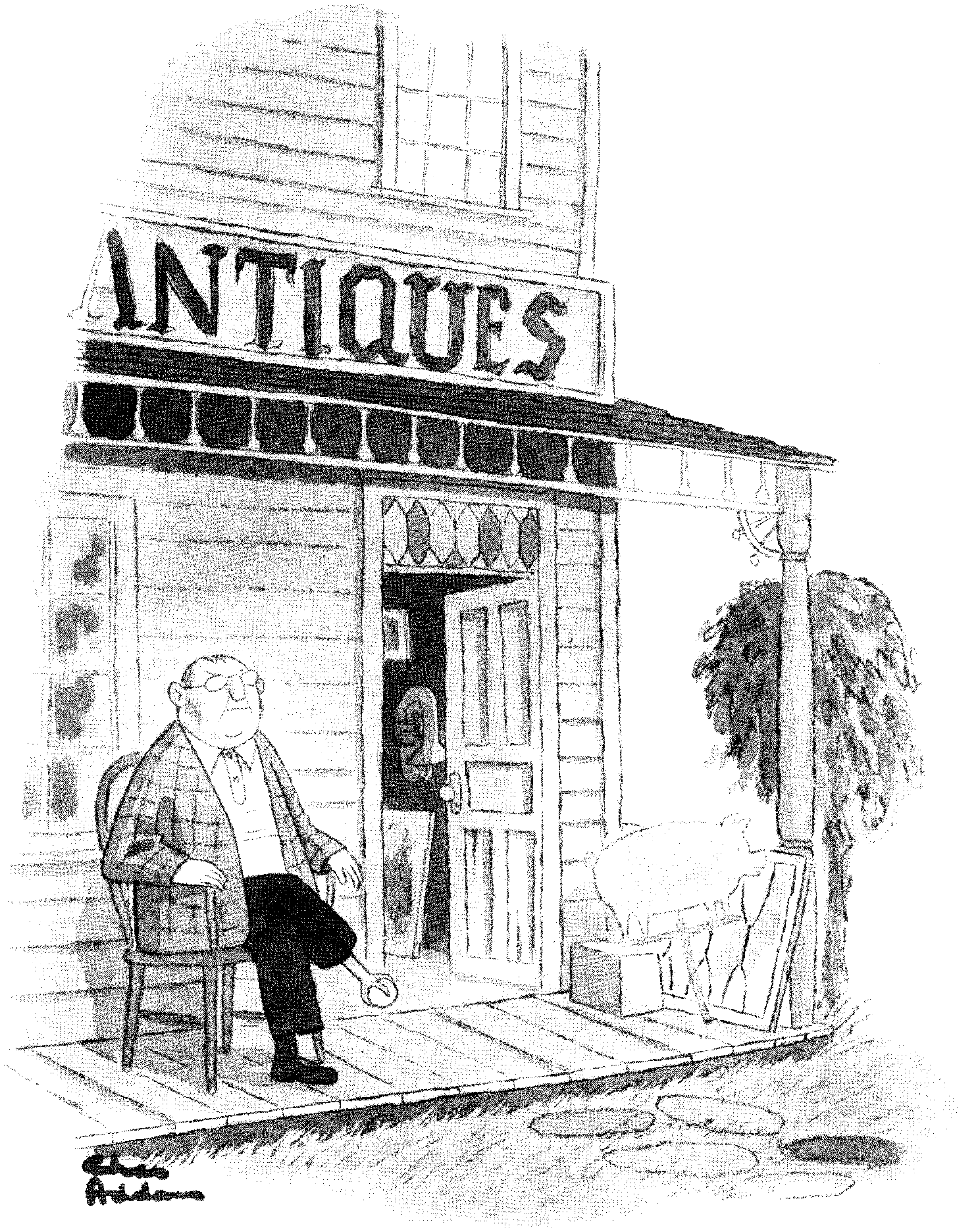
Hannah's glare grew fixed almost to craziness when she aimed it at the car, where Caro waited. Caro at that moment lost all fear of Hannah except the fear that, in seeming so completely undone, she would at last seduce Hart back to old responsibilities—responsibilities he'd never disliked, after all, but only been unable to meet. Coming from a huge, competitive family of Nicaraguan exiles, Caro understood very well the seductive undertow of true need when you find it directed at you. It was possible that a desperate Hannah would find a way to make it work for her.

That hadn't happened. In fact, its opposite had, for the needier Hannah appeared—and for a time she seemed quite precarious—the more decisively estranged from her Hart became. Thus, Caro's second Hannah-lesson learned, and her second secret law laid down: She will never let herself fall apart the way Hannah had, not where Hart can see. She will never so visibly suffer.

Now that she and Hannah are on wary good terms, it is the two of them who negotiate which weeks Kevin will spend with his father and which with his mother. Caro often re-

*"Goodbye, Florencia. I'm afraid you've outgrown me."*

grets what the older woman went through, but, thinking back to that time, she discovers nothing she would alter even now, and no way that she, the more willful, would not end up married to Hannah's husband.



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Even now, now that the kind of attention she needs from Hart is light-years beyond what she's been getting. She has been so thoroughly cheated of it that tears come to her eyes when she remembers that affection for a pregnant wife is natural and right, its absence a sign that something has gone very wrong. It would be easier to forget what is her due, face the way things are with Hart and try to make the best of them. But she is a daughter of the Dominguez clan, now spread triumphantly across North America, her younger brother ensconced with his Wats line in Washington, finding American slots for other refugees, their widowed mother seated straight-backed behind the old black Singer in the austere Brooklyn apartment, her fingers gliding the cloth under the quick needle as they have done since Caro's earliest memory. When any Dominguez had been trying to make the best of something, there had been all of those other Dominguezes around, chortling over the twist of fate by which an enemy's hopes were ruined, cooing over a new romance, cursing setbacks in business, and then deftly (as only Dominguezes knew how) teasing you into a stronger frame of mind, so that it was never as if you were alone in what happened to you. It was as if you had a number of other, stauncher selves to fall back on when you yourself finally felt defeated.

The gathered Dominguezes, their heads uniformly dark as blackbird wings, had chortled at the wedding, too, although they would always nurse a deep skepticism about someone who wasn't a Dominguez. But Hart was clearly in love with her then, so the Dominguezes kissed the bride and then stood on their tiptoes, even the hard-of-hearing old aunts in their glorious hats, to kiss this foreigner they were trusting with their beloved Caro. Even now, calling her mother is for Caro calling "home." Lately she steals the phone bill from the mail before Hart can find it, and though he has never asked for it she's afraid he will sometime—afraid he's going to discover how wild she is for the keen-eyed Dominguez point of view on her present mess.

Caro eases her leg down Hart's side of the bed, finding nothing but cold sheets. She lets her toenails scrape, running her foot under the linen—a sound Hart can't stand, but this is a trick she's practiced since she was small and used it to drive her spoiled prince of a younger brother mad. She listens, trying to place her husband, and can't, though she doesn't feel quite left yet, either. Her sense of what the house is like when it's empty except for her is by now so refined it's unerring. He must have got up in the night to prowl the living room or dream out the window at the moonlit, faintly flashing river, which had been his chief reason for coveting this old house. She had been reckless to pretend, when he fell in love with this isolated house in the gorge, that she felt something like his enchantment, that she wouldn't mind being alone. Having believed her, Hart can only feel deceived when they argue over just those issues—the house's remoteness, her aloneness—but the truth is that she had banked on her power to divert him from his schedule of commuting fifty miles each way, three days a week, to teach mathematics in Santa Fe. The house is fine with him in it, and she had unwisely assumed he'd find it less and less easy to be away so much. Instead, he'd maneuvered to keep things as they were: when his chairman inquired whether Hart would like to spend more time at home this semester, Hart hadn't relinquished a single teaching hour. *Because* she was pregnant, he'd argued, they couldn't let their income be whittled away; he knew what a child cost, even if she had, as yet, no idea. There are nights when, exhausted, he blanks out on his office couch, nights when, needing him, having confessed to needing him, she is more bitterly alone than ever.

Caro runs her toenails one last resentful scrape down the sheet and rolls over, feeling the light now fully focussed on her face, to find a black widow policing the windowpane above her head. The spider is large and moves as if contact with the brilliant, backlit glass is painful to it; it does not so much set its legs on the glass as needle them at it, and the black droplet of its abdomen has a cumbersome, clinging weight, cradled within the agitation of its dainty legs. Caro sits up, driving herself with a thrust of her feet to the bed's far edge, and screams for Hart. It is as if a shock of sound stuns the spider: it freezes, and then, at a ticking run, it reaches the sill and strikes a fly that is caught in frowzy strands of web.

Caro knows Hart is in the doorway, because an animal relief fans through her before he says a word. She turns, and forgives him everything, he is so solid, so tall, and so stricken with fear for her.

"Christ, Caro, what?"

She points, rocking in her impatience for him to act. The spider is ticking up the glass again, very fast, bearing its swaddled fly. "Hart, kill it before it gets away."

"Why?" he says, and squints.

"It's a black widow." She is amazed at having to explain; his solid bigness changes, at that moment, from comforting to almost stupid.

"You're sure?"

His stance, she sees, is that of reluctance, but why? "Get it, or it's going to hide itself, and then there will be others."

Coming closer, squinting judiciously, he says, "Black widows are very elusive. They hate human beings."

"They hate them. They *kill* them."

"It's not acting elusive, so how do you know it is one?"

"It wanted that fly, it got that fly. It will act elusive again in a second. Now will you kill it?" Springing from bed, she finds only her red Reeboks. She doesn't want them soiled with spider; she kneels and draws a scuffed loafer of Hart's from farther under the bed. She holds it out, dancing on her long-johnned legs in her need for him to do what she wishes. He laughs at her, and she strikes his chest with the shoe. He doesn't catch it; it falls to the floor. He is going to defeat her.

"You're *afraid*," she says. From his face, she knows she's right, and understanding him when he intends to be opaque seems such an incredible stroke of luck that, even in her fury, she is steadied by it, calmed enough to try again. "Hart, that's poison carried by that spider, and it can hurt one of us, and if you don't care about us, *me*, then care about the baby crawling and—"

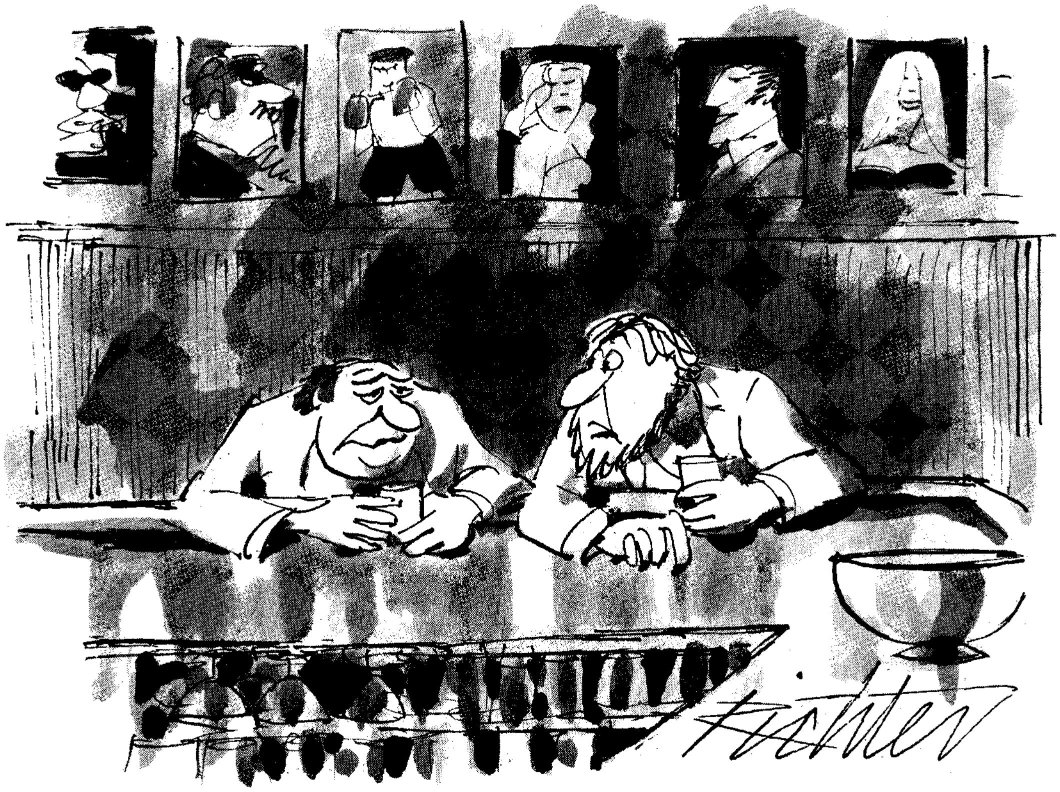
"I told you, black widows are very elusive."

Kevin has come into the room and is watching them with detached wonder, as if nothing they do can really surprise him.

"It will come back!" she screams, pointing.

"All right," he says, tremendously cold. "You insist that I kill it."

She hands him his shoe, but what she feels is curious: it is pity. He takes two staggering, kneeling steps on the bed, the mattress jolting under his



*"Then we've agreed that all the evidence isn't in, and that even if all the evidence were in, it still wouldn't be definitive."*

weight, and his first swat misses. His second goes wide as well, sending the spider racing diagonally down the window. Hart hits it, but weakly. The shoe lifts away; the spider starts out in crippled imitation of its former perfect self, and Kevin and Caro cry out together. The spider has almost made it to a chink in the sill when Hart, flinching, finishes it off with a series of hammering blows.

Caro reads his back: he is absolutely furious.

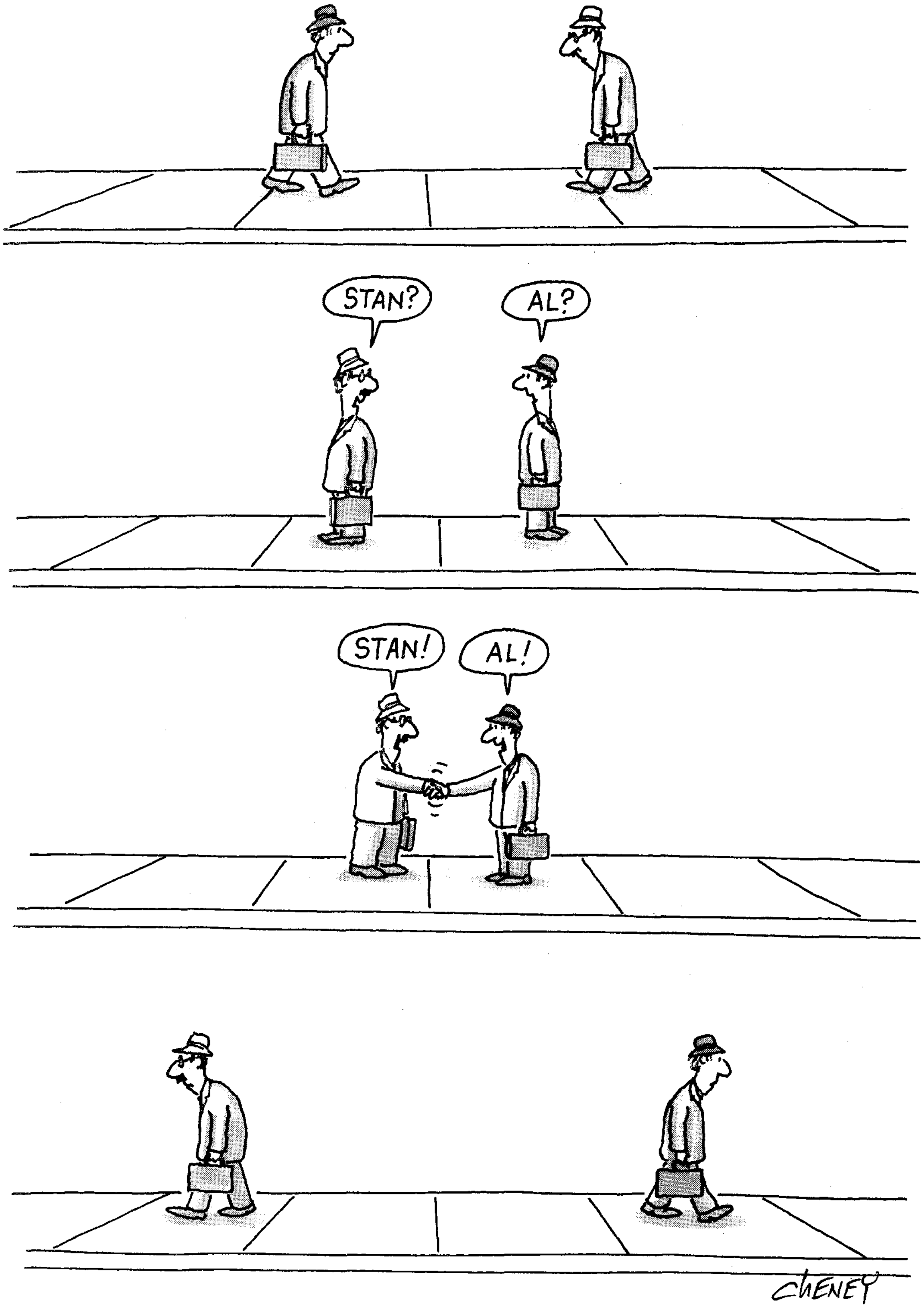
"Hey," Kevin says. "That was wild, you two guys yelling." Earringed, with the grit of a new beard along his jaw, he is wearing an enormous fisherman's sweater and a pair of pin-striped pajama bottoms. Nearly as tall as his father, he runs a hand through his hair, which stands up in a prison-camp burr. When Caro first met him, that hair was limp as a baby's, and fell into his eyes. She thought he'd be her enemy, but she'd been wrong.

"Caro was yelling," Hart says. "It scared her."

Husband and wife trade a clear, cold stare.

"It didn't scare you, did it, Hart? Tell Kev how you kept your head. How you almost let it get away. But he saw that part."

"There are black widows in the woodpile behind Mom's house," Kevin says. Sometimes he calls his mother "Mom," sometimes "Hannah." "She says now that the weather's changing they're trying to get inside. She warns me about them all the time. She's kind of intense about it."


STAN?
AL?
STAN!
AL!

So Kevin and, subtly, Hannah are allies of hers; Caro's anger lightens, and she feels a little better, though she's tired and her stomach feels wobbly, as it does so often in the mornings. One sign from Hart and the quarrel can end. She searches his expression, and very gradually, so that it won't be too obvious, he relents: after all, he is facing his young wife and his waiting son. He says, "I killed it. So O.K., everyone?"

"O.K. with me," Kevin says. "I forgot, Hannah called. She wanted to know if she can borrow your chain saw Saturday."

"Tell her no."

"I told her yes. She has a permit to cut piñon in the canyon up behind her house, and they hardly ever give permits for there anymore."

Hart sighs. "We can all go Saturday, then, and split a pickup load. We need wood here, too."

"Great," Kevin says, a little too exuberantly, and adds, in the interest of peace, "She'll like that."

Peace is difficult for Caro—her adrenaline is running too high—but, obedient to the father-and-son camaraderie a newly formed plan always seems to call forth, she goes softly down the stairs and cracks eggs for their omelette.

THE three-o'clock sun cuts in a wintry way among the cold black columns of ponderosa and lights the fallen needles that form tortoiseshell drifts against downed trees. Few of these are good for firewood. Hart and Kevin pass them by, the chain saw slanting heavily from Kevin's gloved hand. Sometimes stopping to consider a tree, shaking their heads, father and son climb the ridge until they are out of sight. Finally, from the ridge's far side, the chain saw pierces the settled silence of the woods—a grinding series of false starts, an echoing wait, and then the hot, rising roar as the engine catches.

Hannah had given up the house that she had shared with Hart and found, in the country, the ruin of a many-roomed, once beautiful adobe. It seemed a strange move for Hannah, fragile as she was following the divorce, and maybe a farther slide away from the real world, but the house had steadied her and left her resourceful, and with a new mood: the neutral reasonableness, toward men, of women who live alone. She and a boyfriend began wiring the house for electricity, and when the boyfriend disappeared she fished out his repair manual and finished the job herself, then sanded the kitchen floor down to its natural pine pallor, which had been hidden beneath decades of grime. She unstopped the chimneys of birds' nests, dealt with field mice, and carted the attic's assortment of detritus to the dump. Because the house is still heated only by wood stoves, and piñon is going for sixty-five dollars a cord, she needs this wood run. She and Caro are shagging kindling into the pickup's bed, and Caro admires the strength in Hannah's arms. Since she's been pregnant, Caro's own breathing feels shallow, and goes raspy after even slight exertion.

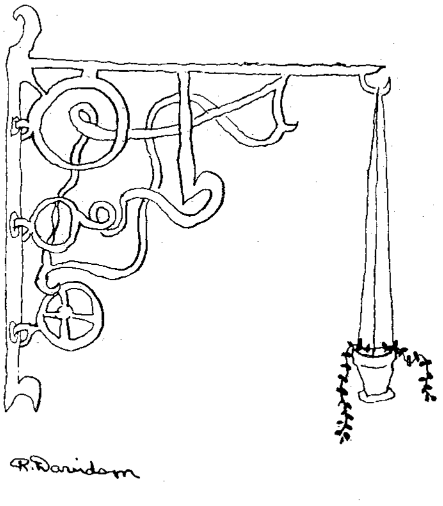
Hannah pauses and leans against the pickup, wiping her forehead with the cuff of her sawdusty glove. This leaves a smudge, and Caro thinks of the jam on the ragged, long-ago kimono. Caro leans beside her, and Hannah says, "Duck your head a second." When Caro does, Hannah unfastens wood chips like barrettes from Caro's curls, and a gratefulness almost erotic in its intensity sweeps through Caro, lulling her.

"Your hair's so great," Hannah says. "So wild. You've no idea how I hated you for having it. It meant you had more energy than me."

*I knew,* Caro thinks, but says, "Yours is exactly the kind of hair we wanted, all my sisters and me, when we were little. Princess hair. It was what we saw in movies."

"No, it's mouse hair. Dull, Anglo hair." Hannah tastes a cedar sliver, and tosses it away. "Hart's going to have some strategy for loading the pickup that we've just violated."

Caro nods. "Heaviest wood on the bottom, or something. But we couldn't stand around waiting. And I'm not going to climb that ridge and help drag wood down. They could've found something closer."



Hannah studies her with interest. "You know, it's nice for Kevin to get a day like this with Hart. Times like this, when they're just being macho together with a chain saw, have been rare."

"I know."

"You can't know," Hannah says, with a slight, cutting trace of her old resentment. "You haven't been keeping track, and I have. I can't help it, I have. I suppose I should feel jealous for Kevin now that you're pregnant, because this baby will take even more of his father's time away from him, but if Kev doesn't feel that, it seems—oh, almost vicious—to feel it for him." She slouches prettily against the pickup, looking far less angry than she sounds, looking, in fact, almost musingly peaceful. "Kevin likes the idea of this baby."

What do you think about it, Caro wonders. "He'll be a good big brother," she says.

"You know, I think you should try something with Hart that I never tried."

Caro is startled. "What's that?"

"Whoever Hart was—even if he was, say, stronger than he is—it wouldn't be easy for him to handle not only Kevin but a brand-new child.

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## BETWEEN 6:37 P.M. AND 9:04 P.M.

After the birds surrender the air
at six o'clock or so,
the abandoned sky, stained dull-tin yellow,
feebly tinkles: pianist wind
with a tail of ink
shuffling
the leaves of the lilac
that sail
with witless inattention
now in the dark and the not-quite-dark.

The stone world glides and crawls,
fractured, supple. Gleams
infest the paper theatre
that once was stone. Illuminated
dream: mind-dress in sweet unweight.

Darker minutes
strip the meaning from the world.

The quiet maelstrom of antique ash,
the monumental entirety of black:

the cumbrous masterpiece night is.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

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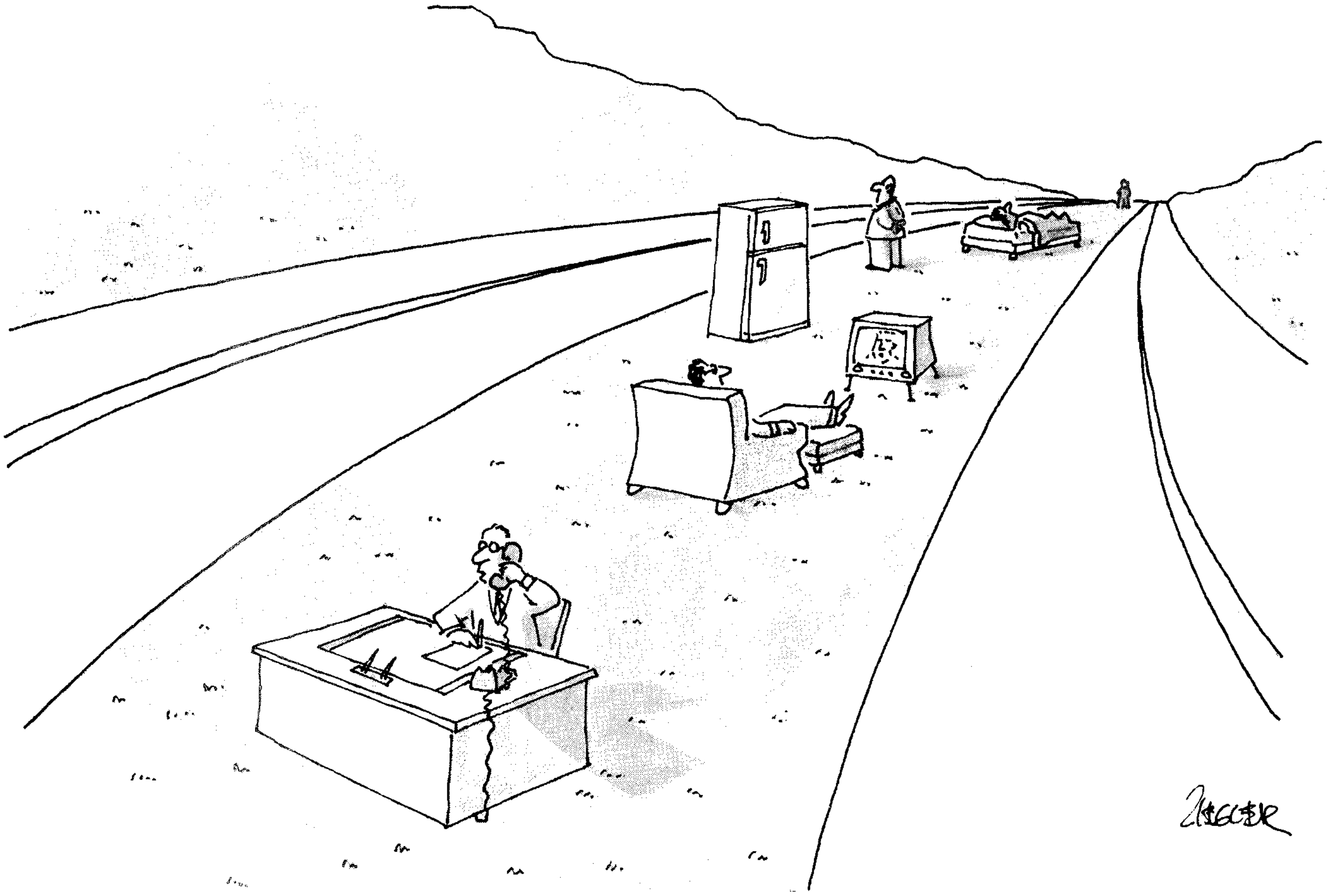

*"I'm sorry, but there is no more fast lane. We all live on the median now."*

• •

He's caught between what fathers feel for nearly grown sons and what entirely new fathers feel, and those emotions are nothing alike." Hannah twirls a twig as if it were the most fascinating thing she'd seen that day. "Those opposite pulls can't be easy for Hart to reconcile, even for the sake of a very wanted baby."

It is half a question, and Caro doesn't answer, for fear the truth will acquire a falsely defiant ring in the telling: Of course Hart badly wants this baby.

"So what I'm recommending to you is something I was incapable of: that you trust him."

Again Caro is startled. "*You* were incredibly trusting with him."

Hannah laughs. "Is that how it looked? I was in love. I went to great lengths. I forgave a lot, but I suspected a lot. I had this feeling that whatever I did he'd always be one jump ahead of me, and I thought I had to fight that. Now I see that's the wrong way to act with him, because he's not ahead, he's behind. He's reacting. You have to go along as if you know, in the end, that you can count on him, because Hart has a way of living up to expectations."

She would have gone on—Caro yearns for her to go on—but Kevin is returning down the ridge, dragging a piñon trunk that sleds roughly over the fallen needles. His axe is driven deep into the wood, and he leans forward, pulling against the tree's weight with measured, adult strides. Hannah regards him with pleasure when he comes up to her, panting, and lets the axe fall.

"Look, Hannah." He embraces a ponderosa and rests his nose against its shaggy bark. "Do this."

"Why?"

"Just do."

Hannah chooses another, taller ponderosa, wraps her arms around it, and rests the tip of her nose against it.

"Now breathe deep."

"Vanilla," she says. "Vanilla, exactly. I never knew that."

"Hart showed me."

They stand, sniffing, their shoulders similarly set in delight. Hart appears, a trimmed section of piñon riding his shoulders like a yoke, and gives Kevin and Hannah a mock frown. "I guess," he says, "that you're going to stand there an hour, right?"

"Oh, Hart," Hannah says. "What a secret." Mother and son move away from their trees together. Kevin tousles her hair with his dirty glove, and Hart slaps Kevin on the back. After too long a moment, they realize that Caro is leaning against the pickup.

It's dark by the time they've finished retrieving the cut wood from the steep ridge.

IN her kitchen, Hannah tamps tinder into the fuel box of the temperamental Garland, coaxing it to light, a heap of struck matches growing on the stove lid. "Hey," she finally says, gratified, letting the stove lid clank back into place. "This should get us warm in about twenty minutes, all right? You don't have a lot of choices for dinner. How about hamburgers? I think there's salsa."

"Anything," Hart says. "I'm starved."

Hannah's jeans snug around her

bottom as she peers into her refrigerator, shaking her head. "How about not hamburgers but curry."

"Curry," Kevin says. "Caro's never had your curry."

"Will it be too hard on your stomach, Caro?"

Caro says no, though in fact she's not sure; she can't bear to seem like a bad sport when Hannah seems to have little enough to choose from.

Hannah cooks with the nonchalant untidiness of a woman used to having her kitchen to herself, testing the sauce by licking her fingertip, stopping to feed and cajole the wood stove's fire. There are dirty dishes everywhere, and then a salad, pita bread, and chicken curry that burns Caro's tongue when she tries it. She wishes she could drink wine with the others. Jealously she watches the bottle pass among them, half empty, empty. The well water from Hannah's tap tastes strange, like cold, iron-bearing stones.

"I like dinners like this." Hannah is sitting cross-legged on the bench drawn up to the scarred picnic table. "When everyone's too tired to talk, and just eats and eats. It's like a good old farm kitchen."

"You should know," Hart says. "You were a good old farm girl."

"Who went to Radcliffe," Kevin says.

"Who went to Radcliffe and learned next to nothing," Hannah says. "None of the important things. I learn more now."

"Like what do you learn?" Kevin scrubs his plate with pita for the last of the sauce.

"Like how I still need nerve." Hannah smiles, exercising a self-assured woman's prerogative: exposing a weakness to a man almost flirtatiously, knowing she'll lose nothing by it. "I found a black widow this morning, and it freaked me out. I couldn't kill it. I didn't realize until then that you'd been killing them for me, Kev, whenever I found one."

Birds
People
Cats
Dogs
Bugs

"Where was it?" Hart gets up.

"Right above the coat hooks by the door," Hannah says, and Caro thinks, All she has to say to him is *I found a black widow this morning* and he's on his feet.

"But it won't be there now," Hannah says.

"It's there," Hart says.

"I took all the coats down," Hannah says, "so that it wouldn't get into a pocket. I had this fear, all of a sudden, of Kevin sticking his hand into a pocket and there's the spider. Those things are like a bad dream."

Hart lifts a broom and stirs a cobweb in a corner of the ceiling. The cobweb is sooty, and collects driftingly around the broomstick, like iron shavings around a magnet. The crabbed run of the spider is distinct as it darts out, angling down the wall. It has the evasive, hasty alertness of a little bird; it knows it is in danger, and this makes Caro shiver. There is a row of mucky boots, fallen gloves, and tattered sneakers on the floor. Hart lifts a sneaker, and when the spider is within arm's length he snaps the shoe down. The *thock* is final. He says, "There," though he continues staring at the wall as if unconvinced.

"I hate them," Hannah says. "I don't feel that way about anything else that gets into the house, but I hate, hate, hate black widows." She rests her shoulders against the wall, tips her head back, and settles into a kind of disturbed radiance—disturbed because the spider was there, radiant because it's been taken care of.

Hart, turning, finds Caro giving Hannah a look that could kill, though Hannah, her eyes closed, is unaware of it. Worse, Caro sees it dawn on Hart, slowly but inevitably: Hannah is beautiful.

So what can Caro do, where can she go? Home: her mother's fingers fly, stitching, arranging, bringing together the delicate pieces. A baby needs so many things.

—ELIZABETH TALLENT

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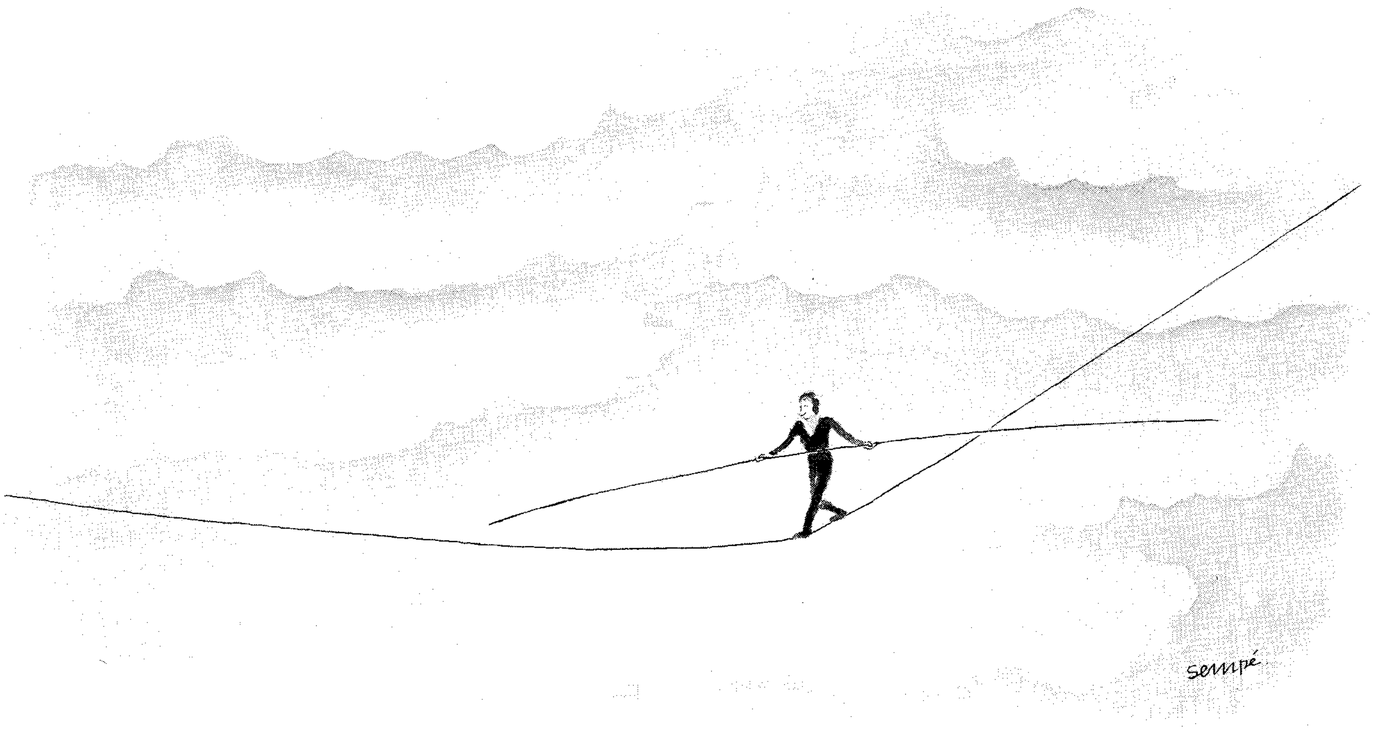
### WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Eureka* (*Calif.*) *Times-Standard*]

SLEEPING ROOMS, share kitchen and front room. Want honest roomers or Christians.

# PROFILES

## ALONE AND IN CONTROL



### *Philippe Petit*

ONE day in 1971, a skinny young man lay down on a wire stretched between the towers of Notre-Dame Cathedral. The priests called the gendarmes, who rushed up the three hundred and eighty-seven spiral stone steps to the roof. There they found themselves helpless. Any movement they might make to fish the intruder off the wire would endanger his life. The intruder ignored them. He rose to a standing position on the wire. He strolled back and forth along it. On bended knee, he saluted the air. He held the police at bay for three hours while people in the streets below, climbing trees and lampposts, waved their hats and shouted him on. A light rain fell. The young man juggled three clubs and then sauntered off the wire. He presented his wrists for handcuffs, and was led to the nearest police station. There the police, instead of charging him with trespassing and disorderly conduct, gravely shook his hand, clapped him on the back, and let him go.

The young man was Philippe Petit, the finest high-wire artist to have appeared in several generations. Since his début atop Notre-Dame, at the age of twenty-one, Petit has danced high over the earth in Vancouver, Jerusalem, and New Orleans. He has capered above aborigines in the outback, lumberjacks in Russia, and Picasso on his ninetieth birthday. He has traversed waterfalls, gorges, and valleys at various spots on the globe. He has even seriously considered crossing the crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii, but the park people in charge of it have discouraged him.

Tightrope walkers in a circus display their artistry from twenty to forty feet above a sawdust floor, usually without a net. Petit in his perambulations performs scores, even hundreds, of feet above water, earth, or pavement, without a net. That's a big difference.

Petit *is* different. In a battered trunk in a small room on an obscure street in Paris—a room he still rents, although he is rarely there—Petit has squirrelled away his dreams: maps and pictures of eminences and promontories, skyscrapers and other buildings around the world he longs to conquer. He is drawn to the grandiose. In the trunk he has a picture and a model of Niagara Falls. He would like to cross it, slicing through the mists over the boiling cataract's roar, a mile-long hike. He would like, too, to stroll over the Grand Canyon, with, because of his love of the theatrical, an opera singer or a saxophonist wailing eerily in the red dusk. And ascend from the Palais de Chaillot to the second story of the Eiffel Tower, across the Seine. He would like every performance to be a spectacle of beauty and poetry. On the places on the maps where he imagines walking he has drawn his symbol: a stick figure on a high wire strung between two posts.

Some of these ambitions will never be realized. Property owners and local officials are reluctant to give permission for such acts of bravura, even though Petit offers to indemnify them. "I have to convince people I will not die in their back yard or break their building," he says. And the intricate walks require so much time for preparation and planning that they are wildly expensive. But Petit never gives up. Often, when permission is denied or would be impossible to obtain he performs illegally.

The most notable of his illegal acts occurred between the twin towers of the second-tallest buildings on the planet—the World Trade Center. On August 7, 1974, Petit set a record, still unsurpassed, for the loftiest walk over a city street. He surveyed the towers surreptitiously for several months beforehand. Three friends, including a photographer named Jean-Louis Blondeau, flew from Paris to help him. At the time, the top ten floors of the towers were being finished, and thousands of electricians, carpenters, and deliverymen flowed in and out of the buildings along with the office workers. No one noticed anything unusual about two young men—Blondeau and an accomplice—dressed in business suits who entered the North Tower late in the afternoon of August 6th, about the same time that Petit and the third friend, disguised as deliverymen, rode an elevator to the hundred-and-fourth floor of the South Tower, the topmost reachable by elevator, on their way to the roof with equipment concealed in packages marked "Electric Fence." The equipment was a walk cable, tools, a walkie-talkie, and a twenty-eight-foot, forty-five-pound balancing pole, the last broken down into several lengths and labelled "Antenna." After carrying the cable, which weighed four hundred and forty pounds, up a hundred and eighty steps, to the floor below the summit—itself no mean accomplishment—they hid until the sole guard nodded off.

In the dark, they sneaked onto the unfinished roof. Almost simultaneously, Blondeau and his accomplice emerged from their hiding places on the North Tower. At midnight, Blondeau shot an arrow with a thin line attached over the gap—a distance of a hundred and forty feet. Unfortunately, the arrow landed on the lowest and farthest beam of a fifteen-foot metal truss that sloped downward from the roof. (Eventually, the truss would be overlaid with aluminum panelling to bevel the tower's outside edges.) Petit was now faced with an enormously dangerous situation: he had no choice but to climb down the truss and retrieve the arrow. Once back on the roof, he hauled over lengths of heavier and heavier line, and attached the cable to the last one. Blondeau pulled the cable back to the North Tower and secured it to a steel beam. Petit attached his end to a grip hoist, a powerful device for drawing the cable tight, that was attached to a beam. All this labor took seven hours. Working furiously against the dawn, they tied guy lines onto the truss to steady the wire.

Just as light came into the sky, Petit climbed down the truss one last time. In a narrow corridor underneath, between the tower and its outer skin, he changed into a black sweater, black pants, and wire-walking slippers.

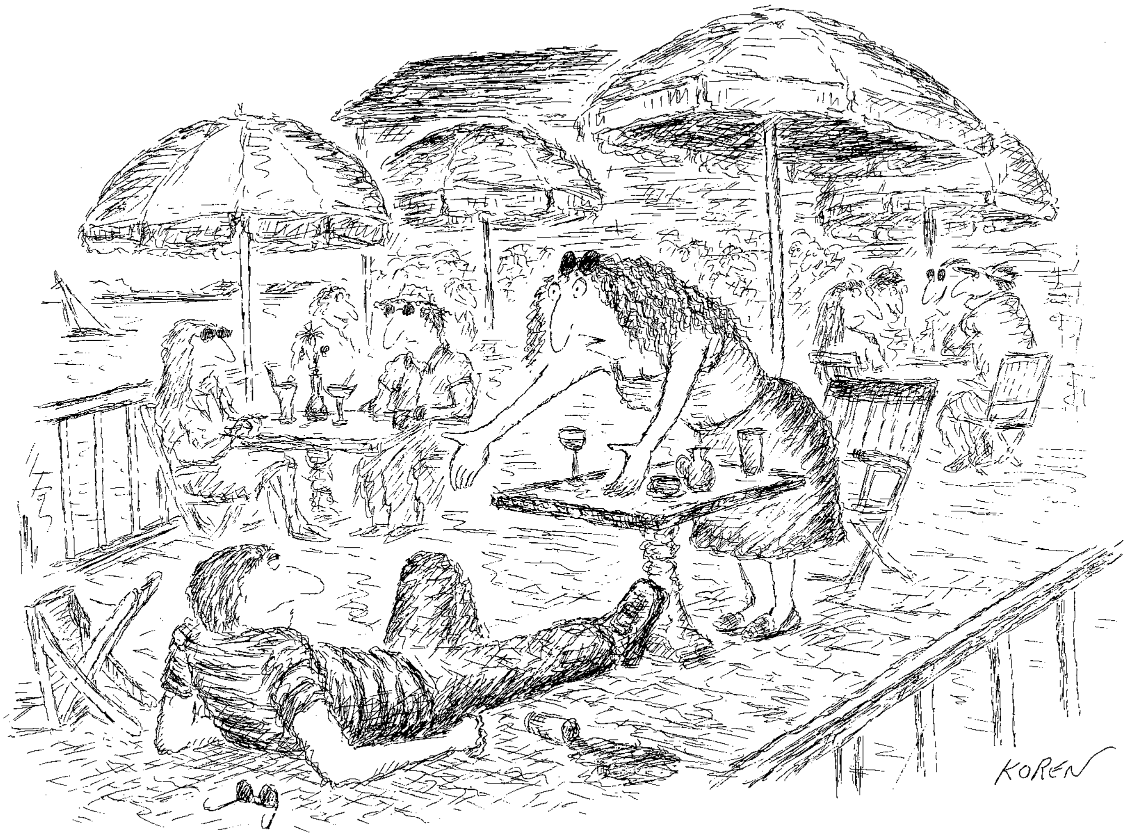
At 7:15 A.M., as the city began to awaken, Petit took out a yellow grease pencil and drew his symbol and wrote his name and the date on a beam of the roof, and started his walk. Word spread rapidly. "An unbelievable story has just arrived—I don't believe it," one broadcaster said. "Report of a man walking across the World Trade Center buildings on a tightrope!" In the street, one thousand three hundred and fifty feet below—a quarter of a mile—throngs of people gathered. They abandoned their cars to gawk, and traffic snarled. Port Authority police, responsible for the towers' security, raced onto the roofs with emergency squads from the city police. Petit never glanced at them. He glided back and forth on the wire, holding his long balancing pole. He lay on the wire. He knelt, bowed, danced, and ran. He sat down and watched a seagull fly beneath him. Finally, after nearly an hour, he ended his performance, walked back onto the South Tower, and was handcuffed.

When he reached the street, people cheered him and tried to shake his manacled hands. They booed the police.

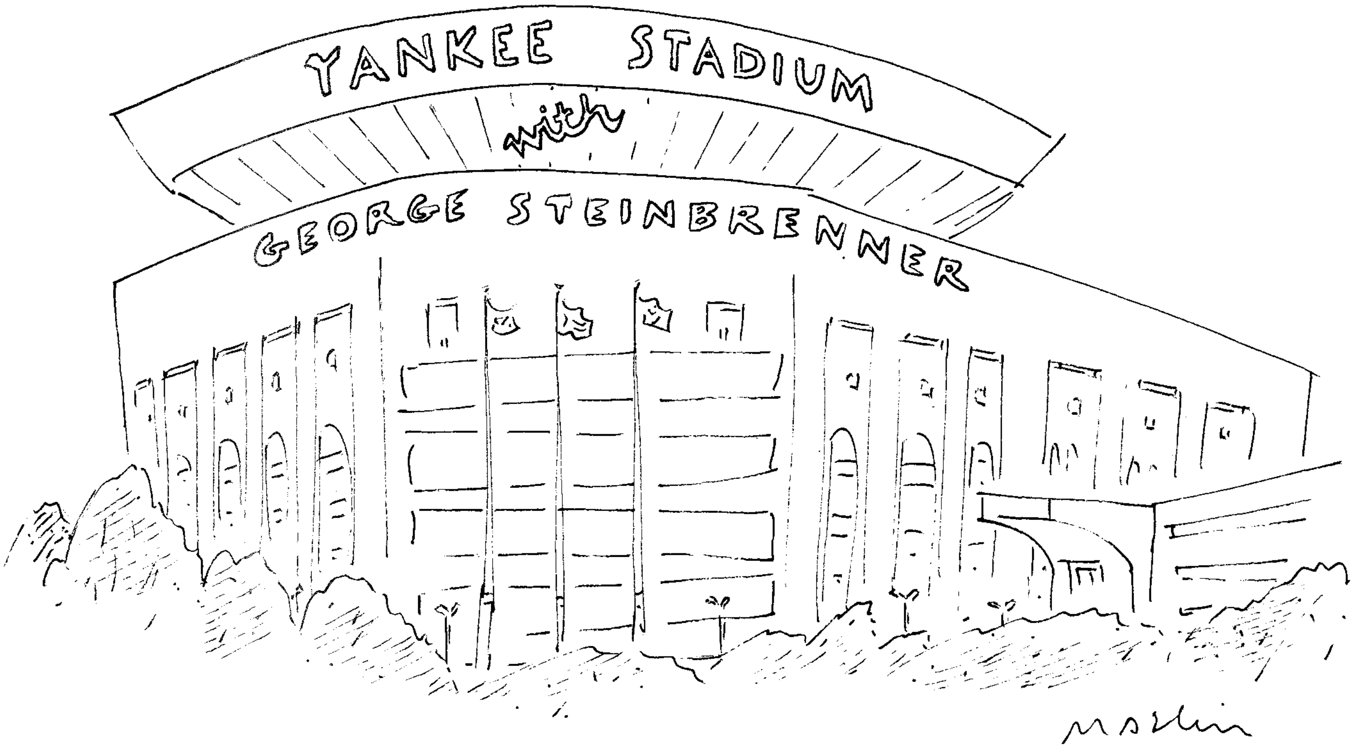
"Why did you do it?" reporters shouted.

In English more accented than it is now, Petit replied, "When I see three oranges, I juggle; when I see two towers, I walk."

Psychiatric and phys-



*"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry. I've been coming on like gangbusters again."*



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ical exams at Beekman Hospital found him normal; his pulse was eighty-eight, his blood pressure a hundred and twenty over ninety. He was booked on criminal-trespass and disorderly-conduct charges, held for several hours, and then released. The Manhattan District Attorney, after consulting with the Parks Commissioner, dismissed the charges on condition that Petit give a free performance in a city park for the city's children. "What a beautiful punishment!" Petit said. Meanwhile, pictures of the walk, taken by Blondeau, who, in his street clothes, had easily evaded the police, appeared on the front pages of papers all over the world.

The punishment took place three weeks later, at night, over the Belvedere Lake, in Central Park. It had all the theatricality Petit could have wished. A dozen searchlights played on him eighty feet in the air, clad in a silver costume. On the ground, a German brass band struck up a tune, and a crowd of thousands waited expectantly.

The wire ran from a tree at the northeast corner of the lake to the watchtower of Belvedere Castle, on Vista Rock, a distance of some six hundred feet. The wire rose at an angle of thirty degrees to the turret. Around the shoreline three city lifeguards were posted inconspicuously, for Petit had told park officials that he could not swim.

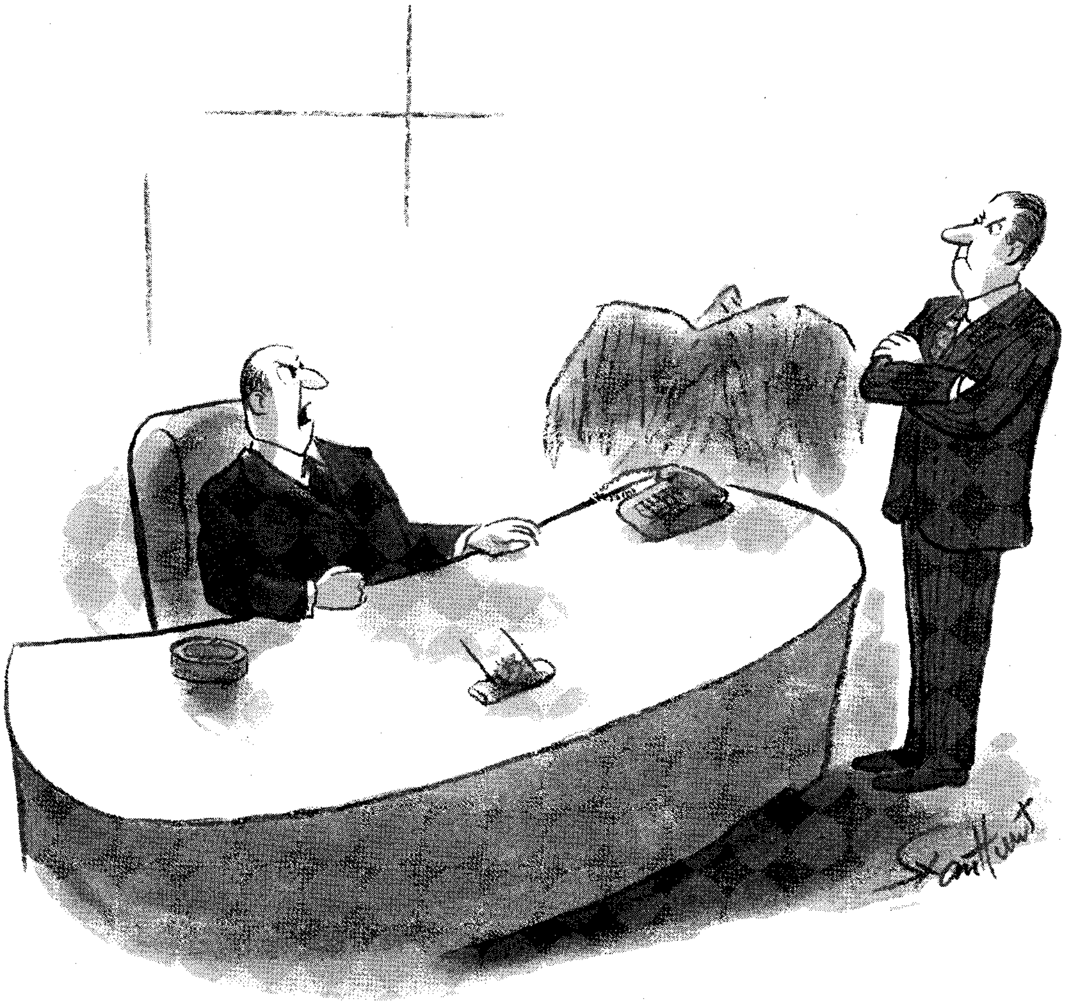
In the searchlights' glare, and with the band playing, Petit walked the wire twice, tumbling, lying down, doing twists and turns. Out of the corner of his eye he saw some children playing next to a guy line. One of them jumped and grabbed it, and the shock, passing along the rope to the cable, threw Petit into the air. He caught the wire with one leg. Upside down, still holding the forty-five-pound balancing pole with one arm, he managed to pull himself upright and continue for a third and final crossing.

In the Belvedere, as he changed for the post-walk press conference, Petit was heartbroken. "I was in tears completely from this disgrace, people seeing me hanging there like a chimpanzee," he recalls. "Some energy out of nowhere got me back up. I was so angry. It was so ugly." He recalls that he asked a friend, Annie Allix, "What shall I tell them?" and she replied, "Tell them the truth: it's always a fight." Petit says, "And so I did."

PETIT is now thirty-seven. Slender and blond, he looks like a pale gnome child. He is five feet seven inches tall and weighs a hundred and forty pounds—just five more than he did at the time of the Belvedere walk. Though slight of physique and nowhere obviously muscled, he can summon extraordinary strength. His hands are large and thick, as are his feet—useful features for a wire walker. His coördination, as his feats demonstrate, is remarkable. Both his pride and his will are full-scale ferocious. Extremely intense, he experiences the ups and downs that go with an intense personality.

These were in evidence in another unauthorized venture, several years ago. Petit petitioned the officials of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine for permission to ascend a wire from the narthex, near the door of the cathedral, up the nave, over the high altar, and out the rose window in the wall at the back. To Petit's mind, it would be a beautiful tribute for Ascension Day. At the last minute, a lay committee refused permission, but Petit, disappointed and hurt, secretly spanned the nave with a wire, and crossed it. The wire, being weakly rigged, was very dangerous; even so, Petit crossed it, so exhilarated was he. After the walk, the cathedral adopted Petit as an artist-in-residence. An office high in the triforium, above the nave, is now the center of his operations.

One night last summer, Petit gave a special performance at the cathedral, in honor of its centennial. The cathedral was plunged into darkness; then a spotlight shot a beam into the



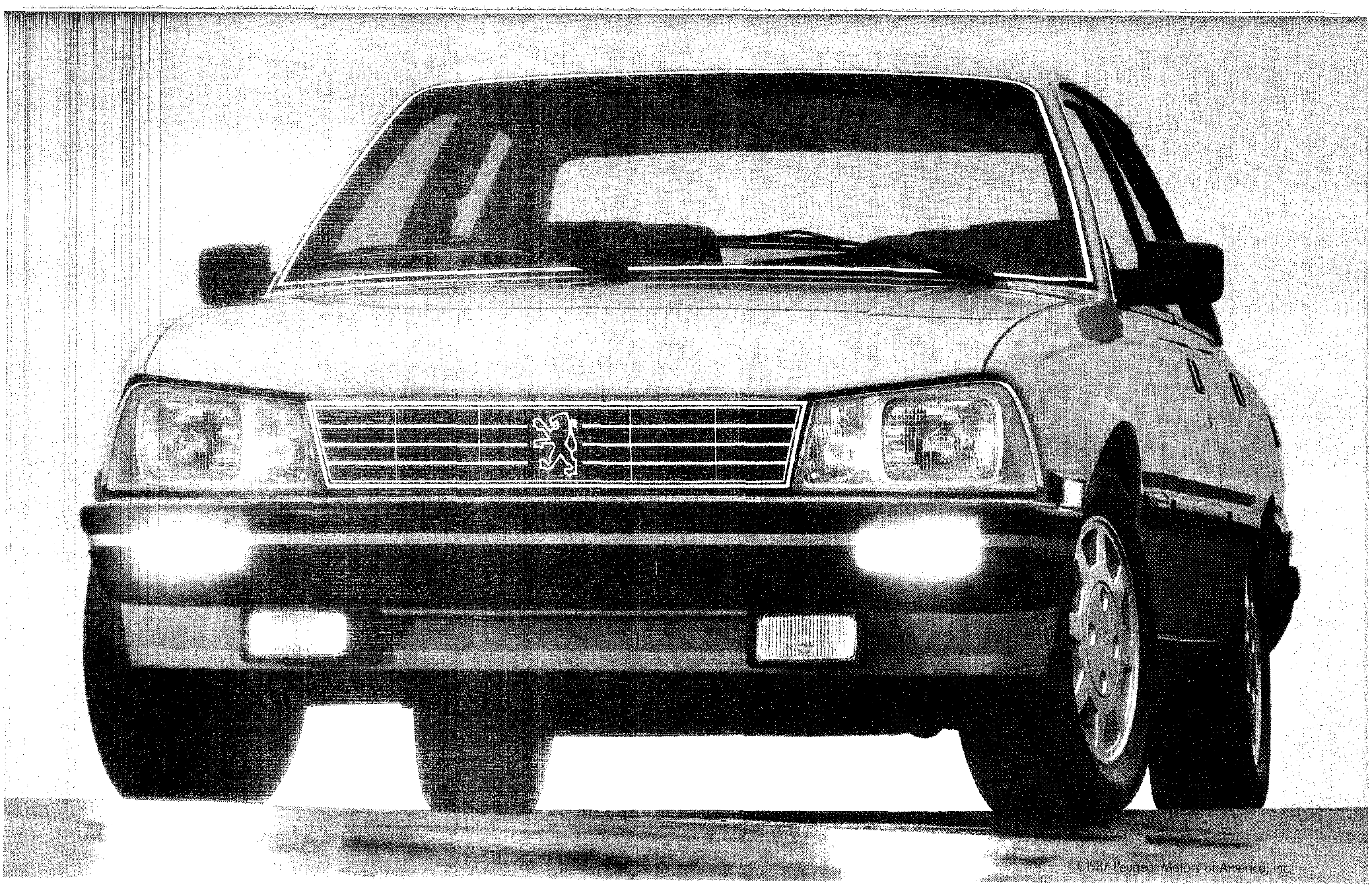
*"Being adamant is, I believe, my prerogative, Halbersham."*

• •

vaulting in the middle of the church, picking out a white-sheathed figure in the air, entwined in a rope and holding a lighted torch. In the religious setting, amid the bare stone walls and the stained-glass windows, the mysterious sight was galvanic. Slowly, the form slid from heaven to earth on the rope. His face strangely rapt, as though he were in a dream, Petit walked down the nave toward the narthex and climbed onto crossed poles fifteen feet high. From them a thin wire rose into the dim heights of the cathedral. Suddenly, Petit leaped onto the wire, his mop of pale hair flying, and rushed over the black-tie audience. The wild, youthful figure balanced a lily on his forehead and slid along the wire while a pianist played Stravinsky. He lay on his back, trickling gold dust to the floor, forty feet below. He sat up and rolled backward. The audience gasped. Flashing a devilish grin, he tangoed, his back arched. The feet, marvellously precise, touched down without error as they returned from space, though Petit never glanced at them. Then they ascended the wire in slow, sure progress. His figure grew smaller and smaller, the balancing pole making a cross against the rising wire. Eighty feet in the air, the wire was too thin for the audience to see. For one chimerical moment, he seemed to walk on air, an angel released from gravity. Then he sprang onto a shackle between columns over the transept, and bowed. The lights went on. Organ music sounded triumphantly.

Petit descended from the heights. A French friend in the audience murmured, "Philippe, he has *la poésie*." The Right Reverend Paul Moore, Bishop of New York, said, "I get flak whenever the church does anything other than evening prayer. But as soon as the performance began I forgot my worries and was overwhelmed by the sheer beauty: it was one of the finest moments in the history of the cathedral for beauty and deep religious meaning."

THE austere high wire has altered only once since man first walked it, in Roman times: in the nineteenth century, the golden age of the art in Europe, it changed from thick manila rope to thin steel cable. Today, it is five-eighths of an inch in diameter, approximately the thickness of two pencils. To manufacture such cable, bundles of wire are twisted together in one direction to form what is called a strand, and are then wrapped in the other direction around a core; grease is applied, in order to help the wire run through blocks and tackles to lift heavy loads. Petit gets rid of the grease by swabbing it off with paint solvent. He goes over every inch meticulously. Even so, heat from the sun and spotlights draws out the grease and sometimes makes for a bad patch underfoot. Petit also watches for "meathooks"—wires that have snapped in rigging, the complicated process of drawing the cable taut so it can be walked upon. Petit likes to walk barefoot, gripping the wire between the first two toes, and meathooks can puncture or snag the foot. There are other demons in the wire as well. Light makes it sparkle. "Electric light and silvery moonlight are awful," Petit says. The glittering wire, he feels, tries to catch his eye and unbalance him. He keeps his gaze on the horizon or on a point in space. This concentration is his safety net, for looking down induces vertigo, which can cause a fall. With this concentration and his extraordinary coördination, Petit can run on the wire; bounce a ball on his forehead as he walks; turn backward and forward somersaults; rest on the wire, lying on his back, with one leg and both arms drooping into the void; and climb inclined wires. The last is much like climbing an ice slope: the body's weight seeks to pull the climber down. At a slope of more than forty-five degrees, it becomes impossible. Petit can also walk an inclined wire blindfolded; this classic of the wire walker's



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repertory is called the Death Walk.

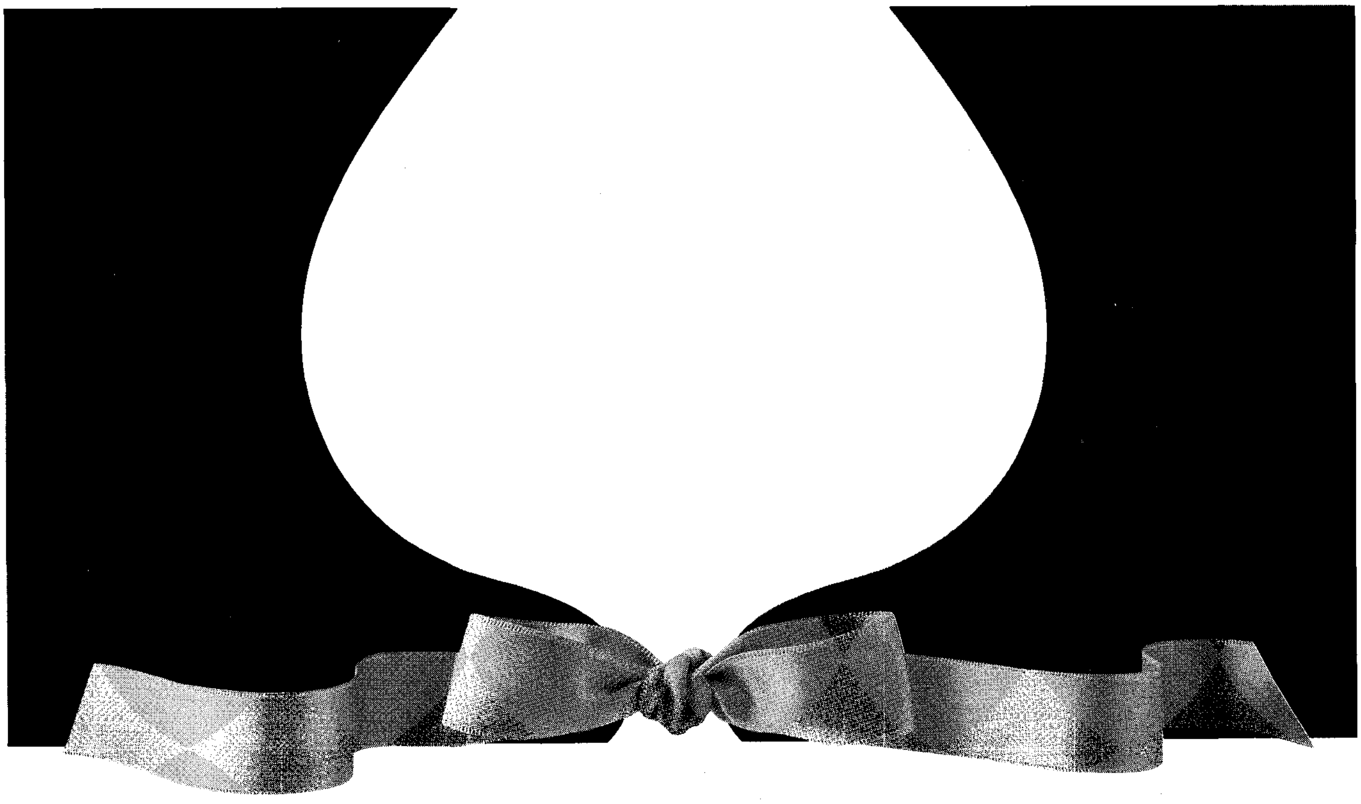
Sometimes when Petit is performing he pulls a champagne bottle up to the wire on a rope, pops the cork, and toasts the audience. He does stupendous comic pratfalls. Waving a baton, he conducts a brass quintet on the ground. He loves to surprise. One night, above thirty thousand spectators gathered for an advertised show, he materialized on the roof of a wing of the Palais de Chaillot dressed as a thief running from the police. He shinned down a rope and dodged among the spectators on the esplanade. Holding on to a bunch of balloons, he floated back to the roof, aided by friends working a pulley system hidden in the balloons. Fireworks exploded, and a rock star burst from a white grand piano. The star played the piano as Petit pranced on a wire strung from one wing of the Palais to the other. The Eiffel Tower lit up for a finale, and Petit was pleased.

Wire walkers agree that in theatrical spectacles Petit has the field to himself. One says, "Philippe is like a bird in the air. He is unique. Nobody does like him." They also agree that his success is due in large part to his superb rigging. Petit does his own rigging, with volunteers or crews he closely supervises. He scrutinizes every aspect of a site, examining blueprints and survey maps, and sometimes photographing the site from the air. Once he has set the stage, and has mentally located the moorings, he calculates the tension the cable needs in order to feel as much as possible like a steel beam underfoot. A two-hundred-foot wire, for example, requires ten tons of tension. Boulders, welded inner staircases, and I-beams make good anchors. So do series of stakes that Petit drives deep into the ground or metal plates that he bolts to concrete floors. Additional stability is provided by guy lines—special manila ropes looped over the cable and tied to other anchors in the gorge, valley, skyscraper, lake, or forest. "There is no place I can't rig," he says.

Petit dislikes talking about the dangers of the wire. Maybe it is too personal. Maybe other people's fascination with the risks annoys him. Maybe it bores him. With stunning predictability, reporters ask "What do you think about up there?" and "Are you frightened?" and "Why do you do it?" His stock replies are: "I am too exhilarated to think" and "I am too busy to have fear" and "I am not here to discuss why." If he's feeling pugnacious, he adds, "I carry my life in my hands, but it's a detail." Sometimes, going all out, he says he is a poet and wants to live to be an old man, because he has many dreams to accomplish. When he is asked if he is a superhuman athlete, he simply makes disparaging noises.

Petit doesn't train. He may go for a long period without touching the wire, then make a crossing of several hundred feet. His faith is in his technique and his resourcefulness in meeting the demands of the moment. He is absolutely assured of his invulnerability. "Of course I have that certitude," he says brusquely. "It is necessary to what I do." Nevertheless, before he goes on the wire in performance he pats his totem, a carved wooden lion he describes as "hungry, mad, skinny, vicious, strange, and beautiful to me," and he says, "I would lose my soul and my reason if I didn't touch this lion." Looking reflective, he adds, "One of my chief joys is to be by myself. That may be why I love the wire. I am alone and in control, as I am not on the ground." Petit recovered from the only fall in his career, a forty-five-foot

This June 21st...



*Void where prohibited by law. 80 Proof Cognac, Imported by © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1987

drop off a practice wire in 1975. At the time, he was a twelve-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week star in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Shortly after going back to work, he walked the seven hundred feet from one end to the other of the Louisiana Superdome, in New Orleans.

On average, these days, Petit performs four times a year. He accepts offers from arts festivals, fairs, noncommercial institutions such as museums, and towns celebrating some sort of occasion. Not every engagement seems to accord perfectly with his criteria of beauty. In Stamford, Connecticut, recently, for instance, he merely walked between two new high rises to benefit the local Boys' Club. For this kind of job, his fee is fifteen thousand dollars and up (including expenses), depending on the difficulty of the rigging. Some years, he gets no offers he likes, and so doesn't work.

His income would be steadier if he accepted advertising work. He will not do that. This stand alienates him from agents, and vice versa. After the World Trade Center walk, he received offers from Sweet 'n Low, Arrow Shirts, a promoter who suggested he walk a wire between two dirigibles drifting over the Grand Canyon, and an owner of a Burger King franchise who hoped he would cross over Times Square in a bun-and-burger outfit. Petit refused their overtures.

"Why not earn the money?" an exasperated French friend asked.

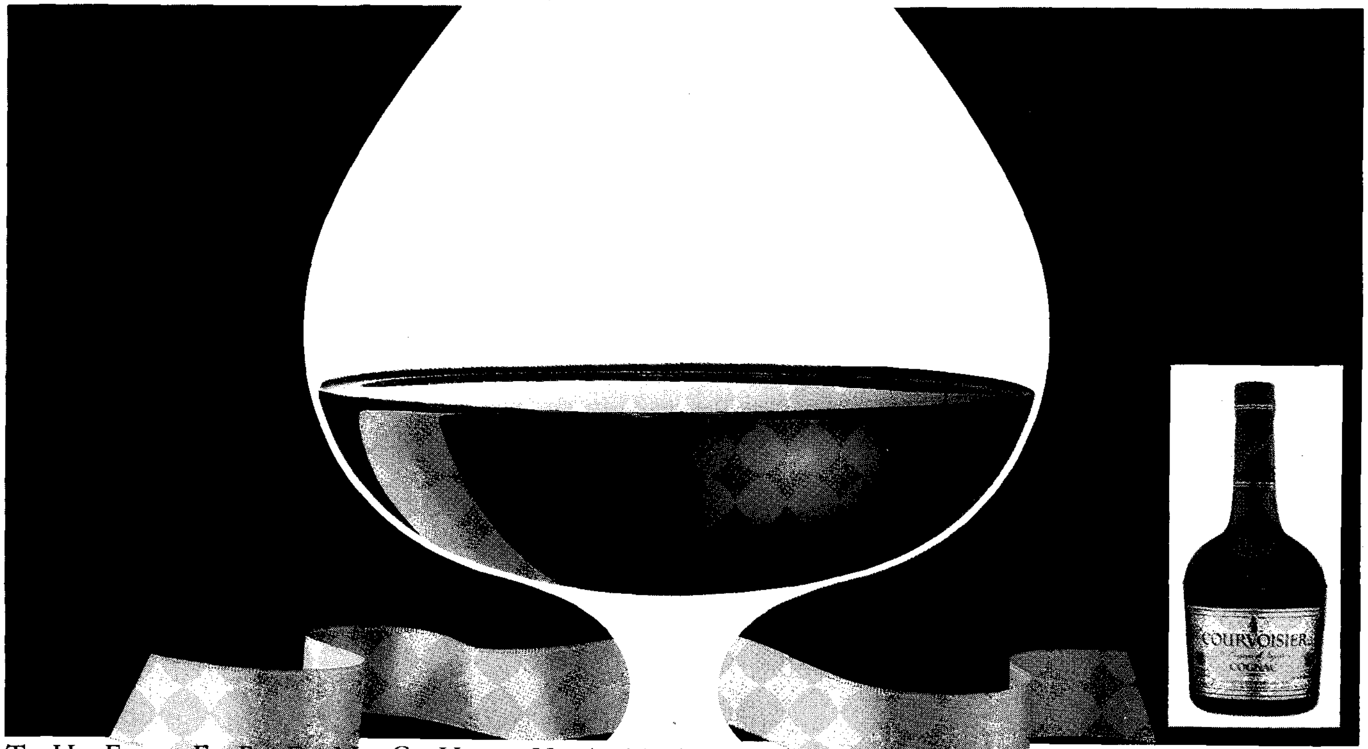
"I'd die first," Petit said, likening such work to selling his soul.

This attitude occasionally leaves him low on cash. When that happens, Petit switches to skills he practiced as a teen-ager on the streets of Paris. He puts on a battered black top hat and black pants and shirt and shoes, and rides a unicycle from his Village apartment to Washington Square Park. There he has "his" tree and lamppost, and a following as well. Tooting a whistle, he circles the park. Then he takes a piece of chalk and draws a perfect circle on the ground between the tree and the lamppost. Inside the circle, in silence, he juggles three white balls. They bop and swing in syncopation up and down his arms, over his shoulders, off a thigh and a foot. He juggles sugar cubes for a dog and then makes them disappear. The unhappy dog yelps and sniffs wildly. When there's snow, he juggles three snowballs. He pulls a coin from a child's shoe. The crowd presses close. He cuts out toes from his circle with the unicycle. He mimes stories and "tells" secrets that he makes up as he goes along. He ties a slack rope between the lamppost and the tree and heaves up and down on it, juggling three torches. On cold days, he warms his bare feet over them. He balances the top hat on his nose, passes it for cash, parts a door in the crowd, and rides home with money for dinner.

Sometimes he's still short. One winter, he did demolition and construction work in Brooklyn. He gutted buildings, installed new plumbing, carried bathtubs down tenement staircases and then chipped them clean with razor blades. The foreman complimented him on the great job he'd done. "You only get me when I'm starving," Petit said.

One wonders what the foreman might have said if he had known of Petit's other talents with his hands. The large, wide hands can not only rig cables over terrifying drops but also delicately pick locks, as Petit occasionally finds it necessary to do. At Notre-Dame, he memorized the pattern of the bit, or web, under the pin of

make your Father's Day.



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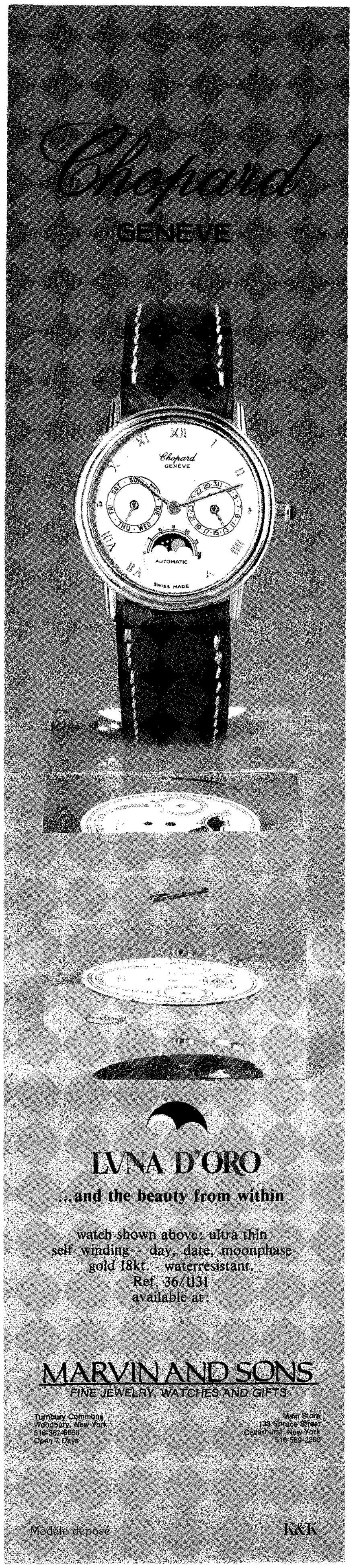

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the seven-inch-long medieval key with which the concierge opened the tower doors. Then he sketched it. With a dummy made by a jeweller, he gained entrance to the cathedral for his walk. His hands can also draw other fastidiously observed objects—knots, for instance. Such is his manual dexterity, mental control, and knot craft that when Elaine Fasula, his companion, gave birth to their daughter he alone assisted at the delivery, taking the baby as she emerged, cleaning her, cutting and tying the umbilical cord, swathing her, and sewing a tear in the birth canal. The baby, he saw delightedly, bore the mark of a wire walker: a large gap between her first and second toes.

Petit, born four years after the end of the Second World War, grew up in high-rise public housing in Boulogne-sur-Seine, a western suburb of Paris. He was the second of three children of strict, proper parents. Edmond, his father, was a pilot in the Air Force. In the early months of the war, he had seen active combat and been awarded the Croix de Guerre. Then, in 1940, he was captured, and he spent the rest of the war trying to escape from German prison camps. In 1943, he was one of a hundred and thirty prisoners who tunnelled out of a camp near Vienna, but he was rearrested in Hungary twenty-four days later. Allied forces eventually freed him. After the war, he was awarded the Resistance Medal, the Escape Medal, and the Legion of Honor, France's highest military award. Edmond Petit hoped that Philippe would choose a military career. He started the boy on fencing lessons with an international champion at age five.

Wire-walking is, of course, a frank way of surpassing an aloof hero father obsessed with flight. Edmond travelled through the air in a machine, as part of a squadron. Philippe travels through it on his feet, alone. Both father and son have written poetically and dramatically about their aerial voyages.

As a child, Petit rebelled mightily against his father's wishes and the family's formality. "I was raised by my parents to say '*vous*' to them—'sir,' really. It was an extremely tight, contrived way of living. I was against everything and everyone. I was sneaking, putting my nose everywhere, like a little fox," he says.

"Philippe was impudent, individualistic—he loved to *étonner les gens*. He was not a model son," his mother, Jeanine, says with a certain pride. Instead of studying, Petit taught himself magic from books; he was expelled from five schools. He recalls no friends. "My age were all so dumb," he says. To economize, the family spent its summer vacations at a convent in the Jura. Bored, and dismayed by the nuns, who had taken a vow of silence, Philippe escaped to climb trees and cliffs all day. He idolized Les Diables Blancs, a famous troupe of tightrope artists who worked the fairs and festivals of France. Longing to enter into their world, the adolescent Petit taught himself wire-walking. He looped many strands of rope around two trees and then spread them flat, fastening them with several huge staples he had made from coat hangers. In big hiking boots, he clomped on this narrow "road," taking away one rope after another over a period of about ten days, till he was able to balance on the last. The head of Les Diables Blancs, a bluff, burly Czech named Rudolf Omankowsky, liked Petit's earnestness, and became his first mentor. He taught Petit rigging. The Czech said that his own son was the best wire walker he knew, but that he had never seen such courage as Petit's. It was "*un courage fantastique*," he once said.

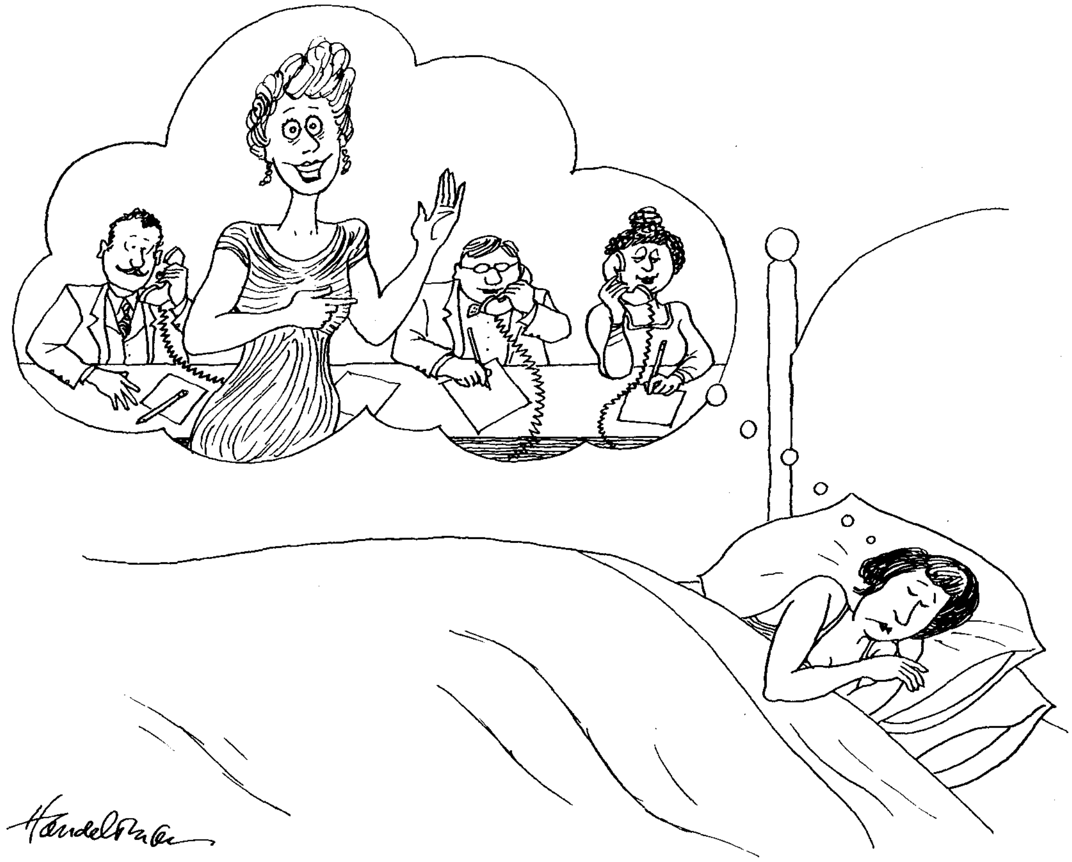
Petit's father was less impressed. They quarrelled, and at eighteen Petit left the suburbs for Paris. He survived there by going from table to table in restaurants, palming saltcellars and coins and doing other magic tricks for money. At first, he lived over a pâtisserie, and got by on the stale cakes put out in the garbage, and on cheap hamburgers. On the Left Bank, in front of the famous cafés La Coupole and Les Deux Magots, Petit developed his street act around a top hat, a slack rope, and three rubber balls. One day, in the act, Petit had a friend ask him for the time. Petit then purloined a spectator's wristwatch and handed it to the friend. A Polish pastellist named Sam Szafran happened to be passing by and was so struck by the poetry of the gesture that he invited Petit to string a practice wire in his loft and pose for him. Szafran gave Petit many of the drawings as "capital," but Petit sold them to eat.

When Petit had been in Paris for a year or so, he got to know Francis Brunn, the great German juggler, whose sleight of hand and whose sense of simplicity in fighting gravity became an inspiration to Petit's street act. He also met Annie Allix, his first love. Mlle. Allix recalls, "When I met Philippe, I had the impression he was the hero of all the storybooks I had read as a little girl. He has the ability to transform life into a novel. A new adventure arrives with each page. He admires people who live intensely. He loves to be insolent. Philippe likes to give himself the persona of someone who is afraid of nothing. This is true. When Philippe decides to do something, he would rather die than renounce it." She was not surprised to learn after the Notre-Dame escapade that Petit had never before been above twenty feet on a wire. The towers are two hundred and twenty-six feet high.

"Trois Coups" and "On the High Wire," two books that Petit wrote when he was in his twenties, chronicle his life as rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief. "On the High Wire" is a lyric and swaggering tribute to the wire. In it Petit counsels doing only those movements on the wire which "transfigure you." He writes, "Triumph by seeking out the most subtle difficulties. Reach victory through solitude. Persist, to feel the pride of conquering." For the victor, "a red velvet wire will be unrolled . . . in his dreams."

Twenty-seven publishers turned down the book before Random House, innocent of the kind of author it had in hand, accepted it. Petit delivered not only the manuscript but a design for the book—a hundred and twenty pages, each page laid out with drawings from his compendious archives on wire-walking. The publisher's designer defended his professional layout in shouting matches with the author. Paul Auster, a translator hired by the publisher, and Petit translated the book together, arguing over every syllable. The editor, Jonathan Galassi, insisted that Petit could not supervise the press run at the printer's. Slyly, Petit wrote in his preface, "It is known that, were it up to me, I would have determined the composition of each page, most likely fabricated the stock, certainly carved my own typeface, and probably invented a blend of ink, as well as ridden my unicycle to the bookstores to distribute the final product!" Galassi, who likes him, says, "A fanatic."

It has occurred to Petit that his life would make a good screen adventure. He has the script all ready to go. Studios find his demands taxing. He might be willing to sell the rights, provided he can write the picture, star in it, direct it, and—if he has the time—produce it.



*"Now, I know you'd like us to go away and let you get on with your dream, but, given the cutbacks in federal funding, without your pledge there may not be any more dreams!"*

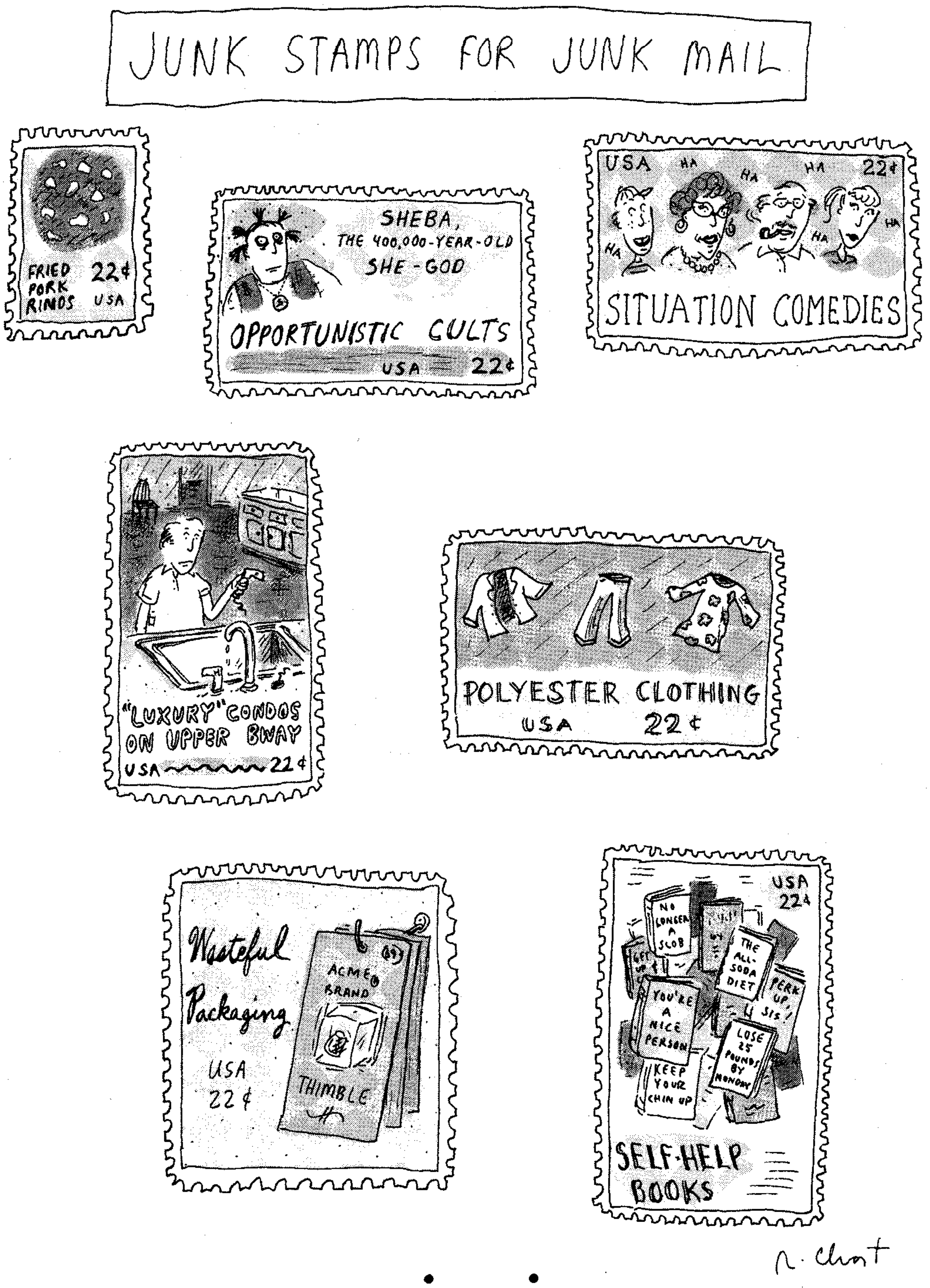
• •

I ASKED Petit if he would visit the World Trade Center with me. Eventually, he agreed.

By prearrangement, a young police sergeant met us in the lobby of the South Tower. He escorted us up to the doorway leading out to the roof. There we were met by a window-washer, a guardian of the restricted area underneath the elevated walkway to which visitors are normally confined. The window-washer barred our entry. "I got to see my supervisor," he said. He came back grumpily and said O.K. Then he did a double take. "Is that him?" he asked, staring at Petit. On learning that it was, he became expansive. "Every year, they paint over the beam where your signature is," he said. "And I put it and the date back again with my magic marker."

The day was brilliant and blustery. From a quarter of a mile in the sky, the waters that encompass New York lay around us like a golden fan pleated by the wind. Beyond the roof's protective waist-high railing was a view for forty miles.

Petit knelt on the concrete by the third I-beam protruding from the northwest corner of the roof, facing the North Tower. "Let me show you," he said. "You can still see the marks of the cable on the waterproofing tar at the base of the beam. This was the anchor. My dressing room was over there." He pointed over the barrier to the space below the aluminum panelling on the truss. "All night long, in the dark, I kept bumping into these tracks," he said, giving a kick to the girders for the tower's movable window-washing machine. "I was bruised and enraged. We had a near-disaster with the cable. We pulled the thin line over, but as we passed the cable back I lost control of it. It was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running through my hands like a speeding train. The whole void out there was infuriated, the cable was falling, gaining velocity. I dived on a safety clamp I had forgotten to tighten at the anchor, and in my panic my hands made the right movements with the wrench. The cable clanged, the clamp jumped a few inches, but that one clamp stopped it." On the North Tower, Petit said, Blondeau and his accomplice were dragged to the edge, holding on to the last bit of the cable. It took them three hours to pull it out of the void. Petit chuckled. "They wanted to use a block and tackle, but I said no, we do it my way. They had to sweat because I am a stubborn frog. Jean-Louis and I were a perfect team. He was stubborn, smart, bad-tempered, very cold to risk." A moment later, Petit said, "If it had been wind like today, I couldn't have gone. The turbulence out there was like ten different winds eddying and swirling under me. I crossed six times."

Two young ironworkers came up, seeking autographs. "We've seen your name," one said, hiking a thumb at the beam. "We figured we had to meet the guy." Petit dashed a scrawl on a bit of paper. They tipped their caps. "Good luck, buddy. If you need extras for the film, we'll be right there," they said as they strolled off. They had been on scaffolding over the side, doing touchups on the building's skin.

Petit peered over the edge to watch them. He rose on tiptoe and craned his neck into the wind. My palms sweated. "Oh!" he shouted, and he turned around, eyes wide with ecstasy and triumph. "When I stick my head out, completely raw comes the memory!"

A FEW weeks later, Petit leaves the city for Niagara Falls. A Canadian film company making a movie about Niagara has hired him to re-create the high-wire walk made by Blondin in 1859. Blondin (his real name was Jean-François Gravelet) created a tumult by walking the one thousand one hundred feet from the American to the Canadian shore over the Rapids, a site about a mile downstream from the Falls. He offered to carry any spectator over on his back. None volunteered. Blondin made the trip many times, once cooking an omelette on a portable stove on the wire, once carrying his manager over on his back.

Petit is extremely happy. He admires Blondin, and rigging a wire ninety feet over the escarpment to the boom of a crane is an interesting engineering problem. He will not walk over the Rapids, just over the ninety-foot segment within sight of the Falls. The work is commercial, but it will have a certain beauty, and it has brought him to the site of one of his dearest dreams.

For many years, Petit has been coming to Niagara, seeking permission to attempt Blondin's original scheme—a walk from Goat Island across the jaws of Horseshoe Falls to the Canadian shore. When, after months of work and planning, Petit approached the officials with his proposal, they turned him down. As he rigs the wire, he looks longingly at the Falls. Thick green water rolls over the lip. The plume of mist rising from the maelstrom is half again as tall as the Falls. The bowl spits and sprays, envelops and disorients. Seagulls flap in nonsensical circles, lost in the plume.

Petit has not given up on that dream, or on one that tantalizes him even more—a crossing over a half-mile stretch of open water at Sydney Cove, in Australia. Miloš Forman, the Czech film director, who says he is more in awe of Petit than of anyone else, has written a scenario for a movie based on the walk. Petit has performed in Sydney already. In 1973, in a clandestine walk, he travelled the two hundred feet between the huge northern pylons of Sydney Harbour Bridge.

For the Sydney Cove walk, here is Petit's dream: A silver cable snakes over the brisk blue of the harbor. It disappears somewhere atop the eastern pylon at the south end of Harbour Bridge. Its other end is made fast to the curved concrete roof of the Sydney Opera House, where Petit stands. He squints into the sun, looking at the cable. Then, hefting his balancing pole, he starts forward on the wire, slipping slowly over the lapping water. Thousands of spectators onshore remember the instructions not to shout or distract him. They watch as he moves on, ten feet above the whitecaps. A breeze strikes. His body wavers. He seems very small against the pale-blue sky and the enormous sweep of water. A spectator says to a friend, "Of course, you know the cove has sharks in it," and his companion whispers, "They say he can't swim." His figure seems to dwindle as the wire slopes upward. The pole glints in the sun. It shakes with his effort as he mounts the thirty-degree slope toward the top of the pylon, three hundred feet above the water. Slowly he rises. It takes a long time. The police, in their helicopters and boats, wait and wait. Petit is barely a dot now. And when he reaches the pylon the blood will clang in his ears like cymbals. It will drown out the tumultuous cheers.—GWEN KINKEAD

•

The ring-necked pheasant is the state flower of South Dakota, which is known as the Coyote State or the Sunshine State.
—*Brownwood (Texas) Bulletin.*

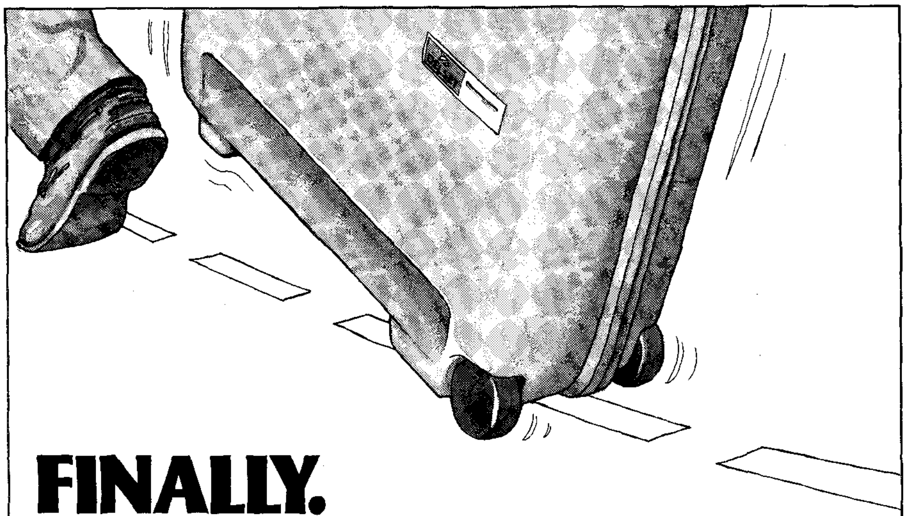
Or the State of Utter Confusion.

•

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From "The Fringes of Power: Downing Street Diaries 1939-1955," by John Colville*]

Léger said that Reynaud had been less devoted to the Allied cause than we had supposed. He was under the thumb of a mistress who was in the pocket of the pro-Axis party in France.



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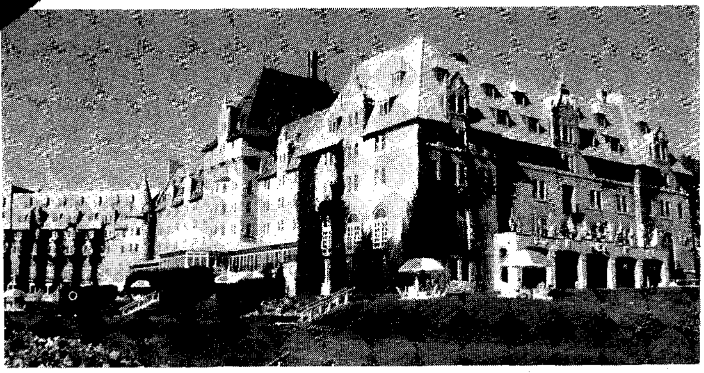

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THE NEW YORKER

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE ENVIRONMENT

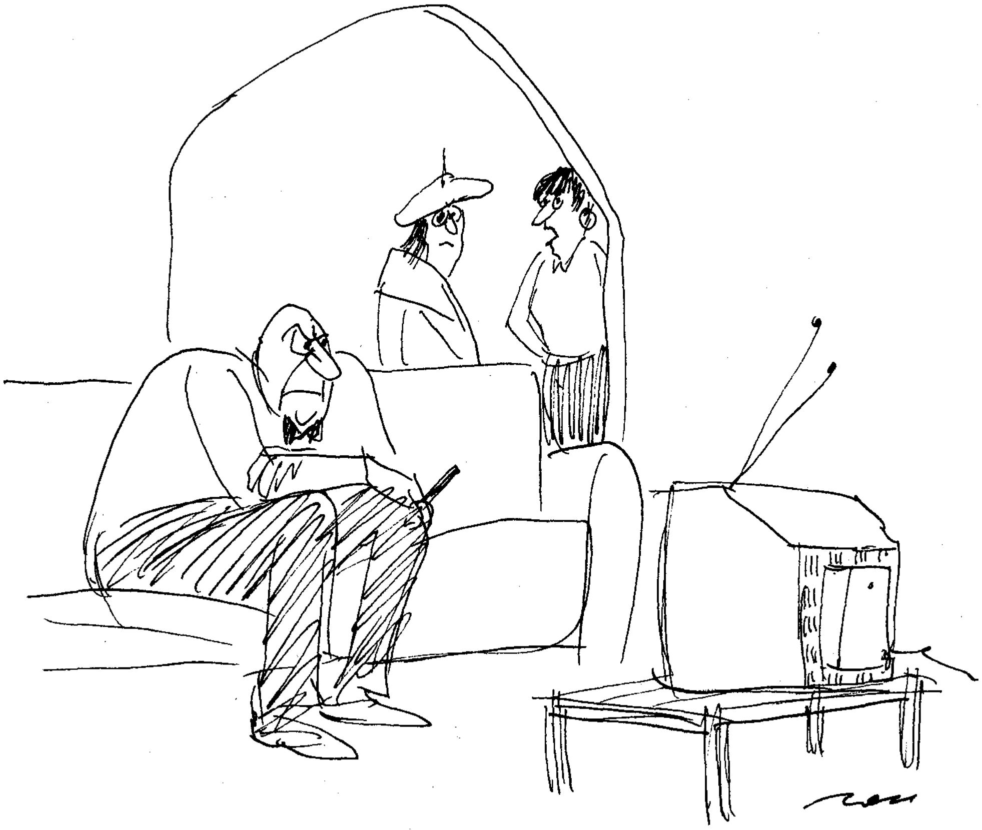
IN the past few decades, the United States has witnessed a series of remarkable popular movements, the most prominent being the movements for civil rights, for the equality of women, for peace, and for the environment. People who have participated in these efforts are prone to reflect after a time on what has been accomplished. In the case of the civil-rights, women's, and peace movements, this is a subtle task, involving social processes that are not readily converted to "objective" numerical trends. To assess the impact of the environmental movement is easier, for the quality of the environment can be expressed in terms of generally unambiguous measurements: the changes, since the birth of the movement, in the amounts of harmful pollutants in the air or the water, or, for that matter, in our bodies; in the populations of fish or birds that have suffered environmental harm; in the efficacy of control measures.

The environmental movement is old enough now—its birth can be dated from the enthusiastic outburst of Earth Day, in April of 1970—to be held accountable for its successes and failures. Having made a serious claim on public attention and on the nation's resources, the movement's supporters cannot now evade the troublesome, potentially embarrassing question: What has been accomplished? Concern with the environment and efforts to improve it are today worldwide, but the United States is the place where the environmental movement first took hold, and where the earliest efforts were made, so it is a good place to look for answers. Since the early nineteen-seventies, the country has had basic laws that are intended to eliminate air and water pollution and to rid the environment of toxic chemicals and agricultural and urban wastes. National and state environmental agencies have been established; billions of dollars have been spent; powerful environmental lobbies have been created; local organizations have proliferated. Environmental issues have taken a permanent place in our political life.

In one respect, all this activity has clearly achieved an important success: we now know a good deal more about the state of the environment than we used to. In the last fifteen years, the United States has established monitoring systems that record the annual changes in environmental quality, and these give us an indication of what has happened in the environment since the effort to improve it began. The amounts of different pollutants that are emitted into the environment each year can be estimated fairly accurately for the nation as a whole from technical data on the behavior of cars, power plants, factories, and farms, though such measurements do not reveal the levels of pollutants that people actually encounter, which may differ a great deal, depending on how far they live from the pollutants' source. Local concentrations of some common pollutants—for example, the amount of dust or sulfur dioxide per cubic metre of air—are measured by a network of air-sampling devices that are stationed at fixed points, chiefly in cities, but the resultant information is spotty and not readily translatable into an average national trend. Water taken from rivers, lakes, underground sources, and wells is also analyzed from time to time for chemical and biological pollutants, but, again, the results are necessarily discrete and localized. Finally, there are less comprehensive measurements that determine the amounts of certain pollutants, such as pesticides, that have been taken up by wildlife, especially fish and birds, and there are also a few corresponding analyses of pollutants carried in the bodies of the human population.

The nation's basic environmental law, the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, assigns to the federal Council on Environmental Quality the task of reporting these data. Unfortunately, among the first of the Reagan Administration's many cuts in domestic programs was a sixty-two-per-cent reduction in the C.E.Q. budget, which has diminished its reports, especially on water pollution. Nevertheless, by rounding out the C.E.Q. reports with special ones produced by various other government agencies it is possible to piece together a picture of how the environment has fared in the last ten or fifteen years.

INFORMATION about the trends in air pollution is available from annual reports published by the Environmental Protection Agency for the years between 1975 and 1985. (Data earlier than 1975 tend to be unreliable, be-



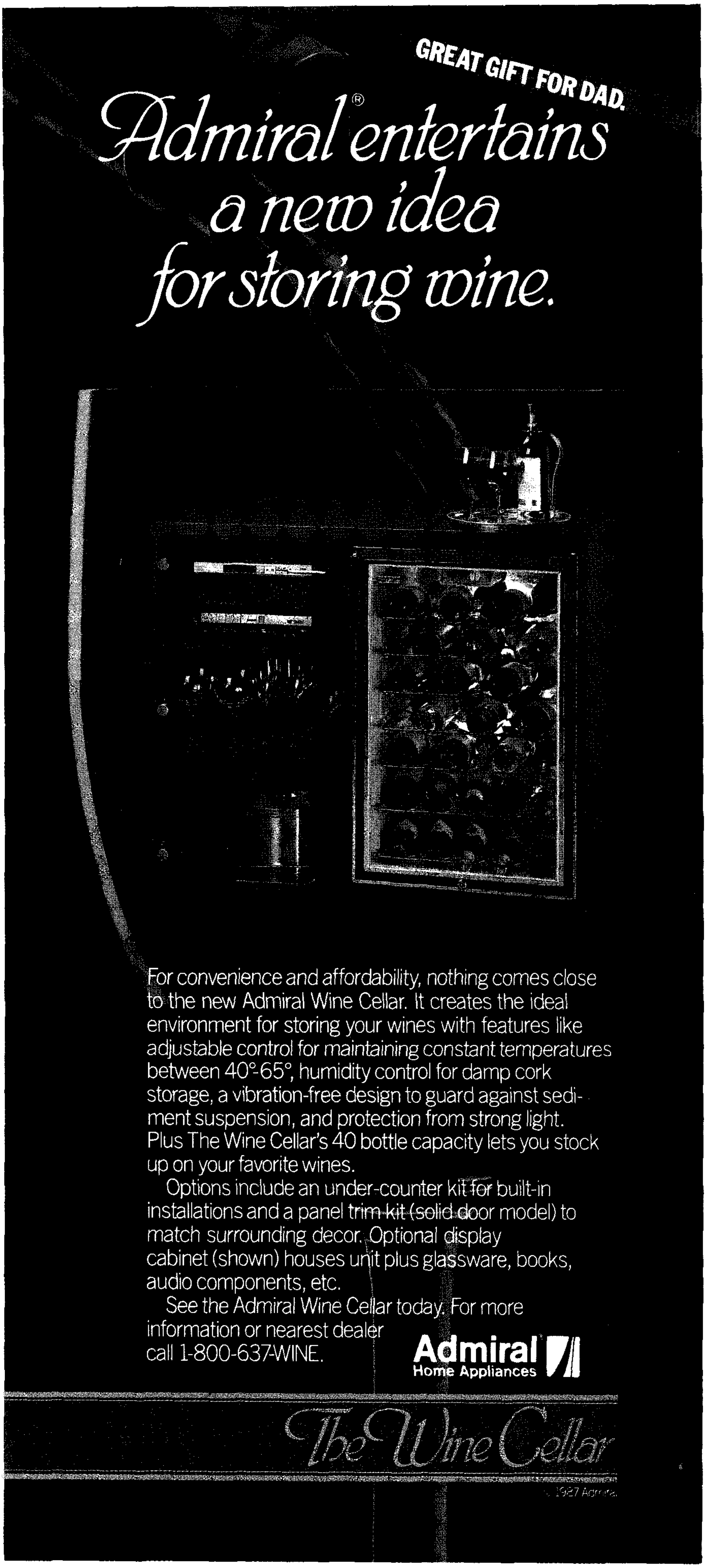
"*Gerald is a man of only* *one* *mood.*"

cause measurements were not standardized.) The E.P.A. reports describe changes in the emissions and local concentrations of the major airborne pollutants: particulates (dust), sulfur dioxide, lead, nitrogen oxides, volatile organic compounds, and ozone, a key ingredient of photochemical smog. One striking fact immediately emerges from the monitoring data: it is indeed possible to reduce the level of pollution sharply, for between 1975 and 1985 total annual lead emissions decreased by eighty-six per cent, and airborne concentrations of lead at national test sites have been correspondingly reduced. Lead, a notoriously toxic metal, has been responsible for serious health effects, such as mental retardation, especially among children living in heavily polluted areas. People have benefitted from the reduced emissions: the average lead levels in the blood of Americans decreased by thirty-seven per cent between 1976 and 1980.

The successful effort to reduce lead pollution only accentuates the failure to achieve a comparable reduction in the emissions of the other air pollutants, which, on the average, decreased by only thirteen and two-tenths per cent between 1975 and 1985. Of these pollutants, dust emissions have improved most—about thirty-two per cent—although actual concentrations in the air at some fifteen hundred test sites have improved somewhat less. But the annual improvements came to a halt in 1982, and since then emission levels of particulates have increased: they rose by more than four per cent between 1982 and 1985.

Sulfur dioxide is a particularly serious pollutant, for it diminishes the respiratory system's ability to deal with all other pollutants. It is also a major contributor to acid rain. Between 1975 and 1985, total sulfur-dioxide emissions declined by nineteen per cent, most of the change occurring between 1975 and 1981; since then, emissions have remained essentially constant. Average concentrations at national test sites improved somewhat more, in part because new power plants—a major source of sulfur dioxide—are being built outside urban areas, while most of the test sites are inside urban areas.

Carbon monoxide, a pollutant that causes respiratory problems, is produced chiefly by cars, trucks, and buses, and the effort to deal with it is based on control systems that reduce emissions from automobile exhausts. (The control devices also reduce



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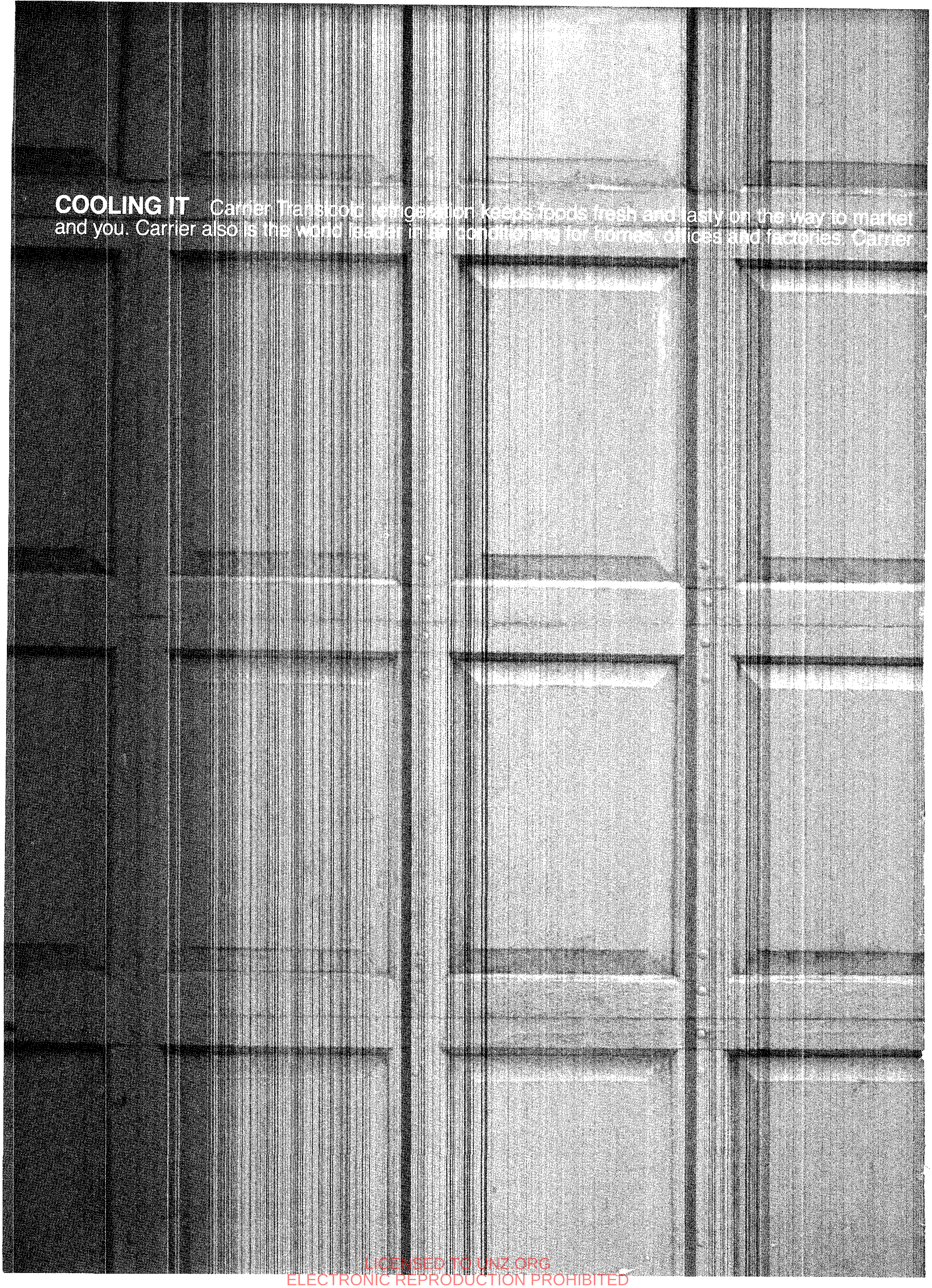

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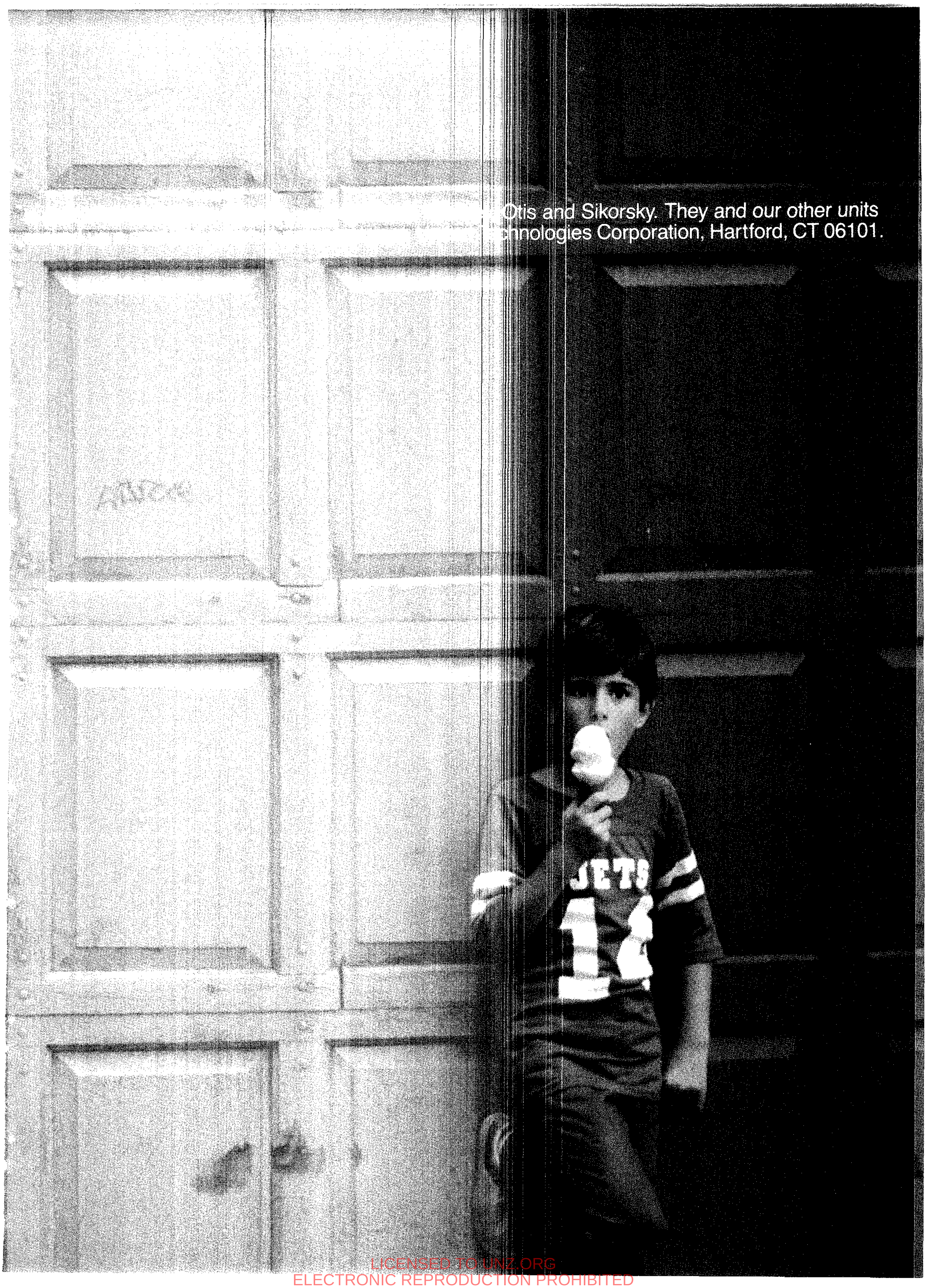

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waste-fuel emissions.) Total annual carbon-monoxide emissions decreased by fourteen per cent between 1975 and 1985, but between 1982 and 1985 they increased. In a number of cities, including New York, the levels of carbon monoxide still violate E.P.A. standards.

Photochemical smog, a complex mixture, is created when nitrogen oxides emitted from automobile exhausts and power plants are converted by sunlight into highly reactive molecules and these combine with waste fuel to form ozone and other noxious chemicals. The total emissions of nitrogen oxides *increased* by four per cent between 1975 and 1985. Ozone is not emitted as such but is formed in the air during smog reactions. Concentrations at national test sites decreased by fifteen per cent between 1975 and 1981, but have not changed since.

The noxious smog chemicals are responsible for serious health hazards; people with heart or respiratory problems are routinely warned to stay indoors during "smog alerts." This hazard is now more or less accepted as an unavoidable aspect of urban life. In some places, improvements in smog levels have been achieved by reducing traffic; yet smog continues to threaten health. For example, in Los Angeles, the worst-afflicted city, between 1973 and 1977 residents were subjected each year to at least two hundred and fifty days in which smog was at levels classified as "unhealthful," with more than a hundred and twenty-five of these classified as "very unhealthful." In most large American cities, residents are still exposed to unhealthful smog levels for fifty to a hundred and fifty days each year.

One consequence of air pollution is acid rain. In keeping with the ecological rule that everything has to go somewhere, sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides, once they have been emitted into the air, are picked up by rain and snow and brought down to earth in the form of sulfates and nitrates. Both these substances increase acidity, and in recent years many lakes—especially in the northeastern United States and Canada, but also in Europe—have become more acid. In some of these lakes, serious biological changes have occurred, often involving the virtual elimination of fish populations. In cities, acid rain erodes buildings and monuments.

Because scrubbers and the increased use of low-sulfur coal have reduced sulfur-dioxide emissions at coal-burn-

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ing power plants, while emissions of nitrogen oxides from power plants and automotive vehicles have increased, there has been a noticeable shift in the relative contributions of these pollutants to acid rain. Reports from Hubbard Brook, a research station in New Hampshire, where acidity problems have been studied for a long time, show that as the sulfate content of precipitation declined by twenty-seven per cent between 1964 and 1981 the nitrate content increased by a hundred and thirty-seven per cent. Not much improvement can be expected in the acid-rain problem, given the negligible improvement in sulfur-dioxide emissions and the rising emissions of nitrogen oxides.

The ecological processes that govern the quality of surface waters are more complex than the chiefly chemical events that govern air pollution. A basic reason for the pollution of surface waters—rivers and lakes—as well as inshore marine waters is the stress placed on the natural ecological cycles that, if they are kept in balance, maintain water quality. If inadequate sewage-treatment systems dump excessive organic matter into a river or a lake, the accompanying fecal bacteria threaten health. As the excess organic matter is broken down by aquatic microorganisms, they may consume so much oxygen that fish begin to die. If urban and industrial waste and runoff from agricultural areas increase nitrate and phosphate concentrations beyond the levels maintained by a balanced cycle, eutrophication occurs. Heavy algal blooms are formed and soon die, burdening the system with excessive organic matter and reducing oxygen content. In addition, high nitrate levels in drinking water may create health problems such as methemoglobinemia (a condition that reduces the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood, especially in infants) and may contribute to the formation of carcinogens. Toxic chemicals only add to these harmful effects.

In the last decade, particular rivers and lakes here and there have been cleaned up by closing sources of pollution and building new sewage-treatment plants. Yet in that period, nationally, there has been little or no over-all improvement in the levels of the five standard pollutants that determine water quality: fecal coliform bacteria, dissolved oxygen, nitrate, phosphorus, and suspended sediments. A recent survey of the trends in pollution levels between 1974 and 1981 at nearly four hundred locations on major American rivers shows that there has been no improvement in water quality at more than four-fifths of the tested sites. For example, the levels of fecal coliform bacteria decreased at only fifteen per cent of the river stations, and increased at five per cent. At half the locations, the bacterial count was too high to permit swimming, according to the standard recommended by the National Technical Advisory Committee on Water Quality Criteria. Levels of dissolved oxygen, suspended sediments, and phosphorus improved at thirteen to seventeen per cent of the locations, but deteriorated at eleven to sixteen per cent of them. The most striking change—for the worse—was in nitrate levels: increases were observed at thirty per cent of the test stations and decreases at only seven per cent. Agricultural use of nitrogen fertilizer is a main source of this pollutant; in rivers that drain cropland, the number of sampling stations that report rising nitrate levels is eight times the number reporting falling levels. Another major source is nitrogen oxides emitted into the air by vehicles and power plants and deposited in rain and snow as nitrate; this accounts for increased river nitrate levels in the Northeast, despite the relative scarcity of heavily fertilized acreage in that area. The survey also shows that there was a sharp increase in the occurrence of two toxic elements, arsenic and cadmium (a cause of lung and kidney damage), in American rivers between 1974 and 1981; but, as expected from the reduced automotive emissions, the occurrence of lead declined.

An over-all assessment of the changes in these standard measures of water quality can be gained from the average trends. For the five standard pollutants, the frequency of improving trends averaged 13.2 per cent; but the frequency of deteriorating trends averaged 14.7 per cent; thus, at more than four-fifths of the test sites, over-all water quality deteriorated or remained the same. In sum, the regulations mandated by the Clean Water Act, and more than a hundred billion dollars spent to meet them, have failed to improve water quality in most rivers. The relatively few locations that have improved are more than cancelled out by the locations that have deteriorated. Moreover, the occurrence of three serious pollutants—nitrate, arsenic, and cadmium—has increased considerably.

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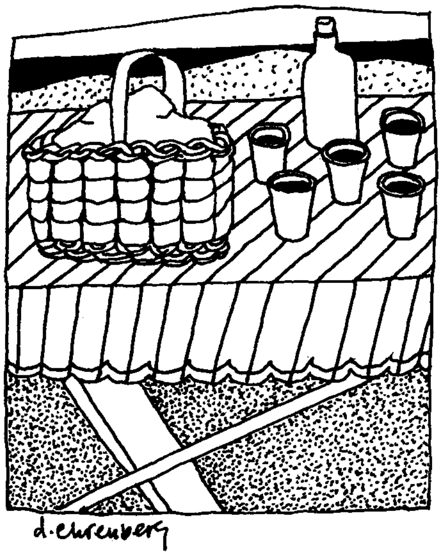
One of the chief symptoms of the environmental crisis in the early nineteen-seventies was eutrophication, especially in lakes. Lake Erie provided a dramatic example. The lake received an enormous burden of inadequately treated sewage and phosphate-rich detergents from the cities surrounding it, and chemical plants contributed mercury and other toxic materials as well. Rivers carried nitrate and eroded soil into the lake from heavily fertilized farms. By the nineteen-sixties and seventies, especially in its western regions and along the shoreline, Lake Erie was exhibiting the classic signs of eutrophication: heavy algal overgrowths, epidemics of asphyxiated fish, and sharply declining fish catches. Because of its notoriety as a "dying lake," Lake Erie has been intensively studied in the last decade, and the results have been evaluated by elaborate statistical techniques; the most detailed data are given in a recent lengthy E.P.A. report. This report makes a telling comparison of pollution levels along various reaches of the western lakeshore, where eutrophication had been particularly troublesome. In 1972 and 1973, three of twenty-one shoreline regions were classified as entirely or partly eutrophic; in 1978 and 1979, eutrophication was more widespread, affecting twelve of twenty-one shoreline regions.

According to the E.P.A. report, the rate of oxygen depletion in the central basin of Lake Erie increased by fifteen per cent between 1970 and 1980, following a trend that went back as far as 1930. The entry of phosphates from certain city sewage systems has declined, as a result of campaigns to reduce the use of phosphate-containing detergents—probably the most successful such effort, in Detroit, reduced phosphate concentrations in the Detroit River by nearly seventy per cent between 1971 and 1981—but the acquisition of phosphates from all the rivers entering the lake was reduced much less; only four of twelve test sites showed any improvement. Over all, phosphates entering Lake Erie decreased by about a third between 1972 and 1982. The same E.P.A. report also records the catch of commercial fish from 1920 to 1980. The once valuable catch of herring and whitefish dropped off sharply after 1950, and by 1960 it was close to zero. The E.P.A. report showed that the catch had not recovered between 1960 and 1980.

In 1970, Lake Erie was widely mourned as a dying lake, and serious efforts were made to revive it. Yet nearly two decades after our environmental reawakening Lake Erie, despite some limited improvements, remains a flagrant example of environmental pollution. The condition of less famous lakes is just as bad. This is particularly true of lakes in heavily farmed areas, where nitrogen and phosphorus fertilizers leach from the soil into rivers and lakes. A 1982 survey found that of a hundred and seven lakes in Iowa all were eutrophic, and so were more than eighty per cent of the lakes in Ohio and Pennsylvania. A national survey of changes in water quality between 1972 and 1982 showed almost no progress in lakes. Only 2.4 per cent of the total lake acreage improved; 10.1 per cent became more degraded; 62.1 per cent was unchanged; no reports were available for the remainder.

About fifty per cent of the population of the United States depends on underground sources—groundwater—for its drinking water. The United States Geological Survey and state agencies monitor the quality of groundwater by testing wells throughout the country. The results, based on readings from more than a hundred thousand wells, show that in the past twenty-five years these sources have become increasingly polluted by nitrates and toxic chemicals. Fertilizer was chiefly responsible for the rising nitrate levels. In Nebraska, a 1983 survey showed that eighty-two per cent of the wells over the nitrate limit established by health authorities (ten milligrams per litre of nitrogen in the form of nitrate) were contaminated by fertilizer nitrogen. In California's Sacramento Valley, a very heavily cropped area, nitrate contamination of wells has been monitored for a long time. In the fifty-year period following 1912, the percentage of wells with excessive nitrates (defined as five and a half milligrams per litre) approximately doubled. More recently, the percentage of wells with excessive nitrates doubled again—this time in only a four-year period, between 1974 and 1978. The major source of the nitrates is nitrogen fertilizer leaching from irrigation water. A similar trend has been observed in Iowa. In 1984, the Geological Survey summarized the situation: "Current trends suggest that nitrate accumulations in groundwater of the United States will continue to increase in the future."

FIFTEEN years ago, public-opinion polls on environmental issues showed that most people were worried about water and air pollution—especially smog. Now, even though these problems remain largely unsolved, polls show that as a public concern air and water pollution runs behind a new environmental threat—toxic chemicals. In the early nineteen-seventies, this problem was due largely to agricultural products—insecticides, herbicides, and fungicides. DDT and similar chlorinated insecticides were the most notorious examples. In 1972, the use of DDT and related insecticides was banned in the United States because they were shown to promote cancers and also to be a hazard to wildlife. One of the most noticeable effects of DDT was the decline in bird populations; DDT interferes with the biochemistry of reproduction, making eggs thin-shelled and thus easily destroyed before they hatch. Banning the use of DDT has been very effective. For example, between 1969 and 1975 the average DDT content of brown pelicans in South Carolina decreased by seventy-seven per cent, and by 1976 the number of fledglings more than tripled. People have benefitted as well: between 1970 and 1983, average DDT levels in body fat in the American population decreased by seventy-nine per cent. The banning of polychlorinated biphenyl, another notorious chemical pollutant—it increases the incidence of cancer and birth defects—has had a similar effect. Between 1970 and 1980, the body burden of PCB in freshwater fish decreased by fifty-six per cent, and in birds (starlings) by eighty-six per cent. In people, the percentage of Americans with relatively high levels of PCB (above three parts per million) in their fatty tissue decreased by about seventy-five per cent.



Since 1950, however, the roster of serious chemical pollutants has steadily expanded. Hundreds of toxic chemicals, many of them carcinogenic, have been detected in water supplies, air, and food. For the first time in the three-and-a-half-billion-year history of life on this planet, living things are burdened with a host of man-made poisonous substances. According to a recent E.P.A. survey, members of the general American population now carry several dozen man-made chemicals, many of them carcinogenic, in their body fat (and generally in the fat of mothers' milk as well). Toxic chemicals now seriously pollute important segments of the food chain. In the Great Lakes, for example, the toxic-chemical levels of salmon, trout, and walleye often exceed Food and Drug Administration standards for human consumption. Tumors are found on the fish with increasing frequency.

The total toxic-chemical problem is huge. The American petrochemical industry produces about two hundred and sixty-five million metric tons of hazardous waste annually; toxic chemicals generally make up about one per cent of this material, and the rest is made up of water and other non-toxic carriers. About a third of this waste is emitted, uncontrolled, into the environment. Moreover, most of the controlled, or "managed," waste is injected underground, sometimes into water systems, and thus becomes a long-term threat to the environment. Only about one per cent of the industry's toxic waste is actually destroyed. The chemical industry has, largely unrestrained, become the major threat to environmental quality.

ENVIRONMENTAL pollution from radioactive materials is in a class by itself; it originates from a single sector of production—the manipulation of nuclear energy for peaceful or military purposes. Radiation exposure due to the normal operation of the nuclear power industry appears to be quite small compared with exposure to natural sources of radioactivity such as radon and cosmic rays; it is less than one one-hundredth of one per cent of the

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natural exposure. But this is a national average; near power plants, exposures are certainly higher.

There is no widely disseminated accounting of the radioactivity that enters the environment from minor nuclear-power-plant malfunctions. At most, there are only reports that an accidental emission of radioactive material has occurred—generally with no information about the actual radiation exposure but only the statement that "the amount of radiation released was harmless." (Such statements are wrong. Radiation, no matter how weak, always involves the risk of some harm, and the risk is proportional to the dose received. A very small exposure from a dental X-ray, say, has a correspondingly small risk, which is presumably worth taking in view of the expected benefit.) A partial measure of the radioactivity released by nuclear power plants is available from E.P.A. studies of krypton-85, a radioactive gas uniquely associated with the operation of such plants. The average annual concentration of krypton-85 in the air increased by eighty per cent between 1970 and 1983, thus increasing the environmental hazard.

Accidents that disrupt the containment structures protecting the environment from the huge amount of radioactive material in an operating nuclear reactor present a far larger hazard than is presented by typical malfunctions. Until 1979, this was an abstract concern, for some abstruse—and considerably disputed—statistical computations concluded that the probability of a serious accident might be as low as one in a million per year per reactor. The accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, in 1979, brought the abstract discussions down to earth. While the outcome of the accident was far less serious than it might have been—the reactor's core partially melted and extensively contaminated the interior of the reactor building and released some radioactivity into the environment—it suggested that serious mechanical failures were far more probable than the calculations had indicated.

In April of 1986, of course, a second failure occurred—at the Soviet Union's Chernobyl nuclear power plant—which led to a radioactive disaster. At least thirty-one people have died and more than two hundred have suffered acute radiation sickness; estimates of future cancer deaths from the radioactive fallout over a wide area of Europe range above a hundred thousand; more than a hundred thousand people have been evacuated from their homes; some hundreds of square miles of agricultural land have become useless; radioactive fallout disrupted milk and vegetable production throughout most of Europe.

The hazardous consequence of one aspect of nuclear technology—fallout from test explosions of nuclear weapons in the atmosphere—has been considerably reduced by the straightforward procedure of simply stopping the process that creates it. As a result of the 1963 treaty signed by the United States and the Soviet Union, atmospheric tests have halted (except for a few conducted by China and France), and fallout radioactivity, in keeping with natural decay processes, has declined. For example, a national survey of milk showed that it contained 23.8 picocuries of strontium 90 per litre in 1964, 7.3 in 1970, and 2.0 in 1984.

FINALLY, we need to consider the American contribution to global environmental problems. One of these problems is the progressive depletion of ozone in the stratosphere, which is due largely to the increased use of chlorofluorocarbons (petrochemical products widely used in refrigerators and air-conditioners). The stratospheric ozone layer protects the earth from solar ultraviolet radiation; if it is sufficiently depleted, people will be exposed to an intensity of radiation capable of significantly increasing the incidence of skin cancer. Recent studies in Antarctica indicate that the ozone layer is continuing to thin out. Despite an international agreement to reduce the production of chlorofluorocarbons, and some progress in the United States, little has been done thus far to stop this chemical assault on the stratosphere. Another problem is the progressive warming of the earth's surface because of the accumulation of carbon dioxide and other gases in the upper atmosphere. Sunlight falling on the earth is sooner or later converted into heat, which radiates outward, so the planet's temperature is determined by the balance between the sunlight falling on the earth and the heat leaving it. The concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere governs the re-radiation process, for the gas acts like an energy valve, allowing sunlight through but tending to hold heat back. Since 1850, the increased use of fuel that produces carbon dioxide when it is burned has gradually increased the atmospheric-carbon-dioxide concentration, and the earth's average temperature has steadily risen; an additional three or four degrees Fahrenheit in average temperature is expected by the middle of the twenty-first century. This may cause drastic changes in climate—for example, flooding of coastal areas (including many cities), and severe drought in North America, Europe, and Asia. In recent years, other gases, such as the chlorofluorocarbons, have added to the problem. As a result, the latest projections predict severe climatic changes by 2030.

This "greenhouse effect" (glass resembles carbon dioxide in its effect on sunlight and heat, a property that helps to keep a greenhouse warm in the winter) can be slowed down only if there is a sharp reduction in the use of combustible fuel, but nothing has been done thus far to deal with this problem, and it continues to carry the world toward a climatic catastrophe.

SO much for the statistics on the changing state of the environment. What do they mean? Do they indicate that we can repel the assault on the environment by gradually reducing pollution at the present modest and uncertain rate? Can we accelerate the process by more stringent emission controls? Each year, the annual C.E.Q. report has accompanied its environmental statistics with optimistic answers to such questions. The 1983 report, for example, began the chapter on environmental trends with this assertion: "As measured by traditional indices, such as the amount of pollutants in surface water and air, the overall quality of the environment in the United States seems to be improving." This modest claim was inflated by President Reagan, who said shortly after the report appeared, "I am proud to report that the most recent studies of the Environmental Protection Agency show that we have made great progress in cleaning up the air and water"—a statement, hardly warranted by the facts, that one environmental leader described as "a big leap forward," because Reagan chose even to mention the environment.

Self-praise is perhaps natural from the President and the government agency that is responsible for improving the environment, but it is scarcely justified by the Administration's enforcement record. From 1973 to 1979, the annual number of civil enforcement actions by the E.P.A. increased year by year, paralleling the modest decline in pollution levels, at least in the air. Then, after Reagan took office, budget cuts were imposed on the E.P.A. most severely in those divisions which deal with enforcement. To no one's surprise, enforcement proceedings dropped off; between 1980 and 1981, the number of cases involving violations of environmental laws that the E.P.A. referred to the Department of Justice decreased by sixty-nine per cent. More recently, with new E.P.A. administrators, the caseload has increased, suggesting that the earlier decrease reflected Administration policy rather than some sudden decline in the number of environmental scofflaws.

These changes can be directly traced to policies established by President Reagan, who in transmitting a recent annual environmental report to Congress declared, "We have expanded innovative programs which allow industry the regulatory flexibility and economic incentives to clean up pollution." The term "regulatory flexibility" is the industrial lobbyist's well-known euphemism for relaxing the enforcement of regulations. And Reagan's message has obviously been received by American industry. Capital expenditures for new plant and equipment for pollution abatement by American industries, which had been at an average level of about four billion eight hundred million dollars per year (in constant 1972 dollars) between 1973 and 1980, have since declined, sinking to three billion dollars in 1983. It is, of course, not surprising that Reagan's policies have been carried out by his environmental agencies and his industrial supporters. What was also foreseeable, and even more disturbing, was that these policies would affect the environment itself. So while the annual emissions of air pollutants gradually declined between 1975 and 1981, the year in which Reagan took office, they have since decreased much more slowly or not at all. For all the air pollutants other than lead, the average annual rate of decline in emissions was 1.52 per cent between 1975 and 1981 but only 1.16 per cent between 1981 and 1985. Indeed, since 1982 the long-term, if gradual, decline in air-pollutant emissions has come to a halt. Between 1982 and 1985, there was an average annual *increase* of 0.87 per cent in these emissions; the emission of only one of the five pollutants (sulfur dioxide) declined. It has been argued that the halt in the rate of environmental improvement is due not so much to weaker enforcement and reduced abatement expenditures as to increased industrial activity during the period. However, industrial activity between 1975 and 1980 increased at about the same rate as it did between 1982 and 1985, but it was only in the earlier period that the major decline in air-pollution levels occurred. It appears that Reagan has left his mark not only on environmental policy but also on the environment itself—a mark that can be measured in tons of dust, sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides, and organic compounds that could otherwise have been removed from the nation's polluted air.

The lack of improvement in the acid-rain problem can also be traced to Reagan's policies. While his Administration has grudgingly acknowledged that there is an acid-rain problem, it has refused to accept the widely held view of its cause, and has therefore done little to deal with it apart from a recent Administration promise to fund more research—an action that led a member of the Canadian Parliament to remark, "It won't reduce emissions by a single ounce."

Though environmental organizations are usually critical of Reagan's environmental stewardship, they nearly match his optimism about the course of environmental improvement. For example, the Conservation Foundation's 1982 report entitled "State of the Environment" claimed:

> The nation has made impressive progress in its attack on some conventional environmental problems. . . . Emissions of most major air pollutants have continued to decline. . . . Available data show no similar progress toward water quality goals. Still, even to hold the *status quo* is an achievement in the face of significant economic and population growth since 1970.

It seems that at least some environmental activists are moderately happy about their accomplishments. But such optimism does not necessarily respond to the original thrust of the environmental movement, which envisioned

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not an environment that was a little less polluted than it was in 1970, or holding its own against an expanding economy, but an environment free of mindless assaults on ecological processes. By this standard, the question is whether the movement's goal can be reached by the present spotty, gradual, and now diminishing course of environmental improvement or whether some different course must be followed. To find the answer, it is helpful to distinguish between the reasons for the rather few environmental successes and the reasons for the more numerous partial or complete failures. We need to explain the striking fact that while the levels of most pollutants have declined only modestly, and others not at all, a few have been reduced quite sharply: lead, DDT and similar chlorinated pesticides, mercury in surface waters, radioactive fallout from nuclear-bomb tests, and, in some rivers, phosphates. Understanding these successes, which begin to fulfill the original aim of the environmental movement, may shed light on the reasons for the more common failures and suggest how they may be remedied. There are two general ways in which a pollutant may be prevented from entering the environment: either the pollutant is eliminated from the activity that generates it, or a control device is added to trap or destroy the pollutant before it enters the environment.

The few real improvements have been achieved not by adding control devices or concealing pollutants (as by pumping hazardous chemical wastes into deep water-bearing strata) but simply by eliminating the pollutants. For example, the reason that there is now so much less strontium 90 in milk and in children's bones is that we and the Russians have had the simple wisdom to stop atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, which produces it.

When the process that produces a pollutant is stopped—the banning of pesticides, the halt in atmospheric nuclear testing—there is considerable environmental improvement; if, instead, an effort is made to control the pollutant by recapturing or destroying it before it escapes into the environment, there is some improvement in environmental quality, but generally not much. In fact, such controls are ultimately self-defeating. To begin with, the effect of a control device is never complete. For example, unlike the absolute impact on lead pollution of the phasing out of leaded gasoline—after all, every ounce of lead not added to gasoline is also absent from the environment—the installation of an exhaust-control system cannot completely halt carbon-monoxide pollution. Even when the system is in perfect working order, it does not trap all the carbon monoxide but only about ninety per cent of it. Besides, the effectiveness of the catalyst rapidly declines with use, so any delay in replacing it means increased pollution. As long as control devices are not absolutely perfect—and none are—continued increase in the pollution-generating activity (traffic, for example) will gradually overwhelm the devices' effect on environmental quality. Finally, control devices cannot be used at all if the pollutant's points of entry into the environment are so numerous that they are impossible to identify. The classic example is the nitrates that leach from heavily fertilized soil into rivers and lakes along every inch of their banks.

All these reasons explain why those environmental pollutants—concentrations of carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide, and dust, for example—that are now subjected to control systems have decreased so slowly. They also explain

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why pollution from agricultural chemicals such as nitrogen fertilizer, which arises from "non-point" sources, has continued to increase.

Thus, the decade or more of effort to improve the quality of the environment teaches us a fairly simple lesson: pollution levels can be reduced enough to at least approach the goal of elimination only if the production or the use of the offending substances is halted. This precept directs our attention to the technology of production—the vast and varied machinery of industry, agriculture, and transportation. We can then see that all the really successful environmental improvements have been achieved by altering that technology. The very considerable reduction in mercury in Lake Erie nicely illustrates this fact. In 1970, there were very high concentrations of mercury in Lake Erie sediments; most of the lake bottom contained a thousand to two thousand parts per million, and more than that near the outlet of the Detroit River. In March of 1970, walleye contaminated with seven parts per million—fourteen times the acceptable level—were found in a tributary of the lake. The major source was soon discovered: chlorine-producing plants that used mercury to conduct the electric current that, passed through a brine solution, yielded the chlorine. Threatened by legal action, the plants adopted an alternate technology in which a semi-porous diaphragm instead of mercury established the electrical circuit. By 1979, the concentration of mercury in most of the lake sediments was less than three hundred parts per million, and fish levels were much improved. Mercury pollution in Lake Erie was sharply curtailed by the simple process of changing the technology of chlorine production.

PCB provides a similar example. This highly toxic synthetic substance was widely used in a number of processes, ranging from the manufacture of "carbonless" carbon paper to the manufacture of electrical transformers. When PCB production was banned, in the late nineteen-seventies, each of these manufacturing processes was simply altered to exclude it, and emissions into the environment fell precipitously. In the same way, the levels of DDT and related insecticides in the environment and in the human body have declined considerably because those substances were eliminated from agricultural practice in the early nineteen-seventies. In this case, the altered technology only replaced one hazard with another. Toxaphene, a hazardous insecticide, was widely used instead of DDT, especially for cotton crops; as a result, while their DDT content fell the toxaphene content of fish increased more than twentyfold between 1970 and 1980.

In sum, there is a consistent explanation for the few instances of environmental success: they occur only when the relevant technologies of production are changed to eliminate the pollutant. If no such change is made, pollution continues unabated or, at best—if a control device is used—is only slightly reduced. For example, pollution from fertilizer nitrates, which cannot be controlled, has increased because nitrogen fertilizer, far from being banned, continues to play a major role in agricultural production. In the same way, adding a control device to the automobile engine without changing its basic technology has only slightly reduced carbon-monoxide pollution. What has been done in regard to automotive technology accounts for both a striking environmental success, the eighty-six-per-cent reduction in environmental lead, and a very troublesome failure, the continued emissions of nitrogen oxide, contributing to the attendant smog and acid rain. As we have seen, lead pollution was reduced by the simple expedient of cutting back its use in gasoline. This change was motivated partly by concern over the health hazard but perhaps more strongly by a technological accident: the platinum catalyst in the exhaust system designed to control carbon monoxide is poisoned by lead. But when the E.P.A. was forced to mandate a shift from leaded to unleaded gasoline the lead had to be replaced, not merely eliminated, for it performed an essential function in current gasoline engines. It prevented the "knocking" that can seriously hamper the operation of modern, high-compression engines. Today, oil companies have replaced lead with petrochemical anti-knock compounds (which they produce) or, to a much smaller extent, with ethanol produced from agricultural crops.

Removing lead from gasoline unequivocally eliminated its impact on the environment, but the nitrogen-oxide problem is much more intractable. Unlike lead, which had been deliberately introduced into the gasoline engine, nitrogen oxides are an unwanted by-product of its operation. Modern engines produce nitrogen oxides because they run at higher compression ratios, and therefore at higher temperatures, than older engines. At such elevated temperatures, when the oxygen and nitrogen in the air are drawn into the engine they react chemically, forming nitrogen oxides. After the Second World War, because American car manufacturers decided to build larger cars they were forced to install more powerful engines. In turn, more power required a higher compression ratio, and, inevitably, nitrogen oxides were emitted. Thus, the auto industry's decision to build larger cars created the photochemical-smog problem and worsened the problem of acid rain.

Apart from a limited flirtation with small cars during recent energy shortages, the industry has been unwilling to build cars light enough to be driven by low-compression engines. An existing engine that can operate at high compression ratios without subjecting the air in the cylinder to excessive temperatures (the "charge-stratification" engine) could also help to solve the problem. But American manufacturers have thus far been reluctant to make the large-scale production changes needed to take advantage of this opportunity. Nitrogen oxides from automotive transportation could also be eliminated by the substitution of electric motors, which produce no environmental emissions at all, for the present ones. In diesel engines, diesel-fuel combustion produces carcinogenic chemicals, and these adhere to the tiny carbon particles emitted by the engine. Here, too, the auto industry has been unwilling to make the considerable changes in engine technology needed to reduce the hazardous emissions. Smog and diesel carcinogens continue to burden the air—and our bodies—because the productive technologies that generate them have not been changed to eliminate them.

In essence, the effort to deal with

environmental pollution has been trivialized. A great deal of attention has been paid to designing—and enforcing the use of—control devices that can reduce hazardous emissions only moderately. Much less attention has been given to the more difficult but rewarding task of changing the basic technologies that produce the pollutants.

Production technology encompasses not only the design of a particular facility, such as a car, but the over-all system in which it operates—in this case, transportation. While remedying the vehicle's inherent faults is useful, much greater environmental improvement can be accomplished by addressing the system of transportation as a whole. Compared with railroads, cars are a highly inefficient means of long-distance and commuter travel, but they are essential in many places, even with effective mass transit, for urban travel. Cars designed exclusively for this purpose could be much lighter and driven by less powerful low-compression engines or, for that matter, by non-polluting electric motors. Together with the expansion of urban and suburban mass-transit systems and inter-urban rail lines, this would virtually eliminate ozone and smog and greatly reduce environmental nitrogen oxides. Moreover, lower gasoline consumption would reduce carbon-monoxide emissions even without exhaust controls. In the same way, carcinogenic diesel exhaust could be sharply reduced by a shift from truck-borne freight to railroad freight, which is four times as fuel-efficient. In sum, the serious continuing impact of the transportation system on the environment results from the failure to alter not only the technical design of cars, trucks, and buses but also the system of transportation itself.

The effort to deal effectively with sulfur-dioxide and dust pollution from power plants has been hampered by the same sort of superficial approach—reliance on control devices rather than changes in production technology. Since the early nineteen-seventies, more stringent requirements for control systems have apparently reduced the contribution of coal-burning power plants to sulfur-dioxide and dust emissions. But changes in the over-all structure of the power system have had the opposite effect. In recent years, coal has progressively displaced oil and natural gas as a power-plant fuel, and since these fuels produce far less sulfur dioxide and dust than coal does this shift has added to the sulfur-dioxide problem. But no serious effort has been made to promote existing sources of power that can improve environmental quality. These include solar sources, such as photovoltaic cells, and decentralized power systems—notably cogenerators—that greatly enhance fuel efficiency, so that their environmental impact is much less than that of conventional power plants. Under the Reagan Administration, government support for the development of such energy sources has been severely reduced.

In the petrochemical industry, which generates the toxic chemicals that so grievously pollute the environment, there is a unique relationship between environmental impact and the technology of production. In other sectors of production—the electric-power industry, say—the product is not itself a pollutant, and there are environmentally benign ways of producing it. In contrast, the manufacture of almost every petrochemical product is accompanied by the production of toxic wastes. Moreover, many of the goods manufactured, such as pesticides and plastics, are pollutants themselves. In effect, environmental pollution is an integral aspect of petrochemical-production technology.

The chemical disaster in Bhopal, India, in 1984, in which thousands of people died and two hundred thousand were injured, many of them for life, dramatizes the problems inherent in petrochemical-production technology. The conventional view is that the Bhopal disaster was due to some technical fault in the plant that produced the toxic chemical methyl isocyanate, which is used to manufacture insecticides. There is, of course, no perfectly accident-free industrial process; and this is particularly true of petrochemical plants, which not only are complex but turn out numerous dangerous products and by-products. Indeed, there have been repeated accidents at the Union Carbide methyl-isocyanate plants both in Bhopal and in Institute, West Virginia—accidents that have exposed workers and in some cases the neighborhood to this dangerous substance. The conventional view accepts the inevitability of such risks and seeks to balance them against the benefits of producing methyl isocyanate. For example, a *Time* cover story on the Bhopal disaster stated:

> The citizens of Bhopal lived near the Union Carbide plant because they sought to live there. The plant provided jobs, the pesticide more food. Bhopal was a modern parable of the risks and rewards originally engendered by the Industrial Revolution. . . . The world is Bhopal, a place where the occupational hazard is modern life. History teaches that there is no avoiding that hazard, and no point in trying; one only trusts that the gods in the machines will give a good deal more than they take away.

This is a widely held position: the chemical plant improved the life of the Indian people; such disasters seem to be a price that must be paid for such benefits of modern production technology. But the facts contradict this position. Consider how well the Bhopal plant "provided jobs." Bhopal is a city of six hundred and seventy thousand people, and perhaps a third of them were living in shanties next to the plant. But the plant provided jobs for only a few hundred. The community that grew up around the plant had been attracted not by jobs but by secondary amenities like the water supply and the roads, and the vast majority of the people lived in extreme poverty.

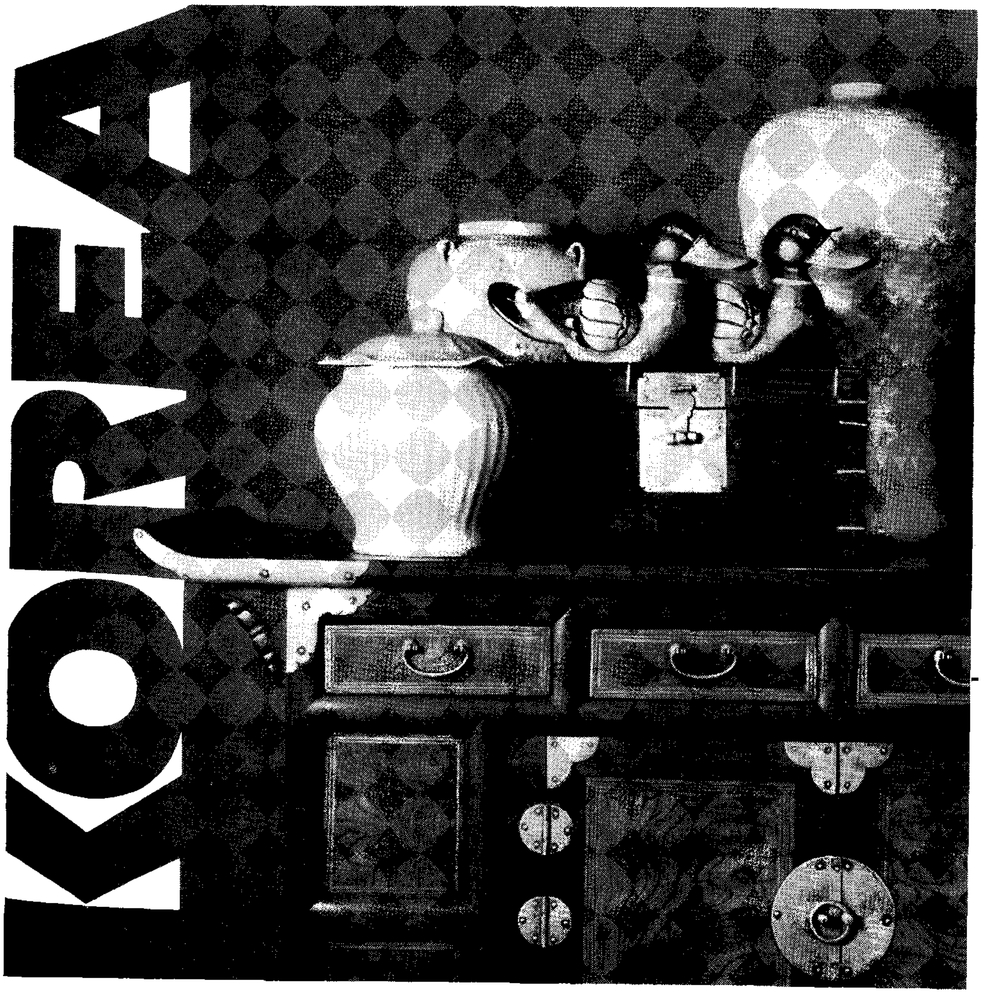
And how well do the pesticides that are produced from methyl isocyanate—carbamate insecticides such as Sevin and Temik—provide more food? Such pesticides can, of course, protect crops from insect attack and improve production. However, in developing countries most pesticides are used not on local food crops but on crops grown for export—cotton, coffee, bananas. Such "monoculture" agriculture is particularly susceptible to insect attack, so there is a heavy reliance on pesticides. For example, a 1979 study reported that El Salvador, a very small country, used about one-fifth of the world's parathion output to treat its coffee crop. Moreover, Third World countries use many hazardous pesticides that have been banned in the developed countries. Although relatively little pesticide is used directly on food crops, they are nevertheless contaminated by pesticides sprayed on nearby export crops. As a result, food grown in Third World countries is often heavily contaminated. Yet crops can be produced with much less dependence on pesticides. "Integrated pest management" is a way of deciding at precisely what time and in precisely what amounts an insecticide is needed. It can considerably reduce the amounts used, and therefore the danger of contamination. Because of opposition from the chemical companies, however, this process is still little used in the United States or in other developed countries, and is used hardly at all in developing countries.

The real goal at Bhopal, therefore, should be not merely to make the plant safer but to end the need for operating it by transforming the technology of agricultural production: eliminating—or, at least, greatly reducing—its dependence on pesticides. Rather than trust in the gods in the machines, we need to decide for ourselves what kinds of machines best serve both the environment and society.

Unlike the steel, auto, and electric-power industries, the petrochemical industry—on its present scale, at least—is not essential. Nearly all its products are substitutes for perfectly serviceable preëxisting ones: plastics for paper, wood, and metals; detergents for soap; nitrogen fertilizer for soil, organic matter, and nitrogen-fixing crops (the natural sources of nitrogen); pesticides for the insects' natural predators. Apart from relatively few items that cannot be produced in any other way—such as pharmaceutical drugs, videotape, and the plastic artificial heart—petrochemical products could be replaced by less hazardous ones. Thus, the petrochemical industry is unique: not only its wastes but its very products degrade the environment; its hazards are largely immune to either prevention or control; and most of its products are replaceable. The petrochemical industry is inherently inimical to environmental quality. The only effective way to limit its dangerous impact on the environment is to limit the industry itself.

TO ardent environmentalists, such talk about the technology of production may seem an irrelevant, or even a hostile, digression. Like any embattled minority, environmentalists are prone to emphasize the singular importance of their special interest—the preservation of the natural environment. This position, of course, has a good deal of merit; after all, every aspect of human society depends on the ecosystem—for the natural resources that support production, for the air we breathe, for the green plants that feed us and other animals. Moreover, the environment is governed by stubborn, largely unalterable natural forces, while the system of production is subject to human choice. Logically, therefore, the decisions that determine the choice of production technology ought to be governed by the constraints inherent in nature. But in fact the actual direction of governance is reversed. The design of the man-made system of production is not governed by the nicely balanced attributes of the natural system; instead, as we have seen, the state of the environment is determined by the production technologies that have been chosen to support industry, agriculture, and transportation.

So the environmentalist who wishes to grapple with this illogical arrangement needs to turn from the fairly rigid but harmonious pattern of nature to the more flexible but chaotic realm of human decisions. And this realm necessarily includes not only the choice of production technologies but also the closely related economic decisions. Logic tells us that the economic system—the processes that mediate the flow of wealth—is contingent on the system of production, which is, after all, the source of the goods and services that generate economic wealth. In a logical arrangement, therefore, just as environmental constraints



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ought to govern the design of the production system, that design should, in turn, specify appropriate features of the economic system. For example, if the importance of eliminating smog ought to specify the design of automobile engines, then the need to build such engines ought to govern the automobile industry's investment decisions—in part, at least. But here, too, the logical direction of governance is reversed: the decisions that determine the design of the system of production —what is produced and by what technological means—are determined largely by economic considerations that are quite independent of the product's environmental impact, the chief consideration being the profitability of the enterprise.

In sum, the decisions that govern environmental quality originate in the economic realm, and are translated into the design of productive technology, which—as now constituted—in turn visits upon the environment the evils of pollution. This relationship becomes clear when we consider the origins of the major environmental problems. Smog, for example, is the end result of the economic motivation that led the auto industry to decide to manufacture large, powerful cars, for, as John DeLorean, a former General Motors executive, has said, "when we should have been planning switches to smaller, more fuel-efficient, lighter cars in the late 1960s in response to a growing demand in the marketplace, G.M. management refused because 'we make more money on big cars.' "

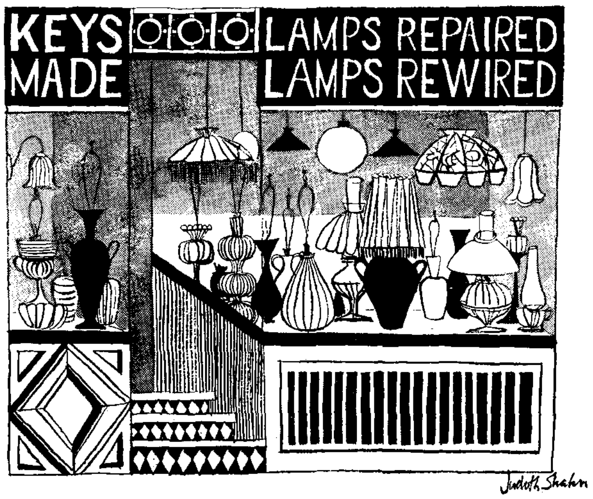
Recent changes in the technology of electric-power production which have seriously affected environmental quality have also been economically motivated. When the utilities were persuaded that nuclear power would be "too cheap to meter," they hastened to build nuclear power plants, thereby creating the monumental hazards of nuclear accidents and the still unresolved problem of radioactive waste. Then, when this hope turned into an illusion, there was a rapid switch to coal-fired plants, because they produce cheaper electricity than oil-powered or nuclear-powered plants—but they also produce much more sulfur dioxide. In the same way, the steel industry's response to the demand for plants that would be less polluting—closing rather than improving them—is motivated by the higher profits obtainable from alternative investments in oil and chemicals. Similarly, the postwar history of American agricultural chemicals was motivated by the increased economic returns on investment that they engendered. Finally, the production of petrochemicals is more profitable than the manufacture of the products that they replace; for example, profits on detergent production are significantly higher than profits on soap production.

It is economic motivation, then, that has impelled the sweeping anti-ecological changes in the technology of production that have occurred since the Second World War. These changes have turned the nation's factories, farms, vehicles, and shops into seedbeds of pollution: nitrates from fertilizer; phosphates from detergents; toxic residues from pesticides; smog and carcinogenic exhaust from vehicles; the growing list of toxic chemicals and the mounds of undegradable plastic containers, wrappings, and gewgaws from the petrochemical industry.

The decisions to make these technological changes have been shortsighted not only because of their impact on the environment but also because they often generate serious economic problems. For example, the intensive use of agricultural chemicals has harmed not only the environment but, in recent years, the agricultural economy as well. As increasing amounts of fertilizer are applied to the soil, crop growth reaches a limit, and thereafter the yield produced per unit of fertilizer falls, and economic productivity is reduced. At the same time, excess, unassimilated fertilizer leaches through the soil into surface water and intensifies pollution. Similarly, the continued use of pesticides breeds resistance in the pests, so that more and more of the chemicals must be used to achieve the same effect. For these reasons, the economic productivity of agricultural chemicals—that is, the crop output per unit of chemical input—has decreased by fifty per cent since 1960, and it is still falling. Thus, both increased stress on the environment and falling economic efficiency are inherent in the present system of agricultural production. In the past few years, American farming has been undergoing a deepening economic crisis, marked by numerous bankruptcies, especially of family farms. Each year, as agricultural chemicals become more expensive and less efficient in improving crop production, farmers must incur a higher debt to buy the chemicals, and thereby become more vulnerable to bankruptcy. The heavy dependence of agricultural technology on chemicals has hurt not only the quality of the environment but the farmers' livelihood as well.

Economics also explains the reluctance of the petrochemical industry to deal effectively with its toxic waste. The only practical, though far from satisfactory, way to keep toxic chemicals out of the environment is to destroy them—in specially designed incinerators, for example. This process, however, is so expensive—as much as two thousand dollars per metric ton—that if it were to be applied to the total annual tonnage of toxic chemicals (an estimated two million six hundred and fifty thousand tons) it might cost about five and a half billion dollars, an amount larger than the annual profit of the thirty largest American chemical companies, which include most of the nation's petrochemical industry. Proper treatment of its waste would thus force the industry to raise prices and face serious competition from the natural products that it has replaced.

In the end, the decisions that have so gravely affected the environment have also had serious economic effects, because they govern a factor that is closely linked to both the environment and the economy—the system of production. In a free-market economy, capital tends to be invested in those production enterprises which promise to yield the greatest return in the shortest time. Since the social interest in environmental quality or long term economic efficiency is not represented in such investment decisions, neither of these desirable re-

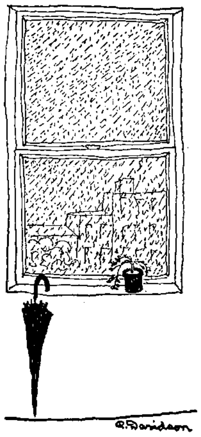


sults is likely to be achieved by them.

There seems to be a paradox embedded in the conclusion that most, if not all, environmental pollution is the outcome of decisions guided by free-market forces. It is often argued, after all, that the market operates—automatically, in the best of circumstances—to seek out those decisions which make the most efficient use of the available resources. And one of the well-justified claims for ecological processes is that *they* are characteristically efficient: there are, after all, no "wastes" in the ecosystem. If the present system of production is counter-ecological, it must be wasteful; if this is so, new systems of production, more closely guided by ecological principles, ought to be more efficient than those devised by the present market-guided system. Why then haven't they attracted investors and entered into successful competition with the present system?

The over-all economic efficiency of the new technologies that have transformed production since the Second World War—and have polluted the country—is unmistakable. Considerably more profitable than the technologies they have replaced, the new ones have generated a more than fourfold increase in total production (as measured by the gross national product) since 1950. However, the improvement in efficiency responsible for this achievement has been unbalanced. While the efficiency with which labor is used—that is, the value of the product yielded per hour of a person's labor—has increased a great deal, the corresponding productivity of capital and natural resources such as energy has declined. For example, the postwar substitution of plastics for leather has displaced an industry characterized by low labor productivity and high capital productivity with an industry characterized by high labor productivity and low capital productivity. To generate the same value of product, the plastics industry uses about a fourth as much labor but ten times as much capital as the leather industry. The disparity between the two industries' energy productivity—the amount of energy used to produce a given value of product—is even greater: the plastics industry uses about thirty times as much energy as the leather industry.

However, if one takes a more fundamental approach to the problem of environmental quality by recognizing that it is inherently linked to the technology of production, one can find ways of improving both the economy and the environment. The electric-power industry provides an informative example. The power industry is a notorious source of pollution: responsible for a great deal of environmental dust, sulfur dioxide, and nitrogen oxide; contributing considerably to acid rain; and generating the threat of nuclear disasters. In the United States, the industry is also in a precarious economic condition: the utilities' heavy investment in huge power plants—especially nuclear plants—has driven the cost of producing electricity sharply upward and has threatened some of the companies with bankruptcy. (A *Business Week* cover story has asked the question "Are Utilities Obsolete?") A major reason for these economic difficulties is that the present technology of electric-power production is highly centralized. Typically, each new plant is very large and requires a huge capital investment—billions of dollars. The plant is so large because it represents an investment in the capacity needed well into the future. Consequently, when a new plant begins to operate, the system inevitably has an excess capacity, and for a time part of the capital investment yields little or no return. Moreover, the transmission system that distributes electricity from central stations is costly and consumes a significant fraction of the power. Finally, centralized power plants are inherently inefficient, because, for inescapable thermodynamic reasons, two-thirds of the energy available from the fuel is dispersed into the environment. This means that the industry wastes two-thirds of the fuel that it uses, and causes three times as much pollution per unit of useful energy produced as it would if the wasted energy could be recaptured for use.



The heat discarded by a central power station could readily be recaptured and used—to heat homes, for example. But large centralized plants cannot be used for this process—cogeneration—because heat can be transmitted effectively only over short distances. No one wants to live such a short distance from a power plant, especially if it is nuclear. (Some people are in this unhappy position. For example, a nuclear power plant in Gorki, in the Soviet Union, provides heat for that city; its presence must have been causing a good deal of concern since the Chernobyl disaster.) By redesigning the technology of electrical production in keeping with sensible ecological principles, both environmental and economic improvement can be achieved. What is needed is to decentralize the production of electricity and install cogenerator plants just large enough to meet the local demand for heat and electricity. With the cogenerator operating at a much higher level of both economic and thermodynamic efficiency than a conventional power plant, fuel consumption is reduced, and the environmental impact and the cost of energy are decreased.

Similar environmental and economic gains could be achieved by reorganizing agricultural production along ecological lines. For example, it has been found that the net economic returns of large-scale Midwestern organic farms, which use no fertilizer or pesticides, are equal to the returns of otherwise similar conventional farms, which use a great deal of these agricultural chemicals. This represents an economic gain for the organic farmers, since with lower production costs they are less dependent on bank loans and therefore less vulnerable to bankruptcy. Similarly, if the crop system were properly redesigned to produce both food and ethanol (a solar fuel, and thus renewable) the farmers' income could be diversified and national energy production enhanced.

These gains can be achieved only if the social need for both environmental quality and economic growth is allowed to govern the choice of production technology. Typically, measures designed to meet such a need require a relatively large initial investment. This is a serious hurdle, which people who would benefit most—the poor—have difficulty in overcoming. Another hurdle is the relatively slow rate of return on some of the necessary investments. If such an investment—for example, the relatively slow restoration of impoverished soil through a transition to organic farming—must compete with an existing investment that yields quick profits, it is certain to be ignored. However valuable to society, the investment is not likely to be made if it must compete in the free market, which favors large-scale investments over decentralized ones, and short-term over long-term returns.

PERHAPS the most profound question raised by environmental issues is to what extent the choice of production technologies should be determined by private economic considerations and to what extent by social concerns like environmental quality. These values are in sharp conflict. There appears to be a broad consensus that it is in the national interest to restore the quality of the environment, and the resultant legislation confirms the general impression that achieving this goal is a social, governmental responsibility. And, as we have seen, significant environmental improvement requires the proper choice of technologies and systems of production, so that this choice, too, becomes a social responsibility. Yet in our free-market economy the right to make such a choice is in private, not public, hands, and this is a right that very few Americans would challenge.

The recent entrepreneurial history of the United States Steel Corporation (now renamed USX) illustrates what can happen in these circumstances. In the nineteen-seventies, the company developed a plan to build a large, modern, low-pollution steel mill on Conneaut Lake, in Pennsylvania—a socially useful way to reduce both steel imports and pollution. Then, in 1982, with the price of steel driven down by cheap imports and the price of oil rising, U.S. Steel decided to buy the Marathon Oil Company, for about six billion dollars. The Conneaut Lake plant was never built. By 1985, fifty-four per cent of the company's business was in oil and gas, and only thirty-five per cent in steel. In July of 1986, the company dropped the word "Steel" from its name in favor of the ambiguous "X." The economist Robert Reno has commented:

> Now, it is arguable whether the best interest of the nation would have been better served if U.S. Steel had reinvested in modernized steel plants rather than purchasing Marathon Oil. Anyway, there's no law that says corporations must choose national interests over those of their stockholders.

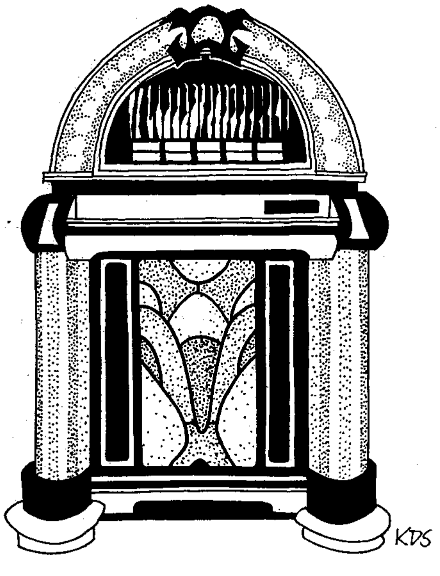
In fact, the company's legal obligation is not to the nation but to its stockholders, and that obligation is to produce not steel but profits.

This is, after all, the meaning of "free enterprise": the owner of capital is at liberty to invest it in any enterprise—whether it produces steel, chemicals, or oil—that offers the investor the most promising rate of return, the greatest market share, or some other private advantage.

The institution that largely determines the course of production technology in the United States—the corporation—is itself a peculiar amalgam of social and private features. In one sense, a basic purpose of the corporate form is social: to accumulate from a relatively large number of people an amount of capital far larger than that available from any one person. Moreover, almost all the earliest American corporations were chartered for a specific social purpose—constructing a canal, a bridge, a turnpike, or establishing a bank—that required large, collective capitalization. Today, corporations may be chartered for any legal purpose, and thus have the right to determine privately how their socially collected capital will be invested. However, corporations are certainly still social in their effects—not only on the environment but on employment, wages, and working conditions as well. Yet with respect to their control corporations are private, for they are governed by a small, self-perpetuating group of officers, who have no general accountability to society except for adherence to relevant government regulations, or—apart from profitability—to the stockholders who own the corporation.

The conflict between the modern corporation's social role and its private control led Adolf A. Berle and Gardiner Means to declare, in their classic work "The Modern Corporation and Private Property":

> The economic power in the hands of the few persons who control a giant corporation is a tremendous force which can harm or benefit a multitude of individuals, affect whole districts, shift the currents of trade, bring ruin to one community and prosperity to another. The organizations which they control have passed far beyond the realm of private enterprise—they have become more nearly social institutions.



From their detailed analysis of this situation, Berle and Means concluded that the separation of corporate ownership from control places society "in a position to demand that the modern corporation serve not alone the owners . . . but all society," and that "it remains only for the claims of the community to be put forward with clarity and force."

The date of Berle and Means' work—1932—is significant, for it suggests that the shattering impact of the Great Depression on confidence in the free-market system had impelled them to seek alternatives. Since then, potential critics have been, if not silenced, at least inhibited by the remarkable vitality of the American economy after the Second World War: by the dazzling new products, and by the growth of national and private wealth. Now that the attendant social ills—persistent unemployment, insufficient affordable homes, pollution, and the threat of nuclear annihilation—have become more evident, the silence has been broken. For example, the recent Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on the economy, citing Thomas Aquinas, asserts, "No one can ever own capital resources absolutely or control their use without regard for others and society as a whole. . . . Short-term profits reaped at the cost of depletion of natural resources or the pollution of the environment violates this trust." The bishops' letter reflects the 1981 encyclical "On Human Work," in which Pope John Paul II asserted, on moral grounds, that ownership does not justify exclusive control of production facilities: ". . . in consideration of human labor and of common access to the goods meant for man, one cannot exclude the socialization, in suitable conditions, of certain means of production." One can, of course, embellish these observations and arguments with a doctrinal term—socialism—and embrace or dismiss them by reacting to that term. While this may satisfy one's ideological convictions, neither approval nor disapproval can alter the reality, which, as we have seen, is that substantial environmental improvement has occurred only when the choice of productive technology was open to social governance.

The New Deal's response to Berle

and Means' statement concerning the "claims of the community" on the corporations was regulatory legislation, then applying especially to banking and securities. This served as a model for subsequent regulatory measures, which reached a peak in the environmental legislation of the nineteen-seventies. These social interventions into corporate activity have been proscriptive rather than constructive: they tell the corporations what not to do rather than what should be done. Yet certain provisions of the new environmental legislation do in fact at least imply that environmental improvement may be achieved by the socially mandated choice of production technology. Thus, the basic instrument created by environmental legislation, the environmental-impact statement, is required to include a presentation of "alternatives to the proposed action" when that action would have an unavoidable adverse environmental effect. This provision implies that in, say, a public hearing on a trash-burning incinerator that would unavoidably emit dioxin into the environment a citizen could call for a decision mandating the choice of a technology that would separate and recycle trash rather than burn it. The banning of the use of DDT in agriculture or of PCB in manufacturing is a concrete, if relatively narrow, example of this approach. Opportunities, then, do exist within the framework of environmental legislation which, though they have been little used thus far, would permit at least the public weighing of alternative choices of production technologies.

Since conventional environmentalism is preoccupied with controlling emissions rather than with changing the production processes that generate them, economic considerations are usually reduced to what is called a cost-benefit analysis: the cost of the necessary controls is compared with the value of the benefits (to human health, for example) generated by a reduction in the level of pollution. Such an analysis attempts to give a social aim—the protection of the environment and of public health—dollar dimensions. Transformed into a pseudo-economic value, the social value can then be compared, it is supposed, with other economic factors, like the cost of controls, and some "cost-effective" balance struck.

An illuminating example of the moral booby traps built into the cost-benefit philosophy is provided by the E.P.A.'s recent justification for further reducing the lead allowed in gasoline. The E.P.A. carried out a cost-benefit analysis by totting up the cost of more expensive methods to boost octane and refinery changes needed to replace lead in gasoline (about six hundred million dollars in 1986) and comparing it with the monetary value of less engine damage from the lead additives, better fuel economy, reduced emissions of other conventional pollutants, and savings in the cost of medical care and compensatory education for children suffering from the physical and cognitive effects of lead poisoning (a total of about two billion dollars in 1986). The E.P.A. analysis concluded that the dollar value of the benefits of reducing lead in gasoline was more than three times the cost—clearly, a bargain to be snapped up. In those terms, the decision seems to have no more moral content than choosing one brand of breakfast cereal over another. Suppose, however, that a new medical advance were to sharply reduce the cost of treating lead poisoning, and so bring the dollar value of the benefits below the cost of controlling lead. What then? Would this new cost-benefit balance justify continued lead pollution? The apparently "objective" cost-benefit approach is thus quickly engulfed in deep moral issues. Should society attempt to mitigate *all* human suffering, regardless of cost? On the other hand, since social resources are limited, is it not reasonable to alleviate suffering in keeping with some measure of effectiveness? If a monetary measure is objectionable, what better measure can be used? It is, of course, unreasonable to ask the E.P.A. to answer these questions, which have frustrated numerous efforts over many years to answer them. But it is not unreasonable to insist that these issues be acknowledged rather than reduced to a trivial, easily dismissed monetary "solution."

Risk-benefit computations involving toxic pollutants have a similar outcome. Since the pollutants' ultimate effect can often be assessed by the number of lives lost (from cancer caused by an environmental carcinogen, for instance), the risk-benefit analysis requires that a value be placed on a human life. Some economists have proposed that the value should be based on a person's lifelong earning

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power. It then turns out that a woman's life is worth much less than a man's, and that a black's life is worth much less than a white's. In effect, the environmental harm is regarded as smaller if the people it kills are poor—a standard that could be used to justify situating heavily polluting operations in poor neighborhoods. And, in fact, this is an all too common practice. Thus, thinly veiled by a seemingly straightforward numerical computation, there is a profound, unresolved moral question: Should poor people be subjected to a more severe environmental burden than others, simply because they lack the resources to evade it? Once again, what is at issue is not to resolve this question but to allow that it be asked. These examples warn us that environmental considerations are likely to raise troubling social issues—issues that in recent practice have been swiftly reduced to "solutions" by forcing them into the Procrustean bed of the free-market economy.

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Recognition that significant environmental improvement depends on social rather than private governance of production decisions helps us understand why the considerable effort to improve the environment has had so little effect. This effort, however forceful, meets a politically immovable object: the conviction, powerfully embedded in American society, that the decisions that determine what is produced and by what technological means ought to remain in private, corporate hands. In the United States, there appears to be a powerful taboo against even public discussion, let alone criticism, of this principle. Confronted by the taboo, the environmental movement has splintered into a series of separate, more palatable campaigns.

Another consequence of this unresolved confrontation is that environmental organizations have been drawn toward explanations of the environmental crisis that avoid its origin in economic forces and appeal instead to the principles of ecology. Thus, on the assumption that the global ecosphere is a closed system of limited capacity, some environmentalists claim that the key to environmental quality is population control. Similarly, on the assumption that ecological cycles are closed and self-sustained, other environmentalists maintain that people, too, should abide by this rule, and live in communities supported by their own local or regional resources. And others derive from these same considerations the conclusion that ecological improvement requires the imposition of controls on economic growth.

The "limits to growth" approach is based on a serious misconception about the global ecosystem. It reflects the notion that the earth is like a spaceship—a closed system, isolated from all outside sources of support and necessarily sustained only by its own limited resources. The earth, however, is not a closed, isolated system, for its behavior is totally dependent on the huge influx of energy from an outside source—the sun. (In fact, the same is true of the spaceship, for it relies on sunlight to generate the electricity that runs its machinery.) On the earth, solar energy creates the weather: the seasonal and daily changes in temperature; the moisture that the sun lifts from the oceans; the storms that carry rain and snow to the earth and replenish the lakes and rivers that feed the oceans. The weather, in turn, molds the physical features of the earth's surface, creating the ecological niches that living things occupy. Solar energy, captured by photosynthesis, sustains every form of life and drives the ecological cycles in which they participate. If an ecological cycle is viewed only as a static array of animals, plants, and microorganisms linked through the physical environment into a circular system, it appears to be closed, like a ring. But this image is misleading, for without the energy that the ecosystem receives externally, from the sun, the plants and animals would die; the circular system would disintegrate.

This misconception also leads to the notion that the earth, as a supposedly isolated system, is subject to the increasing chaos arising from the unavoidable increase in entropy. Entropy is a measure of disorder in a physical system which is bound to increase whenever energy is used to generate the system's only useful product, work. But this increase in disorder happens only in a system that is isolated from an outside source of energy. The fact is that in the earth's ecosystem entropy-increasing processes—for example, the combustion of fuel, the death and decay of living organisms—are reversed by the external supply of solar energy, which regenerates burnable organic matter through photosynthesis. The organic matter, in turn, provides the energy that drives the entropy-decreasing process of plant and animal growth. On the earth, solar energy counteracts entropy.

In the abstract sense, there is a limit to economic growth, yet this limit is determined not by the present availability of resources but by a distant limit to the availability of solar energy. It is true, of course, that the ecosystem occupying the earth's thin skin and the mineral deposits underlying that skin are essential to economic production and that they are finite. It is also true that economic growth is limited by the finite amounts of those essential resources. However, since mineral elements are indestructible they can be recycled and reused indefinitely as long as the energy necessary to collect and refine them is available. And precisely this is done when the resource is sufficiently valuable: despite extensive dispersion, well over half of all the gold ever mined is still in hand today. Hence the ultimate limit on economic growth is imposed by the rate at which renewable solar energy can be captured and used. If we ignore the exceedingly slow extinction of the sun, this limit is governed only by the finite surface of the earth, which determines how much of the energy radiated by the sun is actually intercepted and is therefore capable of being used. How close are we to this limit? It has been estimated that the solar energy that falls annually on the earth's land surface is more than a thousand times the amount of energy (from fuels and hydroelectric and nuclear power) now being used annually to support the global economy. Of course, because of the relative inaccessibility of some parts of the earth not all the solar energy that reaches the planet could be used. If, let us say, only ten per cent of the solar energy falling on the land could be captured, it would still be possible to expand our present rate of energy use perhaps a hundredfold before encountering the theoretical limit to growth. Even if this figure should turn out to be somewhat optimistic, it seems clear that at present we are nowhere near the limit that the availability of solar energy will eventually impose on production and economic growth. That distant limit is simply irrelevant to current policy decisions. The issue we face, then, is not how to facilitate environmental quality by limiting economic development but how to create a system of production that can grow and develop in harmony with the environment.

There have been lively debates over whether environmental degradation can be reversed by controlling the growth of the world population. A decade ago, many if not most environmentalists were convinced that population pressure and "affluence," rather than inherent faults in the technology of production, were the chief reasons for environmental degradation. Since then, the hazards dramatized by Chernobyl, Three Mile Island, Seveso, Bhopal, Love Canal, and Agent Orange have convinced many people that what needs to be controlled is not the birth rate but the production technologies that have engendered these calamities. In the last few years, however, the notion of population control has been given a new impetus, not so much from popular support as from the declarations of national environmental organizations and some of their leaders. Several examples are worth noting. Richard D. Lamm, the ex-governor of Colorado, who is a leading environmentalist, has frequently pleaded for population control, demanding an end to the flow of illegal immigrants into the United States from what he calls "never-to-be-developed countries," and urging on the terminally ill a "duty to die." In support of these ideas, he cites Aristotle: "From time to time it is necessary that pestilence, famine, and war prune the luxuriant growth of the human race." Garrett Hardin, a frequently cited environmentalist who is also a major proponent of population control, once gave this very general, ancient proposition an apparently ironic, distinctly modern—if astonishing—form:

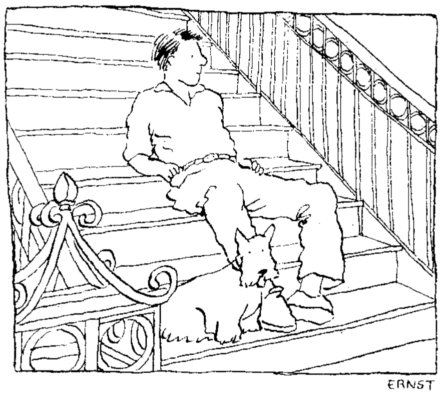
> How can we help a foreign country to escape overpopulation? Clearly, the worst thing we can do is send food. . . . Atomic bombs would be kinder. For a few moments the misery would be acute, but it would soon come to an end for most of the people, leaving a very few survivors to suffer thereafter.

For a more reasoned support of population control, we can turn to Russell W. Peterson, the former president of the Audubon Society, which is a major environmental organization:

> Almost every environmental problem, almost every social and political problem as well, either stems from or is exacerbated by the growth of human population. . . . As any wildlife biologist knows, once a species reproduces itself beyond the carrying capacity of its habitat, natural checks and balances come into play. . . . The human species is governed by this same natural law. And there are signs in many parts of the world today—Ethiopia is only one of many places, a tip of the iceberg—that we *Homo sapiens* are beginning to exceed the carrying capacity of the planet.

Examples can be readily cited to show that Peterson's conclusion is wrong, and that, quite apart from moral considerations, Hardin's Swiftian proposal to use nuclear weapons as a contraceptive device is therefore misguided. It is useful to remember that people in other countries did not go hungry because they sent food to Ethiopia to relieve the famine—that what was sent to Ethiopia was *surplus* food. In fact, the world produces more than enough food to feed the total world population. Total world production of food, equally distributed to the global population, would today provide everyone with more than enough for the physiologically required diet. According to a recent estimate by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, the world now produces enough grain alone to provide every person on earth with thirty-six hundred calories a day—more than one and a half times the calories required in a normal diet. Enough grain is produced to give everyone on earth two daily loaves of bread.

Famine is caused not by a global food shortage but by the grossly uneven distribution of the global food supply. This is not an ecological phenomenon but a political and economic one. Neither England nor Haiti produces enough food for its own population, but hunger is much more prevalent in Haiti than it is in England, because Haiti cannot afford to import enough food to make up this deficit, while England can. A more localized example of the economic origin of hunger comes from a 1967 study of the state of Madras, in India. The study found that about a third of the population consumed an amount of food well below the physiological requirements for protein and calories: those people were slowly starving. But the total food output of the state was sufficient to provide the entire population with ninety-nine per cent of the required diet. The problem was not an ecological imbalance between the size of the population and the size of the food supply. The problem was poverty: the well-fed people earned about fifty per cent more than the starving ones. In general, there is considerable evidence that in developing countries poverty encourages a high birth rate, for parents hope that enough children will survive the scourge of disease to support the family. The reason for malnutrition, starvation, and famine, then, is poverty, not overpopulation. Excess population is a symptom of poverty, not the other way around. Hunger and overpopulation are not ecological manifestations; they are signs of economic and political problems that can be solved, humanely, by economic and political means.



Many people have been attracted to the environmental movement by their dismay over the present state of human society. Some of them are interested not only in correcting the environmental abuses that erode the quality of life but also in establishing a new, happier way of living. They want to create better places to live and better ways to work. They regard industrial society as the root not only of environmental problems but of all social, political, and economic ones as well. They look toward ecology as a guide to the creation of a new culture, a new style of living. Kirkpatrick Sale, a prominent exponent of this view, wrote in *The Nation* that this style of living would be "rooted in the natural world, in harmony with natural systems and rhythms, constrained by natural limits and capacities and developed according to the natural configurations of the earth and its inherent life forms." Seeking to establish an ecologically harmonious way of life—for themselves, at least—some people return to the land, growing their own food, building their own homes and furniture, recycling their waste to the land. Others have a wider vision, seeking "self-reliance, not so much at the individual as at the regional level." This approach, "bioregionalism," envisions a society based on ecologically defined regions rather than on areas specified by political boundaries. It embraces the belief that such an ecologically founded society will have many laudable features: it will be cooperative rather than competitive,

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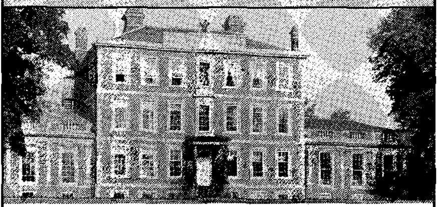

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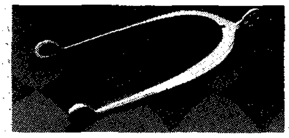

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spread out rather than centralized, interdependent rather than polarized, evolving rather than growing, peaceful rather than violent.

Certainly it makes ecological and, ultimately, economic sense to organize society in ways that harmonize with nature. Problems arise, however, when one attempts to translate this general proposition into practice. According to Sale, bioregionalism is achievable, because its appeal overrides conventional political distinctions, and thereby avoids polarization and opposition:

> The bioregional idea has the potential to join what are traditionally thought of as the right and the left in America because it is built on and appeals to values that, at bottom, are shared by those on both sides.

In effect, Sale hopes bioregionalism can eventually remake society and somehow overcome opposition from the powerful economic forces that now largely govern it. This would be a remarkable political conjuring trick, for there is no way to reorganize society along ecologically sound lines without directly challenging the powerful, politically conservative forces—more plainly speaking, the corporations—that now control the system of production.

The illusion that environmental improvement is a politically neutral issue is not new. When environmental quality first emerged as a public concern, in 1970, a major politician declared, "Ecology has become the political substitute for the word 'motherhood.'" The theory that conservatives and liberals will happily join forces to develop an ecologically sound society has been tested by an eminent practitioner of political realism, Richard M. Nixon. He discovered that even his Administration's modest environmental efforts were a serious threat to corporate power. In 1970, on signing the National Environmental Policy Act, President Nixon adopted the environmental issue as his own, promising a vigorous campaign to clean up pollution. He said, "The nineteen-seventies absolutely must be the years when America pays its debt to the past by reclaiming the purity of its air, its waters, and our living environment. It is literally now or never." In his 1971 State of the Union Message, Nixon, still sounding like a crusading ecologist, declared that environmental quality would be the "third great goal" of what he called the New American Revolution. But less than a year later Nixon seemed to believe that environmentalism threatened the basic precepts of corporate power. In September of 1971, he indicated that he had made a complete reappraisal of his environmental policies, and told an audience of auto-industry executives that he would not permit concern for the environment "to be used sometimes falsely and sometimes in a demagogic way basically to destroy the system."

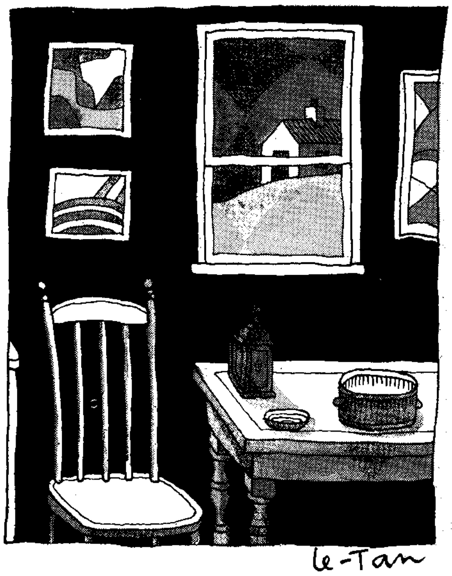
IN referring to the environmental impact of production technologies, environmentalists often speak of the "hard path" and the "soft path." The hard path—the huge, centralized technologies created without concern for their environmental impact—leads to nuclear power, chemical agriculture, and high-powered cars. The soft path leads to technologies more appropriate in scale and design to their human purpose and ecological setting—cogenerators, solar energy, organic farming and small cars, mass transit and bicycles. This distinction is useful, but it is incomplete; in reality, the soft path of ecologically appropriate technology is a hard political road, for those travelling it confront the real source of environmental degradation—the technological choice—and debate who should determine that choice, and for what purpose. And a soft political road, which avoids this debate, inevitably leads to the environmental hazards presented by the giant technologies.

In the United States, the major environmental organizations are aware that in order to influence the resolution of environmental issues they need to find a way of participating in the political process. But they have generally chosen to travel the soft political road, which evades the issue of who should govern the choice of productive technology. This is evident in the recently published "An Environmental Agenda for the Future," by a group of ten self-described "leaders of America's foremost environmental organizations." The agenda recognizes the need to confront the root causes of environmental degradation, stating that "because the laws and regulations often have not dealt with root causes, they have been inadequate to cope with added problems that have arisen, partly from new technologies." Given this laudable intention, and what we now know about the root cause of environmental pollution, one would expect the environmental leaders to guide us toward the future by proposing national policies such as these: that the present reliance on nonrenewable energy sources, and especially nuclear power, be replaced by renewable solar-energy systems; that the present chemically based system of agriculture be replaced by a system based on organic farming; that the inherently dangerous petrochemical industry be rolled back, its products and processes replaced by ones more compatible with the environment; that the nation's present heavy dependence on cars and trucks be replaced by a vast expansion of railroads and mass-transit facilities. However, the agenda offers a policy statement only with respect to population control: "The Administration should establish formal population policies, including goals for the stabilization of population at a level that will permit sustainable management of resources and a reasonably high quality of life for all people." Indeed, the agenda takes a gingerly approach to any measure that calls for socially mandated changes in the technology of production. For example, although favoring a shift toward renewable energy, the agenda recommends only that federal and state governments "develop successful strategies," rather than recommending a formal policy, as in the case of population. Similarly, according to the agenda, organic farming should be "researched and encouraged," but no political action is proposed to actually put this advantageous technology into practice.

The agenda appears to reflect the environmental leaders' effort to adjust the goals of environmentalism to the reality of Washington politics. As they see it, the reality is this: To obtain legislation that would improve environmental quality—by urging more stringent pollution standards, for example—a majority of Congress must be won over. But legislators are subjected to the influence of well-financed industrial lobbyists, who fiercely resist such restrictions on their companies' operations. In the past, these battles have often been lost by the environmentalists or, at best, have produced a legislative compromise. The alternative to lobbying is litigation—a lengthy, costly, and often inconclusive process. Thus far, clearly, neither effort has done much to improve the state of the environment.

In recent years, with an Administration that strives for minimal government programs in all but military affairs, environmental lobbying has seemed particularly fruitless. The environmental organizations, which have found themselves facing mounting costs and diminishing returns, have accordingly shown a tendency to seek less frustrating—and less costly—routes to environmental improvement. The main outcome has been the formation of small committees, composed of leaders of environmental organizations and corporate executives, that seek to work out compromise positions.

A good example is the Acid Rain Roundtable, a twelve-member group representing environmental organizations and power companies. In 1985, the Roundtable reported the results of a study that it had commissioned to devise "cost-effective programs" for the reduction of emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from power plants. The study concludes that a reduction of twenty-six per cent in sulfur-dioxide emissions and twenty per cent in nitrogen-oxide emissions could be achieved at an annual cost of about two billion six hundred million dollars. The study opposes the strategy of reducing sulfur-dioxide emissions by installing scrubbers, which are regarded as too costly. According to the study, a more cost-effective solution is to cut back the burning of high-sulfur coal—a step that would reduce coal mining in the Midwest and northern Appalachia. Concerning the resultant unemployment, one Roundtable participant notes that the study was directed toward ways "to address miner unemployment by means other than mandating the installation of scrubbers." The report proposes to aid the miners who would lose their lifelong jobs by helping them obtain unemployment and health insurance for one year after they are thrown out of work. Regardless of the merits of the compromise recommended by the study, its basic structure is clear: it relieves the power companies of the cost of installing scrubbers, or of the competition threatened by local cogenerators—both facilities capable of reducing pollutant emissions—and shifts the economic consequences of achieving a modest reduction in emissions onto the miners. According to one Roundtable member, the study was designed to "break the legislative deadlock." Not surprisingly, the United Mine Workers is not one of the member organizations of the Roundtable, although, as important parties to the issue, they would receive respectful attention if it were to be resolved by conventional democratic means, in the legislature.



One result of the national organizations' tendency to travel the soft political road has been the appearance of a new "grass roots" environmental movement. This movement has arisen out of the direct impact of environmental pollution on community life. It is concerned chiefly with toxic chemicals, toxic-waste dumps, and dioxin-producing trash incinerators. It is exemplified by Love Canal, in Niagara Falls, New York, where local residents, who had been exposed to toxic chemicals, organized to demand the actions that finally led to the evacuation of the area and some compensation for their financial losses. Lois Gibbs, who led that fight, has formed a national federation of similar community groups. For such groups, the front line of the battle against chemical pollution is not in Washington but in their own communities. For them, the issues are clear-cut and are not readily compromised: A waste-management company decides to build a trash-burning incinerator, but the community, fearful of the health effects, doesn't want it. A chemical company keeps dumping toxic wastes in a leaky lagoon, but the community wants the practice stopped and the lagoon cleaned up. In these battles, there is little room for compromise; the corporations are on one side and the people of the community on the other, challenging the corporation's exclusive power to make decisions that threaten the community's health.

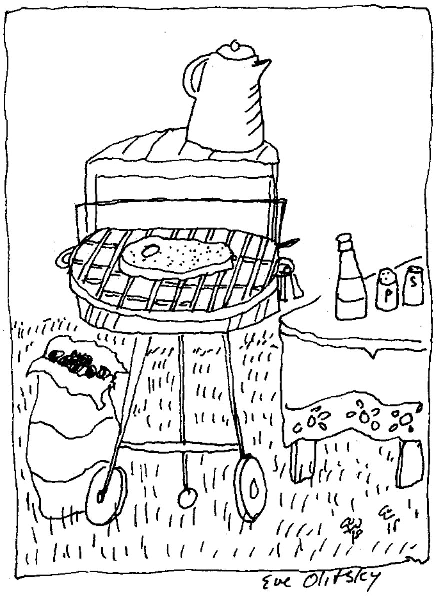
Thus, confronted by powerful corporate opposition, the environmental movement has split in two. The older national environmental organizations, in their Washington offices, have taken the soft political road of negotiation, compromising with the corporations on the amount of pollution that is acceptable. The people living in the polluted communities have taken the hard political road of confrontation, demanding not that the dumping of hazardous waste be slowed down but that it be stopped; not that dioxin-producing incinerators be equipped with unworkable emission controls but that they be abandoned in favor of more benign recycling technology. The national organizations deal with the environmental disease by negotiating about the kind of Band-Aid to apply to it; the community groups deal with the disease by trying to prevent it.

It can be argued, of course, that, given the considerable power of the polluters, it is better to compromise with them, in the hope of making some partial improvement, than to engage them in a battle, which may only end in frustration. On the other hand, there is a danger that in the course of negotiating a compromise the environmental organizations will become hostage to the corporations' power, and will experience the Stockholm Syndrome, in which hostages take on the ideology of their captors. Perhaps something like this happened to Jay D. Hair, the executive vice-president of the National Wildlife Federation, which is heavily involved in "enlightened and responsible dialogue with corporate leaders." Hair recently admonished environmentalists that "our arguments must translate into profits, earnings, productivity, and economic incentives for industry"—precisely the arguments of corporate executives against the regulation of pollution.

Because the effort to improve the environment is so closely linked to the decisions that govern the technology of production, it is inevitably drawn into the realm of politics. Though technological choices are often thought of as being outside the realm of public policy or politics, and driven instead by "objective" scientific considerations, the evidence contradicts this view. That high-compression automobile engines are particularly powerful and generate smog is certainly an objective scientific fact. The decision to manufacture such an engine rather than one that is less powerful but does not produce smog is, however, not a scientific necessity but a human choice. When the auto companies decided to build high-compression engines, the choice, as we know, was motivated by a private interest—higher profits. But their decision created a social problem—smog. When the decision was made, no questions were asked about the environmental effect of the new engines, and their social impact was revealed, too late, by the blanket of smog that covers the cities.

It is, of course, quite possible to choose a technology on the basis of its social consequences. When environmentalists speak of "appropriate technology," they have in mind production methods that not only enhance environmental quality but fulfill such other social purposes as conservation of energy and material resources and humane conditions of work. The social significance of a technological decision is much wider than its impact on environmental quality. The series of decisions that substituted plastics for leather, for example, aggravated not only environmental pollution but unemployment as well, for the plastics industry uses more capital and less labor than the leather industry did. In this sense, social guidance of technological decisions is vital not only for environmental quality but for nearly everything else that determines how people live: employment; working conditions; the cost of transportation, energy, food and other necessities of life; and economic growth. And so there is an unbreakable link between the environmental issue and all the other troublesome political issues.

Efforts to develop a frankly political approach to the environmental issue—that is, to seek political power in order to use it to solve the environmental crisis—inevitably confront this linkage to the whole of politics. The most striking example is the brief but remarkable history of the Green Party in West Germany. In 1983, only four years after it was founded, the Green Party obtained five and six-tenths per cent of the vote in the national election and won twenty-seven seats in the Bundestag. The Party began with an ecological outlook that emphasized not only the hazards of pollution but also the dangers of the ultimate ecological disaster—nuclear war. The Greens' anti-war position was an important source of votes, for neither the Social Democrats, who were then in power, nor the opposition Christian Democrats were against the expanding American nuclear presence in West Germany and the rest of Europe. In the 1983 election, peace-oriented voters, who were not necessarily preoccupied with ecological issues, found in the Greens a way to express this concern. This helped the Greens appeal to a group of voters considerably broader than ecological activists.



Yet the Greens' preoccupation with ecology was also a serious political drawback. The 1983 election occurred at a time of high unemployment, unprecedented in recent West German history. Some Greens believed that the best way to reduce environmental degradation was to lower the level of industrial activity, which they regarded as inherently anti-ecological, and this belief was translated into an open disregard for the demand for more jobs; after all, more jobs meant putting more people to work in polluting factories. Naturally, unemployed workers and many voters who sympathized with them were not attracted to the Greens.

Thus, from its inception the Green Party, like the environmental movement generally, ran head on into the firm bond linking ecology and economics. In the last few years, this confrontation has given rise to a basic split within the Party. One group consists of the "fundamentalists," who adhere to what they regard as basic ecological principles: advocacy of a social structure based on "unity with nature;" a spiritual devotion to harmonious relations among people and nations; respect for all forms of life. At a recent Green convention, one member of this group pleaded passionately for a resolution condemning the "slaughter" of thousands of frogs in biology laboratories, comparing it with the Holocaust. The fundamentalists are concerned chiefly with combatting pollution and fostering a transition to renewable resources, "soft" alternative technologies, and a way of life appropriate to these. The other group consists of the "realists." They recognize the fundamental origins of ecological and other problems in the political control of the economy. They are concerned not only with the technology of production and its impact on both the environment and jobs but also with which social class holds the governing power. The realists are linked to labor unions, and most of them favor political alliances—with the Social Democrats, for example, whose positions on environmental and peace issues have of late moved closer in some respects to the Greens' position.

In October of 1985, the split between the fundamentalists and the realists took a dramatic turn when, over the objections of the national Green leadership, the realist-led Green Party of the industrial state of Hesse agreed to join the Social Democrats in a governing coalition. (The coalition broke up early in 1987 over a disagreement about a nuclear facility.) The Christian Democrats quickly attacked the Hesse Social Democrats for making a pact with "fanatical opponents of our free economy." In the heat of the accompanying debate, the fundamental political issue generated by ecological concerns became plain when a Christian Democrat who opposed the coalition declared that major corporations would leave Hesse, because "free companies decide where they want to invest." Thus, the history of the Green Party is a lively and effective dramatization of the links that tie ecology to economics and both to politics. It also illustrates the ease with which a failure to understand these links properly can lead to a politics that rises in defense of laboratory frogs but not unemployed workers.

Italy provides a different example of environmental politics. In the 1985 elections, environmentalists organized "green lists" of candidates, and some were elected to office. While the Italian greens are strongly oriented toward environmental issues—in particular, opposition to nuclear power, to nuclear weapons, and to industrial pollution—most of them share the general political orientation of the Italian parties of the left. This leads to a kind of "red-green" situation, in which environmental concerns are joined to a broader left political program. In this sense, the green lists have also become important through the pressure they exert on the parties to adopt environmental positions; for example, recently they have helped to reverse the Italian Communist Party's earlier support for nuclear power. In turn, such developments may encourage environmentalists to work within the parties, and thus link environmental concerns more firmly with the rest of politics.

In the United States, environmental politics has followed a distinctive course. Here the environmental movement is part of the phenomenon that since the Second World War has given rise to wave after wave of popular, issue-oriented movements: for civil rights; against nuclear-weapons testing; for women's rights; for gay and lesbian rights; against the war in Vietnam; for the environment; against nuclear power and for solar energy; for world peace. These movements have a good deal in common. All of them have arisen outside the arena of conventional politics, sparked by outsiders like Martin Luther King, Jr., and Rachel Carson rather than by established political figures. Their level of public support has typically gone through successive cycles of enthusiasm and apathy. At their height, some of these movements have achieved notable successes—the civil-rights and environmental laws, the nuclear-test-ban treaty, the new employment opportunities for women—all of them accomplished by nonelectoral means: marches, demonstrations, lobbies. Yet, as the record of the Reagan Administration shows, these successes can be quickly eroded when officials hostile to them are elected to power. Indeed, the movements' greatest failure is their inability to translate the millions of votes that their combined adherents represent into significant electoral power, and put people in office who will protect their gains and expand them.

A major reason for the tenuous connection between the movements and politics is that their issues have been consigned to the political ghetto that is reserved for "special interests." In a sense, this isolation is self-imposed, for the varied concerns are usually manifested—in a legislator's office, for example—as single-minded constituents, one pleading for peace, another for sexual equality, a third for environmentalism, on down the list. Each special pleading demands a special response, at best unrelated to the other issues, and often in actual conflict with them. Each of the issues is regarded as

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a possible modifier of national policy but not as a creator of it—a correction in the course of the ship of state but not a motive force. Yet the issues that the movements represent, taken together, and added to those of the much older labor movement, constitute not only the major aspects of public policy but its most profound expression: human rights; the quality of life; health; jobs; peace; survival. What can unite these movements to enable them to exert an effect on national policy that expresses the profound political meaning of their collective issues?

The environmental experience suggests an answer. As we have seen, the obvious manifestations of the environmental problem—smog, toxic dumps, nuclear catastrophes—that set it apart as a "special interest" are but perceptible expressions of a deeper, underlying issue: how the choice of production technologies is to be determined. Here environmentalism reaches a common ground with all the other movements, for each of them also bears a fundamental relation to the choice of production technologies. Discrimination, for example, resembles pollution in that one of its major features—paying women and racial minorities less than white men—originates in decisions made by the managers of productive enterprises. Of course, other factors, social, cultural, and psychological, are involved, but the end result—wage discrimination—is, after all, an effective way of reducing production costs. Or, to look at this relationship from the other direction, if it were to be determined through some system of social governance that all the employees in an enterprise who do comparable work should receive equal pay, regardless of sex or race, a major effect of the social, cultural, and psychological forces that engender discrimination would be nullified. The connection between this common ground and the issues of peace and foreign policy is less direct but nevertheless substantial. It explains, for example, the apparent justification for the Administration's military belligerence—the insistence that force must be used wherever it is needed to support governments and political groups that, like the Administration, favor free-market principles of economic governance. In particular, it would be difficult to explain the Administration's deep-seated antagonism to the Soviet Union—which engenders the monstrous threat of global nuclear destruction—if it were not for the opposite views of the two govern-

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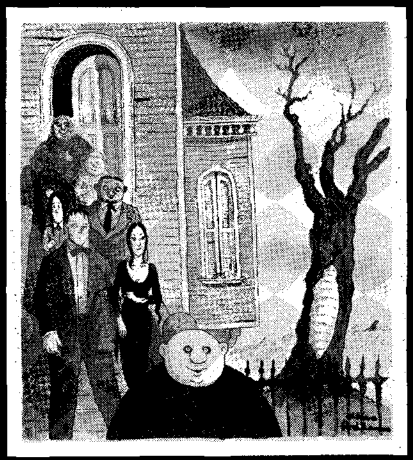

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Perhaps the most useful outcome of the environmental experience is that it illuminates the relationship between the outward manifestations of the ills that trouble modern society and the common origin of those ills. But there are risks in expounding this relationship. Calling attention to their source may appear to minimize the importance of the immediate problems that initially attracted adherents to the cause, and so risk their ire. At the same time, an effort to transform the "special interest" into a critique of basic and even more troubling faults in the social structure is likely to intensify opposition to it. The path taken by Martin Luther King, Jr., in the last few years of his life is a cautionary example. At the height of his influence, King had won major victories and had acquired a broad following as the leader of a powerful attack on outward expressions of legally enforced racial discrimination: segregated schools and public facilities. Then, a few years before he was assassinated, he began to link racial discrimination to its origins and, thereby, to other social issues. He sensed, it seems, that blacks could not break out of their persistent social ghetto if they remained trapped, as a "special interest," in a political ghetto. And so he declared his opposition to the war in Vietnam, led a march of poor people (black and white) on Washington, and championed the cause of striking black garbagemen in Memphis. In this new role, King quickly became more controversial. He was out of his depth, it was said—taken in by political radicals and diverted from his true mission. But he died believing, it seems, that this new course had brought him closer to the heart of the problem he had set out to resolve: that beneath the legal basis of racial discrimination lay the deeper problems of poverty and violence; that the root of racial discrimination is also the root of poverty and war.

Neither the environmental movement nor any of the other issue-oriented movements have yet attempted to follow the road that Dr. King began to travel before he died. But the environmental experience powerfully illuminates that road—a historic passage toward a democracy that can exert its force on the germinal decisions that determine whether we and the place we inhabit will thrive.

—BARRY COMMONER

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Boston Herald - Jan. 21, 1917

The critics of his day seemed to share this point of view. George L. Noyes painted with great intensity, and produced canvases which conveyed a tremendous degree of intimacy.

Noyes was a Boston based artist. He received his early training at the Massachusetts Normal Art School under George Bartlett. He later traveled to Paris to study at the Academy Colarossi. (The records indicate that Noyes possessed as many as seven different Boston studios during his career as a painter.)

George L. Noyes held his first one man show at Pat Fields Gallery in Boston in 1906. The following two decades were to be the artist's most prolific period. It was during this time that Noyes showed regularly at the Copley Gallery and the Guild of Boston Artists. In 1915, Noyes won the esteemed silver medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

George L. Noyes was an important artist of the Boston School, and yet he remains virtually undiscovered today. Only now are critics beginning to again take an interest in his work.

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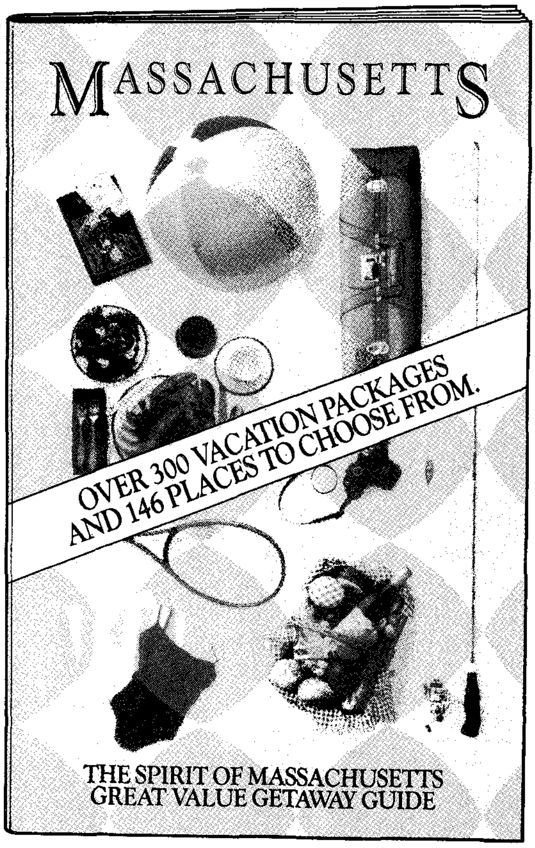
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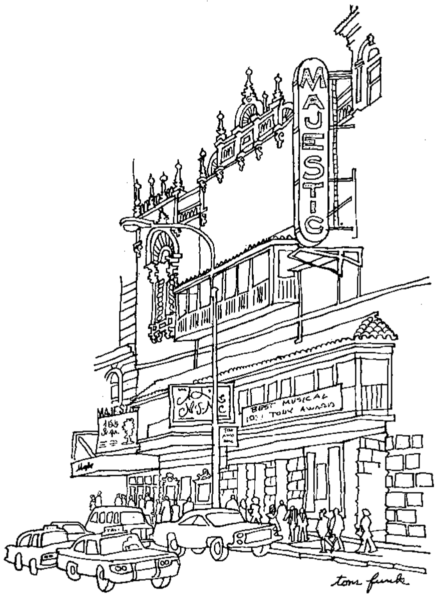
# THE THEATRE

## *Some Boys From Syracuse*

THE production of "The Comedy of Errors" now at the Beaumont is a celebration—perhaps inventory is closer—of juggling, acrobatics, twirling, fire-eating, tightrope-walking, and every kind of clowning, all loosely (and appropriately) tied to Shakespeare. Quite a few lines come winging out, too. At the beginning, the clown and mime Avner the Eccentric walks in, broom in hand, and starts to sweep the bare stage; a spilling pack of cigarettes and another of matches give him a hard time—so hard that he is trapped in the play, which is about to start. "Comedy," in case you need reminding, is the one about the identical twins named Antipholus, one of Ephesus, the other of Syracuse, who were separated in infancy and are now grown men, and who employ identical twins named Dromio. At the Beaumont, the play is about five supreme jugglers who call themselves the Flying Karamazov Brothers (they are unrelated), and who appear, in a manner of speaking, as the Antipholi, the Dromios, and a silent William Shakespeare. They are Howard Jay Patterson, Paul Magid, Randy Nelson, Sam Williams, and Timothy Daniel Furst. From the start, legerdemain holds sway—even the other actors, more often than not, can throw something up in the air and catch it. Whether Ethyl Eichelberger, the majestic transvestite performer who plays the Abbess (and the mother of the Antipholus twins), can juggle or not I can't remember, but he doesn't need to. Mr. Eichelberger has enough surprises of his own up his sleeve. Pretty Sophie Hayden, as Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, can twirl a baton with expertise and read lines (also with expertise) at the same time—an ability that is not exactly universal. Actually, for me, the funniest joke in this harvest of visual jokes is verbal: chubby Sam Williams, as a Dromio, is wounded in action and falls to the floor. " 'Tis not so deep as a well," he replies to a sympathetic inquiry, "nor so wide as a church door—" as everyone onstage shouts, "Wrong play! Wrong play!" And a dejected and perplexed William Shakespeare wanders in, ripping pages out of a large Folio. There is physical wit, too, as sticks tossed into the air land on the right notes of a xylophone.

As readers of the Sunday *Times* of a couple of weeks ago may remember, a juggling "Comedy of Errors" was given the imprimatur of A. L. Rowse, the English Shakespearean scholar. This lively production was directed by Robert Woodruff. My own reservation, risking ingratitude for so much talent at hand, is that somewhere past the middle of the show admiration—that sure killer of laughs—started to replace enjoyment. I was not sorry when it was over. The lively music was composed by Douglas Wieselman with Thaddeus Spae; the stylish sets were designed by David Gropman and lighted by Paul Gallo; the stylish costumes were designed by Susan Hilferty.

EDWARD SAKAMOTO's "The Life of the Land," a production of the invaluable Pan Asian Repertory, at Playhouse 46, is a sequel to Mr. Sakamoto's "Manoa Valley," a Hawaiian import, which was done here a couple of years ago. That play was about a Japanese family named Kamiya, and it took place on Oahu on the day in August, 1959, that Hawaii became a state. The action, a prelude to an afternoon party, was scattered and desultory, yet when it was over a young man of nineteen, Spencer Kamiya, had obtained his father's permission to leave for the mainland and the University of Southern California and his married sister had been persuaded to take over the family business. Now twenty years have passed. "The Life of the Land" is about another all-day party of the same family, on a beach, presumably near home. This time, a young man named Daniel, aged nineteen and a nephew of Spencer's, doesn't want to go to Yale; he wants to stay on the island and become a nursery gardener, like his grandfather, who is getting old and a little wobbly and could use some help. Daniel's mother, a Caucasian, is quite insistent, his father not so much so. It is the grandfather who talks Daniel into doing what his parents wish—he *is*, after all, half Japanese. Spencer, the hero of "Manoa Valley" and, in a sense, hero again, has returned from the mainland and a career in aerodynamics, which has come to seem just another job to him, and he wants to move back to the place where he belongs. His sister and her nice, weary husband want to sell the business and travel a bit. As you can see, "The Life of the Land," which is rather low on content, is mostly a matter of bringing us up to date on the family, with some shift in point of view. The members of the family, however, quarrelling, laughing, rebelling, and playing, make agreeable company for an evening. Ron Nakahara is a strong, convincing Spencer, Carol A. Honda is funny as the family's arthritic, crotchety grandma, and Mel Duane Gionson, Lily Sakata, and Jeffrey Akaka are good in other roles. I also enjoyed a young actress named Lori Tanaka. The direction was by Kati Kuroda, the setting by Bob Phillips, the lighting by Richard Dorfman—all commendable. —EDITH OLIVER



## *Ship Ahoy!*

"SONGS ON A SHIPWRECKED SOFA," at the Vineyard Theatre, is a flawed work perfectly performed. A musical based on the nonsense poems of Mervyn Peake, it has a book and lyrics by James Milton and Polly Pen and a score by Miss Pen, who, with Peggy Harmon, wrote last year's exquisite "Goblin Market," another work developed at the Vineyard. "Goblin Market" was one of the high points of the Off Broadway season, a cameo opera that turned a long narrative poem by Christina Rossetti into a haunting essay on female psychology and literature. The new work is lighter, less ambitious, and smaller in scale: a nonsense story about a family of four who sail to a metaphorical island on a piece of drawing-room furniture. They dine, keep house, quarrel, make love, and tell each other stories. If nothing much seems to happen, that's because "Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa" isn't really about what's taking place onstage. The characters who crowd onto a red velvet sofa at the beginning of the evening singing of "seas that have no beaches" aren't specific people with specific fates. They're a generic storybook family, their fate to experience in an exotic setting and idiom what ordinary people experience in real life.

"Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa" has a lot in common with "Goblin Market": André Ernotte's judicious direction, William Barclay's evocative sets, Muriel Stockdale's costumes, Phil Monat's lighting, Ara Fitzgerald's choreography. Most particularly, it has an approach to literary adaptation that is, as far as I know, unique to Polly Pen. What Miss Pen has invented is a kind of musical theatre that goes beyond the words someone wrote to say something about the world or the imagination that produced them. It's a theatre of evocation, similar to that of Robert Wilson and Martha Clarke, though less pretentious, because it exploits images that are familiar rather than idiosyncratic. The pictures that Clarke and Wilson traffic in are ultimately mute. They exist to inspire the thought, "Wow, what a far-out image!" Polly Pen draws on a vocabulary of associations that we all bring with us into the theatre and teaches us a new language. In this case, she draws on the literature and culture of childhood. There's a little of E. Nesbit in the look of the production, a little of Arthur Ransome in its conception. There are Robert Louis Stevenson moments and Eugene Field moments, and scenes that remind one of "Mary Poppins" or "Hansel and Gretel." Even the sets are full of images of childhood, with painted backdrops that are all rocky coast and shining sea. All the same, "Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa" isn't a kiddie show. The premise is childlike, but the ideas and feelings it deals with—nostalgia, regret, marital strife, adolescent rebellion—are such as could only have meaning for adults.

That Polly Pen chose the poetry of Mervyn Peake to use as the book for her musical is characteristic. Peake, like Rossetti, was really only a minor author. A professional eccentric, he spent his life doing things that other people did better. (His "Gormenghast" trilogy was not as good as Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings;" his illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland" were not as good as Tenniel's; his nonsense verse was not as good as Lewis Carroll's or Edward Lear's.) In fact, Polly Pen specializes in taking minor literature—poetry that because of some weakness, some propensity for sentimentality or doggerel, cannot rise to greatness—and turning it into theatre. It is, if you like, a way of spinning straw into gold, for the theatre that Polly Pen creates becomes a kind of poetry in its own right. It imposes rules and strictures on itself and then contrives to overcome them with invention. It's a wise approach to literary adaptation, because it assumes that great works are great because of some perfect marriage between content and form. You do not adapt "Huckleberry Finn," "Les Misérables," or "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," which exist in the particular form they were written in for a reason. Instead, you adapt something that cannot soar on its own and make it better.

Of course, nonsense verse is a bit of a turnoff to begin with. It's not really nonsense at all but half-sense created by removing substance from context. That's what is so irritating about most nonsense verse: it's falsely modest, falsely naïve. Like the annoying sort of uncle who does handkerchief tricks, it opens its eyes very wide to tell us that nonsense makes more sense than the rational world—an idea that can hold little interest for anyone over the mental age of ten. What Polly Pen has done in her musical is to turn the whole concept of nonsense verse on its head. She robs it of its coyness and faux naïveté by placing it in a dramatic context. When this approach works—and it works best when there is an ingenious dissonance between poem and context—it's because Polly Pen has a flawless sense of where to take liberties with a text. When "Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa" fails—and it doesn't quite succeed—it's because, though highly theatrical, it is essentially undramatic. It isn't a musical so much as a staged medley, worth seeing for the delightful songs and performances (by Alma Cuervo, Francisco McGregor, Ann Talman, and Stephen Geoffreys) but not a fully realized dramatic event.

—MIMI KRAMER

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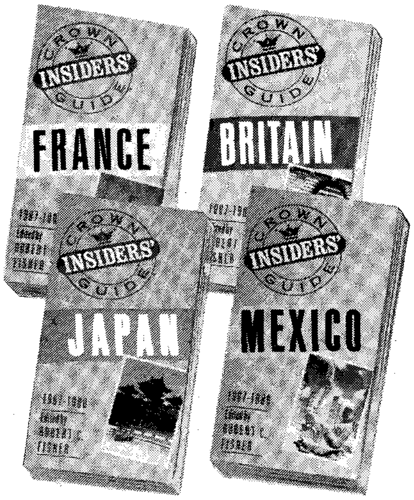

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Greatness of Mind*

ONE of two long-promised, long-delayed books that musicians have been waiting for eagerly has appeared at last, at least in part: "Handel's Operas," by Winton Dean and J. Merrill Knapp, published by Oxford, at $59.95. (The other is David Drew's big study of Kurt Weill.) I say "in part" because the title is qualified by "1704-1726," and the account of the operas stops short at "Scipione," about halfway through the tally of Handel's forty-odd Italian operas. The book is not described as "Volume I," although at one point a "sequel" is mentioned. It is no secret that the two authors fell out while work was in progress; in the preface Dean says, "It became apparent that we held different opinions about the scope of the book." That the quarrel was sufficiently patched to allow the publication of this volume is a matter for rejoicing. If its successor fails to appear, the world will be poorer.

Dean's "Handel and the Opera Seria" (1969) was an eloquent preliminary survey of Handel's operatic achievements. No one had then looked in detail at all the early, widely scattered material for the operas. When Dean began to do so, he found "a scholar's paradise, a heaven-sent opportunity to study in depth a large body of music of superb quality, which was not only unexplored but in increasing demand in the modern theatre—where it was constantly misinterpreted." The reader of "Handel's Operas" is invited to enter that paradise and examine the details of greatness that was more generally limned—but with some vivid closeups—in the earlier study. The two books are complementary; the new one remains most of the time in closeup. It is as thorough an investigation as Dean's "Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques" (1959). There may be passages dealing with revisions, editions, discordant early copies which the general reader will be tempted to skip. But perhaps not. Dean is a writer at once wise and witty. Thirteen years ago, I invited an American friend to a London performance of "Joshua" and put into his hands, as necessary prep, "Handel's Dramatic Oratorios" open at the "Joshua" chapter. But he began at the beginning of the book, and he was caught: said, after an hour, that he felt it would be discourteous to a great writer to skip anything, and after four hours that he felt he wanted to throw his arms round the author and hug him for having written so wonderful a book. That evening, in the foyer of the Queen Elizabeth Hall, before "Joshua," he did so—startling but perhaps pleasing the scholar-squire. Dean is Lord of the Manor in the Surrey hamlet where he lives, in a Voysey house overlooking the green, with its cricket pitch. It's a pilgrimage place for Handelians. When art historians recount things that Berenson said to them while walking through the gardens of I Tatti, I recall things that Dean said on summer-afternoon strolls through the gardens of Hambledon Hurst. In "Handel's Operas" Dean thanks "my wife Thalia, who (with remarkably few complaints, even when confronted with the appendices) typed the whole book twice, and some chapters many times." Historians need muses. Thalia Dean's niche in music history is secure.

Handel has not lacked champions. Samuel Butler was one ("Handel was a greater man than Homer"). Another was William Crotch, that child prodigy unparalleled who became a composer and professor. (A revival of his oratorio "Palestine" is overdue.) Early in the nineteenth century, Charles Burney, informed that Crotch in some public lectures had underrated Haydn and overrated Handel, wrote to remonstrate. And Crotch replied:

> You have been told that I idolize Handel, that I admire his works exclusively—No my Dear Sir—I have praised him less than some would think he deserved.... I prefer Handel ... for the greatness of his mind, the accuracy of his judgement, the variety of his styles & his skill in adopting the thoughts of preceeding & coeval composers.—Bird might be as sublime, Hasse as beautiful—Haydn more ornamental—But Handel united grandeur, elegance & embellishment with the utmost propriety, & on this account I ventured to pronounce him, upon the whole, the greatest of all composers.

It's a pronouncement I've heard echoed by contemporary composers who, not deaf to Bach's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's, Stravinsky's musical greatness, respond with especial ardor to Handel's accuracy, grandeur, and sureness of invention.

Beethoven's last months were cheered by the gift of Samuel Arnold's Handel edition, in forty volumes. Gerhard von Breuning recalled the pleasure Beethoven took in it, and his remark "Handel is the greatest, the ablest of composers." Other visitors to Beethoven's sickbed testified to his admiration. According to one account, he pointed to Arnold's volumes and said, "There is the truth." Arthur Hutchings recalls this in the Handel chapter of his "The Baroque Concerto," which closes with one of the resonant declarations of Handelian devotion that run through so much writing about music. Although Hutchings is speaking specifically of the Opus 6 concerti grossi, what he says can be applied to much of what Handel composed: "a perennial source of joy and wonder—joy because no scores of the period, not even Rameau's, are so exquisitely sensuous within the bounds of strength and sanity, and wonder because organic form, the fulfilment of great ideas in great style, is the most wonderful phenomenon both of the natural order and also of that order in which a divine hand is withdrawn so that the creature may share the experience of creation."

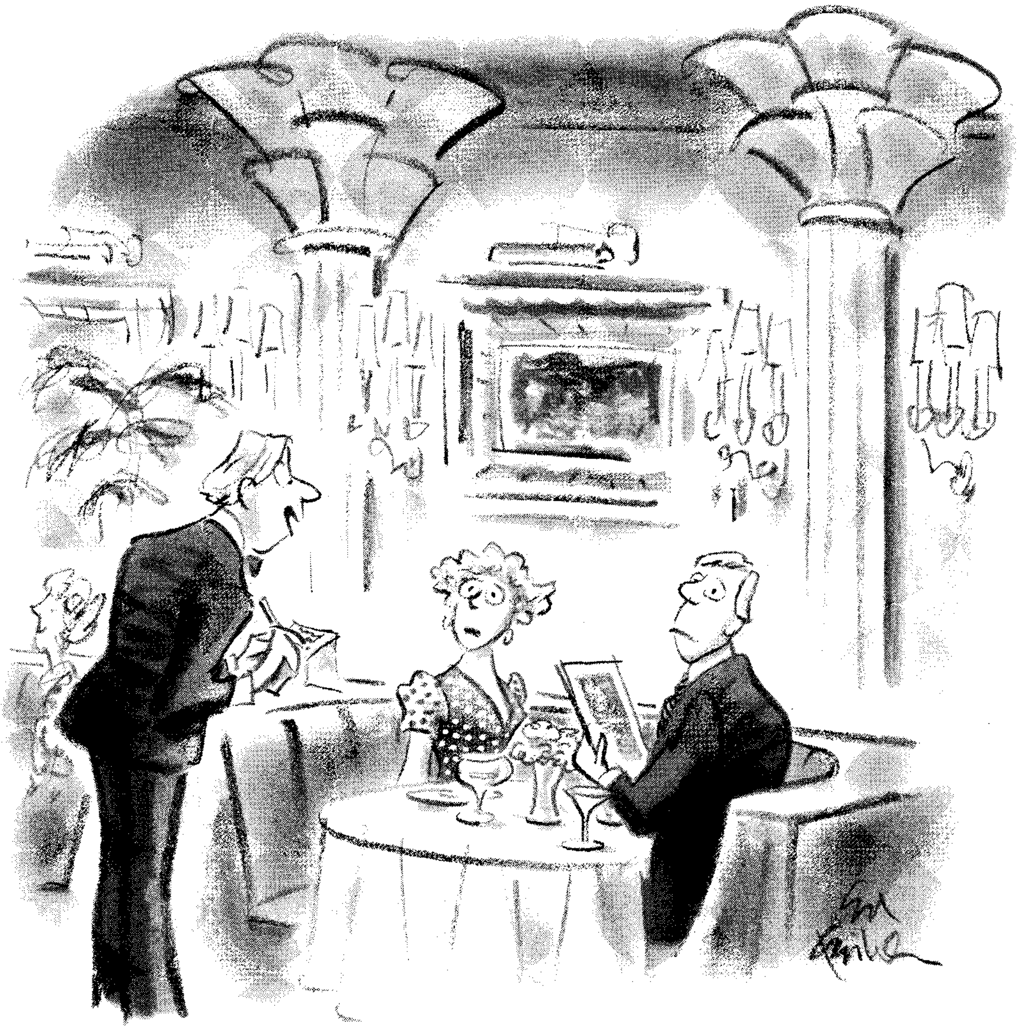
"Handel's Operas" begins, "It is the contention of this book that Handel ranks with Monteverdi, Mozart, and Verdi among the supreme masters of opera." That was not always Dean's view. In the oratorio book, in a chapter devoted to the operas, he regretted that "an artist endowed with an imagination so responsive to human weakness and suffering in the face of inscrutable destiny, and with the capacity to project this tragic vision on the fullest scale of musical drama, should have allowed himself to embrace a convention that strangled his command of form and turned his characters into puppets." Now he writes:

> Few composers have created so many persons—women even more than men—who haunt our memory as distinct individuals.... Ostensibly they may be stiff potentates, remote classical heroes or sorceresses from the world of myth; the music melts them into human beings whose sufferings work on our susceptibilities with such intensity as to rank them with the supreme creations of dramatic art.

In this country, opera productions by Peter Sellars ("Orlando" and "Giulio Cesare") and Nicholas McGegan ("Orlando," "Teseo," and the "Tolomeo" I reviewed last month) have shown the truth of that claim. The towering greatness of the oratorios is in no wise diminished by our new appreciation of the operas; but giant Handel is seen as more of a giant than ever.

LAST month, New York heard two of the oratorios (or "sacred dramas," as they were originally termed): "Joshua," done by the Canticum Novum Singers, at the 92nd Street Y, and "Saul," done by the Dessoff Choirs, in Alice Tully Hall. "Saul" is noble; "Joshua" gave demonstration that even Handel's lesser works are rewarding to hear. "Joshua" has generally got a bad press. Dean calls the book from which its plot derives "a tedious and bloodthirsty chronicle, from which Jehovah's persistent loading of the dice expels all dramatic and moral interest," and describes Handel's hero as "insufferable, a Jewish *Gauleiter* with nothing to do but give orders to all and sundry, including the sun and moon." But it seems to me easy to admire and enjoy "Joshua" for what it is: no "Saul," "Samson," or "Jephtha" but a stirring chronicle of celebration, of victories won with divine aid and a Promised Land achieved. Act I tells of the miraculous passage of the Jordan and the entry into Canaan. Act II begins with the siege of Jericho and ends with the battle of Gibeon, in which the Canaanite league is defeated. In Act III, the conquered territory is divided among the tribes, and then young Othniel wipes out the last pocket of Palestinian resistance; he, not the titular general, is the "conqu'ring hero" hailed in the oratorio's most famous number. All this is treated in music of uncommon power and originality, the most striking passage being the second-act finale, during which a high A blazes out, bar after bar, steady as the sun, while below it the busy music of battle rages. The topical prompting was Cumberland's defeat of the Young Pretender, and the immediate precedents were "Judas Maccabaeus" and "Alexander Balus," also victory oratorios. Handel has been charged with repeating a formula; he can be praised for employing it with new boldness and mastery. There is a note of corporate heroism in the score of "Joshua," a special feature of which is solo affirmation echoed and developed by the chorus. The love of Achsah and Othniel is tenderly handled; Dean suggests that it is there "simply as light relief from the spasms of tribal warfare," but it seems a symbol of young people's hopes for life in a fruitful new land, after long years in the wilderness. Caleb's "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain" paints a moving picture of an old warrior looking forward to pastoral retirement. Four-part strings—the viola sometimes uppermost—gently cradle his melody; a new charge of energy surges into the music as chorus, oboes, and a new dotted figure enter, the harmonies grow urgent, and other ambitions join Caleb's quiet hopes for a peaceful death. As for "See the conqu'ring hero"—that wonderful melody sung as a trio, played as a horn duet, sung as a soprano duet with flutes, and then sung by full chorus with horns, oboes, and side drum added—its effect never fails. The Victorian historian W. S. Rockstro said of it (in another of those outbursts of Handelian enthusiasm), "It is as true to Nature as the most priceless picture that was ever painted, either in the Italian Schools, or those of the Low Countries. . . . It exhibits an infinity of knowledge—knowledge of men, and things, and circumstances, and feelings."

The Canticum Novum Singers, thirty-two strong, sang firmly, with light, clear, steady tones. Patrick Romano, in the title role, was sweetly tuned and fluent in divisions, but he needs a more dramatic way with words: the "glitt'ring arms" in Joshua's second aria didn't glitter (Plunket Greene's pages on different ways with English trochees, in "Interpretation in Song," could be studied with profit), and recitative sentences tended to be broken into discrete chunks. The role of the "godlike youth" Othniel, composed for a woman, Caterina Galli, was sung by the countertenor Drew Minter; male



*"Let me add, my name is Martin. And the lobsters you have chosen are Jerry and Agatha, respectively."*

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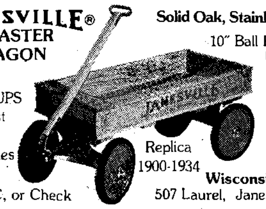

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arrogation can hardly be deplored when it brings us such beauty of sound, charm and distinctness of utterance, and stylishness of phrasing. Achsah was Karen Beardsley, best known as the piquant hero of Oliver Knussen's opera "Where the Wild Things Are." In Handel she seemed miscast—without a trill, definiteness of line, or notions of decoration beyond shooting above the staff. In the two love duets, where Othniel and Achsah have similar or identical phrases, one sensed Mr. Minter's endeavor to be chivalrous, but the effect was still of master and tyro. Jan Opalach was Caleb. He has a fine voice, but his insistence on orotund pronunciation makes it hard for listeners to take him quite seriously; he seemed to be demonstrating the pompous, plummy delivery mocked in Plunket Greene's chapter "The Clergy and Intoning." There was a Baroque band. By Handelian standards it was small (only two oboes, only one bassoon, one violone), but the sound was not ill-balanced. Harold Rosenbaum's beat was sometimes heavy. Recitatives were often sung too slowly, and they were given emphatic, delayed, full-period cadences, not springboard, colonlike punctuation into the following number. There were some awkward gaps in the action.

In Handel's day, it seems, the soloists also sang in the choruses. In staged, or even semistaged, presentations of the oratorios, this can raise problems. Strict adherence to vocal assignments in the autographs would lead in "Joshua" to Othniel's praising his own "brow divine" and in "Saul" to Jonathan's singing at his own funeral. But—even if only as a first step toward more nearly "authentic" performance—some solo participation in choruses should surely be tried. "Joshua"—except in the passage just mentioned—lends itself to such experiment, for all the characters belong to the same side; only the victors, not the vanquished, are present. If the other principals remain sitting and silent while Joshua, echoed by the chorus, inaugurates the Passover, they seem to be dissociating themselves from the ceremony. Achsah's voice might well lead the "Ritorna vincitor" chorus as Othniel goes off to battle. And the final hymn, "The great Jehovah," should surely be sung by all present. When Joshua sits mute during the last seven numbers of the drama—as he did at the Y—he rather gives the impression of sulking, Saul-like, at the honors heaped on the younger warrior.

I WROTE recently about "Saul"—a tragedy to set beside the "Oresteia" and "King Lear"—and its performance at the Maryland Handel Festival. The New York performance was less grand, less exciting. Tully Hall, large, bleak, and unresonant, dries voices, and the Dessoff Choirs, seventy-two strong, did not set it ringing. The band—the Orchestra of St. Luke's, on modern instruments—seemed underpowered and was weak on bass. There were only two oboes, two bassoons, and one double-bass, and the hall organ was not used: a whistling little portative organ, stationed far from the choir, piped the solos of the overture merrily enough but was inadequate to underpin big choruses with the *organo pieno* the composer calls for. In fact, Handel seems to have used two organs at his performances. (The Tully organ was shuttered from sight behind those tall wooden screens that make a dull backdrop to a dramatic oratorio—or anything else. When the Pro Arte Chorale sang "Belshazzar" in Tully, two years ago, the main organ was not played, either, but its handsome, gleaming façade enhanced the drama of the presentation.) In general, the show seemed in need of another rehearsal or two. The carillon was laggard; the harpist sounded less than confident; the relationship between solo singers and instrumentalists was not always intimate. Amy Kaiser's conducting was energetic and generally well pointed but lacked largeness. The design of the great tragedy—the progress of dramatic scenes, set between Epinicion and Elegy—was not clearly realized. Jake Gardner played Saul with dark, smoldering intensity; his performance remained somewhat too inward and unprojected to be fully majestic. Jeffrey Gall, the David, was in uncharacteristically poor—in the upper reaches, even unpleasant—voice. Andrea Matthews (Michal), Brenda Harris (Merab), and Frederick Urrey (Jonathan) sang cleanly, but their portrayals were undercharacterized. —ANDREW PORTER

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Theft of an American flag at Centennial Shopping Center, 331 S. Camino del Rio, valued at $500. Reported at 9:50 a.m. Police described the 10-by-20 flag as "red, white and blue with stars and stripes."

—*Durango* (*Colo.*) *Herald.*

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Happy Feet, Dead Heads*

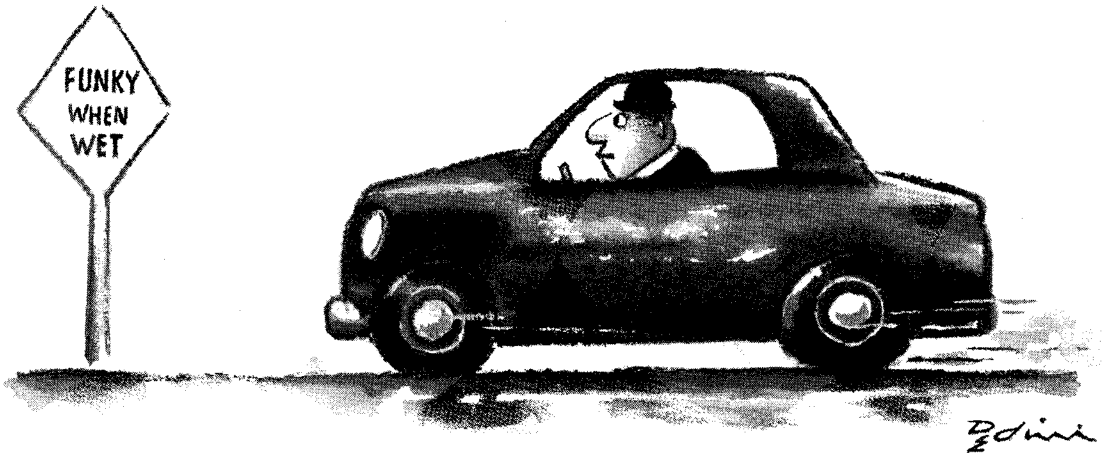
STEVE MARTIN is improbably light on his feet in the love comedy "Roxanne." He's C.D., the fire chief, whose agility expresses the tick-tock workings of his mind. C.D.'s body seems able to do anything his mind wants it to, and with the speed of thought. But he has an anomaly: a nose so long that birds can perch on it and he can sniff out distant fires. When he bangs this meta-nose into things and he shakes his head as if to clear it, he's suddenly W. C. Fields. As he saunters through the streets of the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built town, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia), he may do a precise little hop and a skip or waft himself in the air. The man and his timing are the same: he has a snap to him. And everything he does—like fighting two bullies—is a routine: assorted spins, kicks, whacks, and the bullies are knocked unconscious. Each routine is completed, and clicks into place. Early on, he puts a coin in a newspaper-vending machine, looks at the front page, screams, puts another coin in, and puts the paper back. And the gag tells us how lucky he feels to be high up in this town, far from the horror. His willingness to pay money to make the gesture tells us something else about him. He dances down the street because he craves movement, he loves gestures.

As C.D., Martin seems to cross-breed the skills of Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. He's a wonder, which is what he should be, because C.D. stands for Cyrano de Bergerac. The script is Martin's updated version of the play that Rostand wrote in 1897, for Coquelin. Film footage of Coquelin in the role shows him tossing his sword about and juggling it in the duel-of-wits scene; he uses his physical dexterity much as Martin does. But Martin, who tells the story in a modern vernacular, isn't dashing—he's jaunty. His tart, low-key script solves the updating problems tactfully, buoyantly. (The scene that explains why C.D. can't have his nose bobbed also gives him a chance to see himself in the mirror while holding up cards with different noses.) And, as a comic, Martin is in a conspiracy with us to stay a beat or two ahead of us. That's what we pin our trust on, and he does it more than ever here. His timing has Buster Keaton's inspired airiness. Nothing Martin does in this movie seems familiar, yet he's always the man we've come to see. He's in character as Steve Martin, only more so.

His lightness is a form of purity. It cuts down on the mawkish appeal of "Cyrano"—that it's shaped as an actor's masochistic fantasy. (In the play, the star can wallow in the feeling of being unloved because of "fate.") Yet he keeps the romanticism. Daryl Hannah is the stargazer Roxanne, a graduate student in astronomy who has rented a house in Nelson for the summer so she can study the skies. This new Roxanne isn't chaste, but she's not sullied, either. The experience she's had makes her seem more desirable, more voluptuous. And Daryl Hannah's height, the confident swing of her walk, and the fullness of her mouth and chin make her a spectacular Roxanne—a convincing embodiment of a flawed man's ideal. Wearing white clothes, she gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow—and in one sequence she wears two little Christmas-tree angels as earrings. Somehow, these dangling angels become emblematic; they take over for the white plume in the play. They stand for the unabashed ingenuousness of the film.

C.D. is, of course (as just about everybody will remember from high school, or earlier), too nose-conscious to tell his new friend Roxanne of his love for her. It's a measure of the success of this adaptation that when Roxanne impetuously takes a fancy to young Chris (Rick Rossovich), the strapping new firefighter brought in by C.D. to raise the level of the volunteer squad, it isn't distressing. By then, we have enough confidence in Martin's script and the verve of the director, Fred Schepisi, to know that the movie won't go clammy on us. And when the dumb lug Chris inveigles C.D. into carrying on his courtship rites for him—reciting speeches to Roxanne, writing impassioned letters—and Roxanne falls in love with C.D.'s words, thinking they're Chris's, the deception never gets a chance to be sickly. For one thing, Martin has had the script inspiration to whip up a character, the barmaid Sandy (Shandra Beri), who doesn't awe Chris the way Roxanne does. Chris doesn't need to be poetic and intense for Sandy, and as soon as we hear the easy way they talk together we know they're a perfect match. His attraction to Roxanne has been a mistake, like hers to him. And Martin's adaptation, without wrecking the play, speeds up Roxanne's coming to her senses. The moviemakers know that Rostand's idea of beauty is too limited for an age that encompasses punk, an age in which looking unusual may be taken for an achievement, or, at least, a "statement."

Schepisi is a fluid yet right-on-the-button director, starting with the first scene, in which the spruce, angular, gray-haired C.D. jumps out of his front door and greets the day with a twist of his hips. It's like the beginning of oddball classics such as "The Bank Dick," which didn't fuss around with overtures—they just got on with it. It's like that, but it keeps going more gracefully, without the jerky starts and stops. Schepisi's control probably helps to account for the



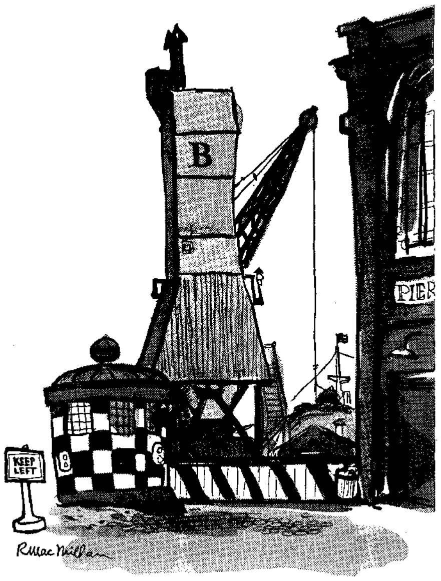
warmth and likableness of Daryl Hannah's performance and for the quality of surprise in the scenes between Chris and Sandy; these two have the conversational rhythm of good-natured dopes. (Shandra Beri gives her idle talk just the right weight, and she's got a barmaid's sociable smile down pat.) Schepisi does well by the encounters in the town café. (Its owner is played by Shelley Duvall.) His blitheness comes through at the firehouse: the squad of volunteer firefighters are this movie's Keystone Cops; they're fumblers, unromantic clowns. (C.D. is a clown *because* he's romantic; he makes every day different for himself.) Schepisi uses the town of Nelson as if it were the firefighters' playpen. It's also a safehold, a haven for lovers. As the director uses it and as Ian Baker shoots it, this otherworldly, lost-in-a-trance locale is a major contributor to the film's mellow, dotty charm. You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie.

A false nose in closeup is riveting, of course, and we in the audience can't help looking for signs of where this thingamabob is attached to a real nose (and in at least one scene—with the bird—the joining makeup is visible). But the moviemakers do something very smart: Steve Martin makes his appearance as C.D. and we laugh at his quick-thinking moves before he turns his profile and we see the extension of the nose that sticks straight out. It doesn't do what the bandage did to Jack Nicholson's nose in "Chinatown"—it doesn't uglify him. This is a funny nose, an absurd nose, and it never really seems to mar his face.

In Hawthorne's story "The Birthmark," a magnificent woman's tiny defect is the source of tragedy because her husband can't accept it. Here C.D.'s aberration is comic because Roxanne isn't bothered by it. The movie is finally as simple as that: a love story about two sane people. It's like "Annie Hall" without anhedonia.

SCREENWRITERS: Beware of thesis sentences. They give the amateur away. (Though they enter consciousness through the ear, they can make a moviegoer drop his eyelids in misery, as if to shut them out.) How do we know that "River's Edge" is about teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults? Because the movie keeps telling us how to interpret what it's showing us; it interprets more than it shows. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a slugged, uncommunicative high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank; he mentions it—trying to sound casual—to a couple of the boys he hangs out with, and when they refuse to believe him he takes them to the spot and shows them her body. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned, lost kids have viewed their dead friend, whose body is beginning to look like pale-blue marble, her glassy eyes wide open, her lips violet. Nobody makes a move to cover her. And nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. He argues that they can't help Jamie—she's dead. They've got to help John, who's alive.

Taking off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, the film uses each of the high-school-student characters to illustrate his own form of deprivation and a generalized need for love and approval. This might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. Dennis Hopper plays an ex-biker dope dealer who supplies the kids—a scroungy psycho who talks about having killed a woman twenty years earlier. You may hear yourself sigh when Hopper takes off a false leg. This cripple waltzes with an inflatable sex doll he calls Ellie—she has the lewd round mouth of a piranha. In the film's most pastoral sequence, he takes Ellie for an outing on the riverbank. She's part of the baroque live-girl/dead-girl/toy-girl symbolism. The most courageous of the kids, Matt (Keanu Reeves), who is upset about Jamie's being left out there on the grass (like a doll), has a younger sibling, a twelve-year-old, who drops a doll into the river. At first, it isn't clear what this sibling is: A girl? A boy? A hermaphrodite? It turns out to be a malicious, twisted little boy (Joshua Miller), who has deliberately drowned his baby sister's favorite plaything. This miniature sociopath, whose only goal is to be accepted into the pack of teen-age dopers, is designed to show us that the dullness of the adolescents is being superseded by something worse—little kids who don't feel anything. (Then it turns out that he, like the older kids, can be saved by love—in his case, brotherly love. If ever there was an unconvincing change of heart . . .)



The script, by Neal Jimenez, which began as a screenwriting-class assignment at U.C.L.A., appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, with Matt challenging Layne's leadership, and Matt and the dead girl's friend Clarissa (Ione Skye) finding strength in each other, finding someone to believe in and a reason to stay alive. But the director, Tim Hunter ("Tex"), has a fuzzy naturalistic approach, and "River's Edge" is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre. I have been reading quotes in the ads about the film's "raw power," but power is what it doesn't have. It might have had it if we could feel how Layne dominates the others, if we could feel their admiration and their fear. That seems to be the dramatic logic in the script, but what comes across is that Crispin Glover is all actor. Is he being a contorted James Dean or a contorted early Brando? He's giving an expressionist performance in a movie that's trying to be "real." (The other adolescents are played very simply.) Glover's Layne is neurotically dependent on his hands: they want to talk. Or is it that Glover just waves his hands if the director doesn't stop him? Hunter doesn't seem to know what to do with this weirdo (who looks stimulated by his first sight of the corpse), and leaves him wandering around the screen grimacing. Glover certainly gives us more to watch than anybody else does (except for the scary, evil little doll-drowner). But the character he plays has no force as a leader: Layne doesn't connect with anybody, and when he's brushed aside nothing major seems to have happened.

"River's Edge" is being touted by

some of the press as a cautionary movie about the "blankness" of youth. The kids we see aren't blank, though. They have raging feelings that they don't know how to put into words. And they don't know where their loyalties should be. They're confused. Part of the reason they can't articulate what they feel is that they smoke dope all the time, they've been smoking it heavily for years, and they're apathetic about what's being taught in school. But most of them aren't callous about Jamie's death; they just don't know what to do about it. In this movie, it's the adults who are blank. The parents are cartoon figures. Matt's mother isn't worried about his smoking pot; she just wants to be sure he doesn't swipe any of hers. And she's too involved with her lout of a lover to care what her kids do. She says feebly, "Where do my children go at night?" (That's a thesis question.) Clarissa's mother is barely aware of the girl's presence or absence. A teacher talks to his class about Vietnam and his part in the demonstrations of the sixties, but what he says is beside the point; the kids aren't educated enough to grasp how it might relate to them, and he puts them down for their squareness. And the cops are hostile to the kids, and think the worst of them. The clincher is that when Jamie's body is finally laid out in a casket there's no adult grief. (Nobody from the adult world even noticed that she was missing.)

This movie has something of the sensibility of a John Hughes picture—"The Breakfast Club," for example—and of movies like "Tex" and "The Outsiders" that were based on S. E. Hinton novels. That is, kids can only trust other kids; adults belong to a rotten, materialistic world. This is terribly naïve, obvious stuff, but it seems to get audiences (and reviewers) just about every time. It expresses how adolescents feel and lays guilt on parents, who almost always know that they've earned some.

Hunter, by soft-pedalling Jimenez' melodramatic, often garish material, creates a blur that viewers can project onto. "River's Edge" doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. By now, hundreds of reviewers and commentators must have quoted Clarissa's line "I cried when that guy in 'Brian's Song' died; you'd figure I'd at least be able to cry for someone I hung around with." It has been cited as an indication of how unfeeling Clarissa is. But Brian's death was packaged for us to cry. Jamie's death is sudden and unreal; reactions to it come more slowly. "River's Edge" packages "thoughts" for us: when the little girl whose dolly was drowned erects a tiny cross for her, the moviemakers are pushing us to recognize that the older kids didn't do as much for their real-life friend Jamie. This is the same kind of flashy thinking as the allusion to "Brian's Song." (It's also a rip-off of "Forbidden Games.") And when Matt is grilled by the police he echoes Camus's Meursault; alarms go off in viewers' heads—these kids are Strangers.

"River's Edge" makes it possible for adults to cluck over what's happening to youth. (Clarissa says, "Sometimes I think it'd be a lot easier being dead," and her boyfriend answers, "Aw, that's bullshit! You couldn't get stoned anymore." That's a thesis joke.) At the same time, the picture endorses the kids' rejection of the adult world by showing that the adults who should be closest to them don't give a damn about them. And these adults aren't full of raging feelings. If they were, there might be some dramatic collisions in the movie. Instead, it reinforces the self-pity of adolescents and the audience's love of pathos. (What could be more pathetic than Clarissa's not being able to cry for Jamie?) When Hopper delivers soliloquies about how he loved the girl he killed and so is morally superior to John, who (apparently) killed passionlessly, are we meant to think he's making a valid point? Are the sixties being invoked as a holy time, because the young weren't apathetic then? Probably so. Why else would the dealer be set up as a parallel figure to John? The picture appears to be saying that the dealer may be crazy but he has got feelings, and John doesn't. This movie is so balled up it's using a catatonic boy to indict the children of pot and permissiveness. It's saying that they don't make psychopaths the way they used to.

—PAULINE KAEL

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## CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Buffalo (Wyo.) Bulletin*]

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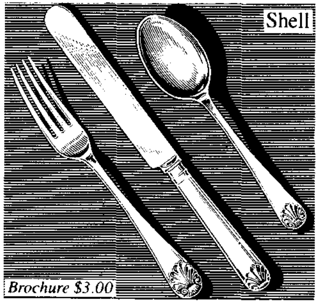

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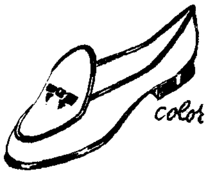

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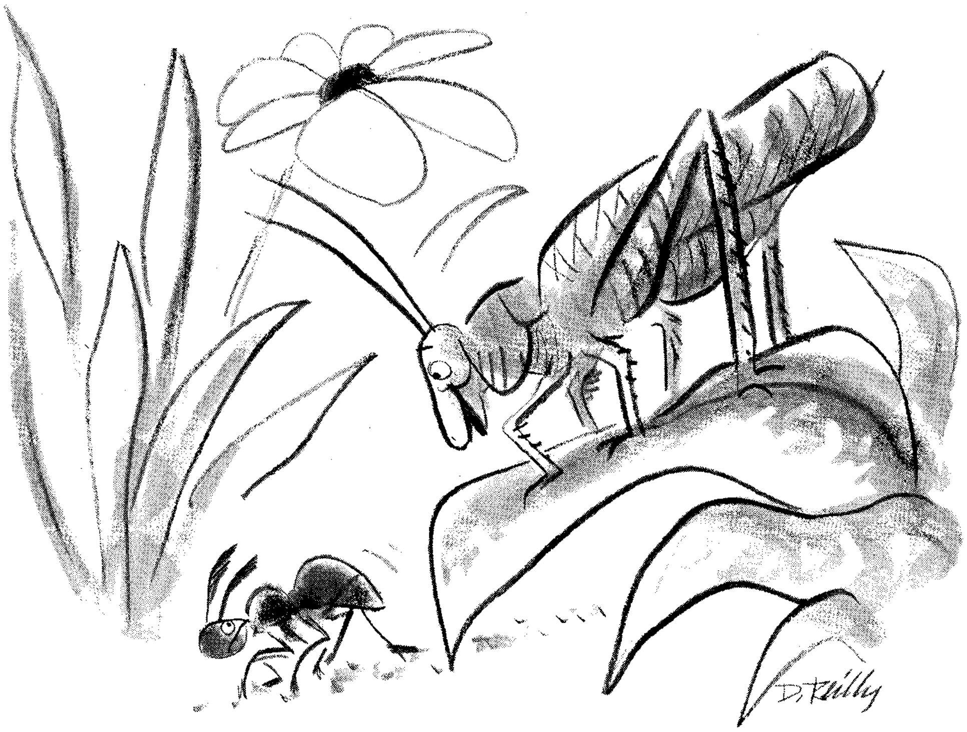
# JAZZ

## *Traps, the Drum Wonder*

WHEN Buddy Rich first recorded his "West Side Story" medley, late in 1966, his solo, surrounded by eight minutes of instrumental framework, lasted just under two minutes. When he made what turned out to be his final recording of the number, in April of 1985—Rich died early this spring, at the age of sixty-nine—he took two solos, the first four minutes long, and the second, a supernal one, six minutes long. (This number can be heard on "Mr. Drums: Buddy Rich and His Band," a three-L.P. set recorded live in San Francisco and issued on Café Records.) His life—though dogged by chronic heart trouble, by financial difficulties, by a wild temper, and by an overweening ego—seemed, like his solos, to gain momentum. The pianist Mel Powell appeared with Rich on a jazz cruise in the fall of 1986. "He was playing superbly," Powell said recently. "He was relaxed, and not in a show-business mood. He sounded sturdy but subtle. Working with just small groups and without any pressures must have been a joy to him. He didn't much want to take solos, and when I gave him the signal for four-bar exchanges he barely agreed. His playing demonstrated what it might have been like throughout his career if he had been able more often to play in such convivial, low-key situations. Working with big bands was a kind of theatre that he both loved and loathed and never got free of. He looked marvellous on the cruise. His hair was whitish, but he had a Palm Springs tan, and there wasn't a wrinkle in his face. We had a kidding relationship, and when I asked him how he managed to keep so well he said, 'By staying on the road,' which is indeed where he spent most of his life."

Rich was born in Brooklyn, and he had two sisters and a brother. His parents were in vaudeville. He once described his mother as "a singer and a heavy-made woman and very pretty," and he went on to say, "My father was a soft-shoe dancer and a blackface comedian. He was strong and nice-looking and had a great sense of humor. But when you stepped out of line you got a shot in the mouth and that straightened you out." Rich's parents brought him into their act when he was a toddler, and at the age of seven he travelled around the world as Traps, the Drum Wonder. For a time, in the early thirties, he was making a thousand dollars a week singing, dancing, and drumming, and was the second-highest-paid child star, after Jackie Coogan. But in 1936, to his father's chagrin, he turned his back on vaudeville. The clarinettist Joe Marsala hired him, and, two years later, gave him the space on "Jim Jam Stomp" for his first recorded drum solo, a seventeen-second explosion—on snare, snare rims, woodblock, cowbell, and bass drum—that must have turned heads. In 1938, Rich took a job with Bunny Berigan's big band; then he moved on to Artie Shaw and, later, to Tommy Dorsey. He formed his own big band in the mid-forties, but that was a shaky time for big bands, and it went under. During the next twenty years, he patched together a career with Jazz at the Philharmonic, with Harry James' and Les Brown's big bands, and with various small groups. He formed another big band in 1966, and he kept it off and on until he died.



*"Hey, I think the long-term picture is generally bright!"*

New York was full of great drummers when Rich came up. He listened to Tony Briglia with the Casa Loma band, to O'Neil Spencer, to Dave Tough, to Lester Young's brother Lee, to Sidney Catlett, to Gene Krupa, to the singer and drummer Leo Watson, and, above all, to Chick Webb, the tiny, amazing hunchbacked drummer from Baltimore. (With the exception of Catlett, who was well over six feet, all the master swing drummers were small. Napoleons of Noise, a critic dubbed them.) Webb's driving, on-the-beat snare-drum figures reappeared again and again in Rich's solos. Though totally untrained, Rich became a virtuoso—one of the greatest of the century—and, like most virtuosos, he became a captive of his technique. His technique was his style, for he had no style in the conventional sense. He could play what amounted to a single-stroke roll with one hand, and he could very nearly do the same thing with one foot, on the pedal of his bass drum. He could move between his tomtoms and his snare drum and his cymbals with breathtaking speed, sometimes giving the impression that he was playing simultaneously on three different parts of his set. His long solos were not rhythmic investigations as much as avalanches—he wanted to bury his listeners with his brilliance, with crushing rolls and rimshots, round-the-set rocketry, and bass-drum thunder. Occasionally, he relented. He would take a funny wire-brush solo, or fool around a long time on his cymbals. That's what he does through much of his second solo in his 1985 "West Side Story" recording. He begins with a hard right-and-left Chick Webb figure on his snare, and switches to his cymbals (he was using four, plus his high hat), making breeze noises, chime sounds, all the while growing softer and softer. Then he moves to his snare rims for a ticking mile-a-minute roll, carries the roll to his closed high hat, inserts a couple of offbeat rimshots on his snare and a tomtom, drops some jolting bass-drum bombs, returns to his cymbals, rolls again on his rims, and settles onto his snare for some broken-field figures, interspersed with cymbal splashes and bass-drum accents. He closes with one of his great showoff feats: a single-stroke roll, gradually slowed down to alternate individual strokes, then just as gradually speeded up until it returns to a full, creamy roll. He mixes in his cymbals and his bass drum and, sharply increasing the volume on his snare drum, brings the solo to a roaring climax.

Rich did not get a particularly attractive timbre on his drums—they always sounded gray and matter-of-fact. Nor did he have much taste. He kept excellent time behind whomever he was accompanying, but how he did his accompanying—whether to back a trombonist with a ride cymbal or a high hat, say—didn't seem to matter to him. Instead of carrying a band from within, in the subtle, insinuating manner of Webb and Tough and Catlett, he pushed it before him, like a man throwing someone out of his house. And it was never certain—except in his sometimes exhilarating four- and eight-bar breaks—that he could swing. He had a metronomic quality—an inability to move his time back and forth within a beat. There are several passages in the two long solos that Catlett took during Louis Armstrong's Symphony Hall concert in 1947 ("Satchmo at Symphony Hall;" MCA records) which are so rhythmically infectious they make you dance. Rich never did that; he wowed you but rarely moved you.

Rich was compact and slightly below medium height. He had close-cropped hair, battered-handsome looks, and what he would have described as a Charlie Glamour smile—although, dead serious on the stand, he did not often show it when he played. He was a sharp dresser, and he liked to drive very fast. He was sardonic and unpredictable, and he affected a slightly belligerent air. He had a caustic show-biz wit; when he didn't strain, he could hold his own with Johnny Carson. As a bandleader, he was something of a martinet. He was not a blowhard, but he did not have any false modesty. He once said, "I'm told I'm not humble, but who is? I remember being interviewed by a college kid once, and he said 'Mr. Rich, who is the greatest drummer in the world?' and I said 'I am.' He laughed, and said 'No, really, Mr. Rich, who do you consider the greatest drummer alive?' I said 'Me. It's a fact.' He couldn't get over it. But why go through that humble bit? Look at Ted Williams—straight ahead, no tipping of his cap when he belted one out of the park."

Rich demonstrated where he was headed when he was with Artie Shaw's band. Shaw said of him not long ago, "When Buddy came in the band, in 1939, he couldn't read music—and, for that matter, I don't think he could read any better at the end of his life. I told him that some of our arrangements were pretty complex. He asked me if he could sit out front a couple of nights and learn the arrangements. He did, and said he was ready, and he was—amazingly so. He was an amusing, ebullient kid, and sometimes he'd get so excited when he was playing that he'd yell and rush the beat. Near the end of the year he was with the band, he began going off on his own in his playing, doing things that were good for him but not for the band. I sat him down and told him what he had begun doing, and not long after we parted amicably. He went with Tommy Dorsey, which was just right, because Tommy had a big show band. The vitality and exuberance that poured out of Buddy were endless."

Virtuosos share one nightmare. "When I think that I can't play the way I want to play," Rich once said, "I'll hang up my sticks. That'll be it. There'd be nothing more horrible than to hear some guy say, 'Poor Buddy Rich, he doesn't have it anymore.' " He needn't have worried.

—Whitney Balliett

•

TACKLE SEX
HEAD ON,
SAYS WRITER
—*Auckland (New Zealand) Star.*

Who asked him?

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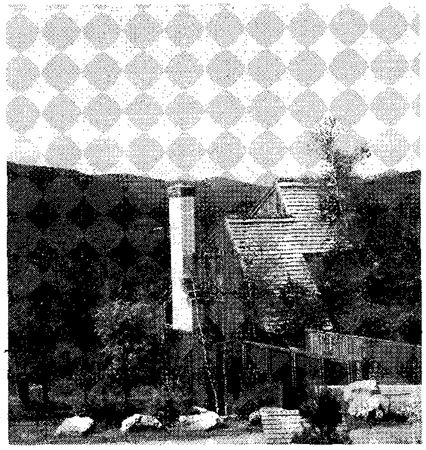
S. FLORIDA ILLEGAL ALIENS
CUT IN HALF BY NEW LAW
—*Miami News.*

That'll teach 'em.



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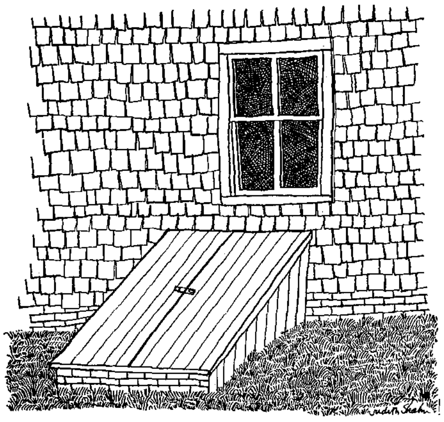
# AROUND CITY HALL

## EVERYTHING THAT RISES

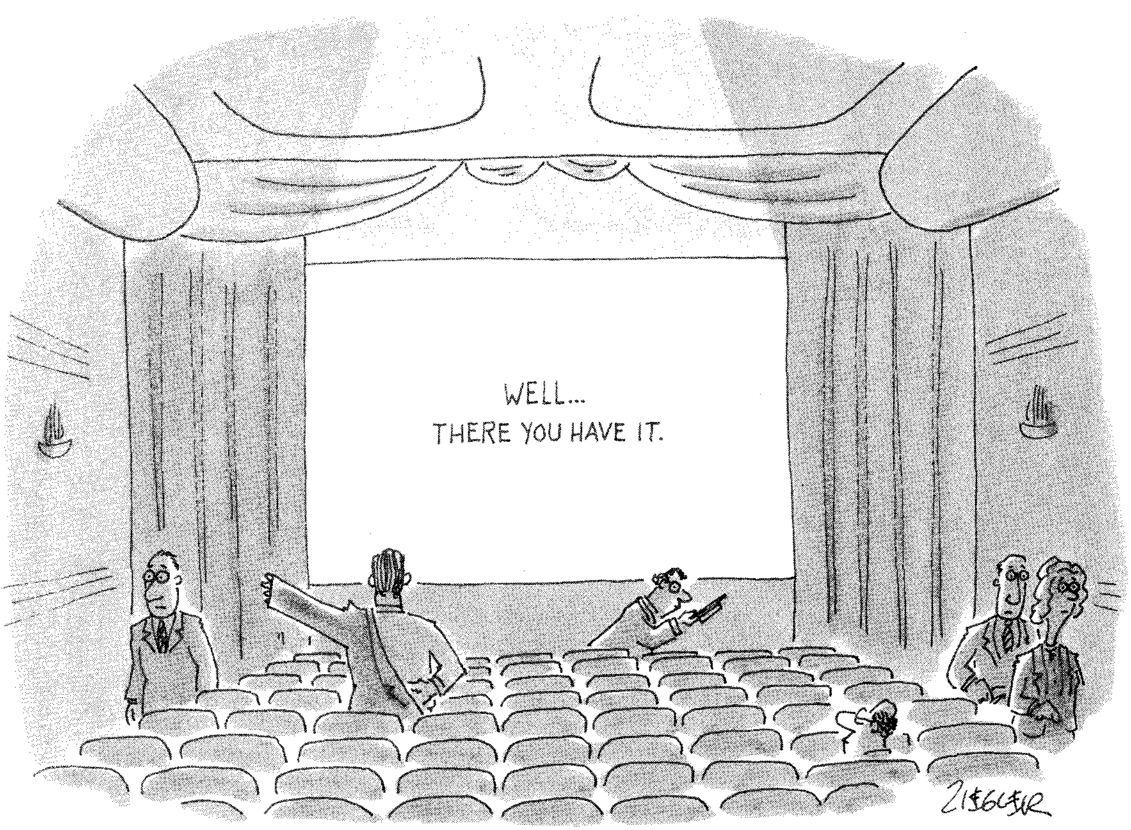
FOR seventy-one consecutive weeks, the *Amsterdam News*, whose slogan is "The New Black View," has published an editorial, starting on its front page, under the headline "KOCH MUST RESIGN." In its June 6th issue, the paper had a guest editorial writer, Donald Trump, the city's most prominent real-estate tycoon, and a member of a trade whose views are not often respectfully dealt with in the Harlem weekly. Trump's message was also that the Mayor should resign. The paper's front page showed a picture of Mayor Edward Koch, looking harried, sweaty, bald, and every one of his sixty-two and a half years. Beside it was a smiling picture of Trump, who, at forty, is a handsome sort, with a full head of hair. Wilbert Tatum, the paper's editor-in-chief, who has been on poor terms with Koch for some years, explained that he was not necessarily taking sides in the current dispute between the two men, over whether NBC will move out of the city, and, if it does not, who will get the credit and reap the political or financial rewards for having persuaded it to stay. Among other losses if NBC does leave, both Trump and Tatum pointed out, would be the departure of four thousand jobs, and, in the kind of ethnic annotation that is the style in many parts of this town, Tatum added that the newly unemployed would include "518 Blacks, 190 Hispanics, 85 Asians and 10 American Indians." The editor described Trump as "the first member of the powerful in this city to break ranks with Koch" in what he called "New York City's Age of Corruption."

"Piggy, piggy, piggy Donald Trump! . . . Greedy, greedy, greedy!" Koch said late last month of Trump, who is also the only local real-estate man who is regularly asked if he has plans to run for mayor someday. Although Trump's usual answer is no, many of the recent exchanges between the two men ("TRUMP VS KOCH—IT'S WAR!" was one *Post* headline) sounded much like the kind of verbal brawl one might expect at the height of a bitter political campaign. Trump's response to the Mayor's porcine reference was less colorful but more precise. Koch, he said, had "no managerial ability . . . no talent, and only moderate intelligence"—apparently a change of opinion on his part, since in the past he had been a major contributor to Koch's campaign treasuries. Dissenting sharply from the popular view of the Mayor as a can-do administrator, the builder said that Koch should resign on the basis of his record. "Most of New York does not even have cable television, the homeless are unnecessarily wandering the streets, the schools are a disaster, and . . . after seven years, the city cannot even build a simple skating rink," he told reporters. His verdict on the conditions he mentioned was generally accurate. The reference to the skating rink was a particularly sore point with Koch. In 1980, it was announced that the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, had to be rebuilt at a cost of almost five million dollars and would be closed for two years. In the summer of 1986, almost thirteen million dollars later, it was still a large ruin in the middle of the Park. Trump pledged that, in a no-profit undertaking, he would rebuild the rink in four months, in time for the November opening of the skating season—a pledge that was kept.

The dispute between Koch and Trump over whether NBC can be kept from leaving the city reflects local consternation about the procession of large corporations that, in recent years, have opted for getting out of New York. In 1967, a hundred and thirty-nine of the *Fortune* 500 companies had their headquarters here. Four years ago, the total was sixty-six. It is now down to fifty-three, and this includes Mobil, which explained recently that it will soon be moving to Fairfax, Virginia. NBC has said that its Rockefeller Center headquarters are antiquated and too small. Trump has proposed that the network shift to a hundred-acre development site that he owns between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-second Streets on Manhattan's West Side. There he hopes to build what he would call Television City, although NBC would occupy only about a tenth of the parcel. The rest would be given over to luxury condominiums and office buildings, including the tallest building in the world. On the other hand, Hartz Mountain Industries is urging NBC to move to a nice piece of property it owns in the New Jersey Meadowlands, for which the rent, by some estimates, would be thirty million dollars a year less than what Trump would have to charge in Manhattan if he didn't receive large tax abatements from the city. The Mayor turned down the abatement deal, saying that since it would apply to the entire parcel Trump, in the guise of doing the city a favor by keeping NBC here, would be ripping off the city's taxpayers to pay for his luxury condominiums. Of Trump's suggestion that in view of the way Koch was running the city it was no wonder that "company after company is leaving New York," the Mayor said, "If Donald Trump is squealing like a stuck pig, I must have done something right"—a conclusion that a *Times* editorial quoted with evident approval. The contrary judgment of the *Daily News* editors was "Ever notice how Koch likes to turn what should be sober public policy issues into personality conflicts and name-calling contests?"



In discussing NBC's decision, the Mayor also seized the opportunity to renew his long-running border wars with New Jersey. He continually referred to the destination proposed by Hartz Mountain not as the Meadowlands, the vast and flourishing complex of office buildings and sports arenas on the other side of the Hudson, but as Secaucus, a town that used to be famous for the bad odor of its pig farms. In urging NBC to stay in this city, though not necessarily on the site offered by Trump, Koch called upon the network to recognize that "there is a premium worth paying for having a real-estate investment in the financial and communications capital of the world," in contrast to "the mudflats" across the river, and on several occasions he repeated what has become a popular local jape: "How would it sound—'It's Saturday Night! Live from Secaucus!' " A few days later, Trump called the city "a cesspool of corruption," and the Mayor a man who "just doesn't have it." However, he assured reporters, he was thinking only of the city—it was “nothing personal.” Koch said, “I am concerned that he engages in invective,” and he added, “I have no intention of allowing this important matter to degenerate into a barnyard kind of contest.”


WELL...
THERE YOU HAVE IT.
ZIEGLER

SOME municipal chauvinists here are eager to make sure that the city’s central role not only in the contemporary world but in the nation’s history is duly recognized. Nothing can be done about this year’s observance of the bicentennial of the Constitution. Philadelphians, who are still complaining that in 1976 New York, with its Tall Ships, somehow “stole” from their city the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence, have this one sewed up. A few weeks ago, however, the Mayor got the good news that a resolution had been introduced in the House of Representatives by Queens Representative James Scheuer and in the Senate by New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan proposing that a national commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the swearing in of the first American President be held here in 1989, which, providentially, is a mayoral-election year. If the resolution passes, the center of the celebration will surely be Federal Hall, at Wall and Nassau Streets—a marble structure, loosely modelled on the Parthenon, that was completed in 1842 as the United States Customs House, and in 1955 was renamed Federal Hall, because it is on the site of the building of that name in which George Washington was inaugurated, on April 30, 1789.

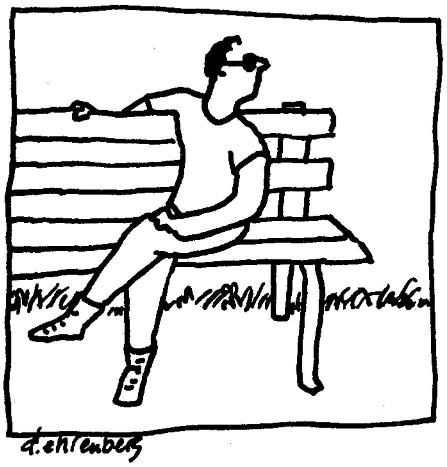
“This is where the experiment began,” the Mayor, referring to the American system of government, said in tones statelier than those he often resorts to at City Hall as he stood in Federal Hall’s rotunda on the hundred-and-ninety-eighth anniversary of that first inauguration. The purpose of this April’s ceremony was to announce the city’s plans for celebrating the Constitution’s bicentennial; for example, a Freedom Bus, equipped with multimedia exhibits featuring actors in powdered wigs and other Colonial appurtenances, will travel through the five boroughs, and there will be a showing in public schools of a video starring the Mayor—without a powdered wig—speaking on the Constitution’s significance. At the recent Federal Hall event, Koch and Joseph Flom, a prominent local attorney who is the chairman of the city’s Bicentennial Commission, reminded those gathered in the rotunda that this city had been the first capital of the nation under the new Constitution. Before that, beginning in 1785, it had been the capital under the Articles of Confederation. During those years, Federal Hall, the seat of the national government, was actually just New York’s original City Hall somewhat enlarged, and the municipal and national governments conducted their separate businesses more or less companionably under the same roof—an arrangement that some out-of-towners believe may have encouraged in the locals a presumptuous attitude toward the federal process which endured long after the national government moved elsewhere.

The city’s capital phase ended in August of 1790. In a slick political deal, Thomas Jefferson persuaded his fellow-Southerners to vote for federal assumption of the debts of the former Colonies—an action that Alexander Hamilton believed essential for the new Union—and, in return, Hamilton rounded up the votes of Northerners for a bill to establish the permanent capital in a largely rural area along the Potomac. This move was especially favored by Virginians, including the President. Although Washington’s fine Manhattan house, on Cherry Street (it took fourteen servants and seven slaves to keep it in order), was only a few blocks from Federal Hall, the new capital, which would stand directly across the river from Mount Vernon, would be even more convenient. Indeed, the President had chosen the site himself, thereby considerably enhancing the value of his own property, as some disrespectful historical revisionists have pointed out. (There were no special prosecutors in those days.)

Other leaders of the new nation were also eager to get out of New York. Jefferson, who was convinced that non-agricultural societies bred corruption, once wrote that a yellow-fever epidemic should not be considered a tragic event, because it would “discourage the growth of great cities in our nation, and I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health and the liberties of man." As for New York City, it was "a cloacina of all the depravities of human nature." Of the deal that shifted the capital to the banks of the Potomac he wrote, with evident satisfaction, "There will be something to displease and something to soothe every part of the Union, except New York, which must be content with what she has had." Mayor Koch saw things rather differently at the Federal Hall ceremony. "New York," he said, "was—in many ways, still is—the capital of the United States."

SINCE the conviction that this city, officially the capital of nothing, is nevertheless the center of practically everything is popular not only at City Hall—the present one, which was completed in 1811—but among many New Yorkers elsewhere in town, some of them have found it hard to adjust to the fact that most of the large headlines in this extended national season of scandals have had to do with bizarre and often steamy events in other places, including the once-pastoral enclave that was chosen as the nation's capital because it would be far removed from corrupting big-city influences. Despite the local sense that New York was out of things, however, the papers here did not dwell at any length on a revelation concerning Corporal Arnold Bracy, one of the marines stationed at the United States Embassy in Moscow who have been accused of having received sexual favors from Soviet women, and of having, in return, allowed K.G.B. agents free access to the Embassy and its secrets; namely, that Bracy was brought up in Woodside, Queens. The Corporal's parents—his father is a motorman for the city's Transit Authority—have pointed out that their son is known in the neighborhood as a faithful parishioner of the Calvary Full Gospel Pentecostal Church, and they maintain that, contrary to the conventional wisdom about the city's evil influence, he could never have committed the sins he has been charged with, given the wholesome atmosphere that surrounded him in his native Queens.

It is understandable that the papers here would not go out of their way to brag about a local youth accused of espionage, but in fact they have had little opportunity lately to run feature stories on New Yorkers who put on the uniforms of their country and end up as heroes. Although ticker-tape parades honoring astronauts have been huge local events—according to the Sanitation Department, which cleans up afterward, the one in 1962 that celebrated the flight of John Glenn generated more tons of trash than any other parade in the city's history—only four of the hundred and thirty-one astronauts who have flown in space have been from here. Astronauts, generally speaking, don't come from big cities, which may be one reason that many of their fellow-citizens—who tend, in the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, to resist the idea that this is an urban nation—have seen the astronauts as particularly American. After the Challenger disaster last year, local editors, closely followed by local politicians, were able to discover one New York connection to the national tragedy. One of the seven astronauts who died was Ronald E. McNair. His parents lived apart, and he was raised by his mother in Lake City, South Carolina. For several years, however, his father, Carl, had a garage on East 122nd Street, in East Harlem. Last October, following a unanimous vote by the City Council, East 122nd Street between Third and Lexington Avenues was formally renamed Ronald E. McNair Place. The ceremony was heavily attended by local officeholders, including the Mayor. Many politicians were also present when, last March, the former P.S. 5 in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn was renamed the Dr. Ronald E. McNair School. Public officials everywhere are, of course, aware that it is safer to award such honors to local sons who are no longer among the living. A sign reading "John Poindexter Street" went up in Odon, Indiana, last November 26th, rewarding a local son for his eminence as national-security adviser. The timing was unfortunate, Vice Admiral Poindexter having resigned under fire the day before, which was the day the White House announced that funds intended for Iran had been diverted to aid the Nicaraguan Contras.



The White House's startling news about the diversion of funds to the Contras was welcome in one sense in New York City's seat of government. It came at almost the same moment—just about noon on November 25th—that a jury delivered its verdict in the case involving the Mayor's good friend and close political ally Stanley Friedman, finding him and three other City Hall regulars guilty on counts of mail fraud, conspiracy, and racketeering. These convictions badly shook the local political scene, and legal proceedings against local political figures are still being brought at regular intervals. On June 3rd, United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani announced the indictment of Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, along with former Bronx Borough President Stanley Simon and five others, on charges that amounted to their having turned a Bronx company named Wedtech into a racketeering enterprise for their own enrichment. Biaggi was accused of having shaken down Wedtech for stock and money in return for using his influence in Congress to win millions of dollars in no-bid military contracts for the small machine company. Although the awarding of the contracts had been hailed as a generous effort to improve economic conditions in the South Bronx, the alleged payoffs to those indicted were so generous that Wedtech has filed for bankruptcy. (Attorney General Edwin Meese is now under investigation by an independent counsel on the suspicion that he, too, might have benefitted financially from the South Bronx operation.) Until a few months ago, Biaggi and Simon were familiar figures in City Hall's corridors and were considered among the Mayor's most reliable political allies. The Biaggi indictment was the lead story in most local papers. Nevertheless, coverage of the Iran-Contra scandal has often meant that the local corruption story is consigned to the inside pages. City Hall's satisfaction with this circumstance resembles that of the White House over the distracting of national attention from *its* difficulties by the scandal involving former Senator Gary Hart and the one involving the P.T.L. ministry.

New Yorkers, like most Americans, have been uneasy participants lately in a national game of trying to sort out the plots and the principal players in

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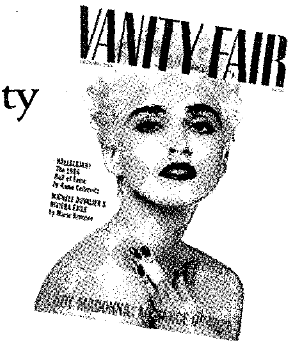

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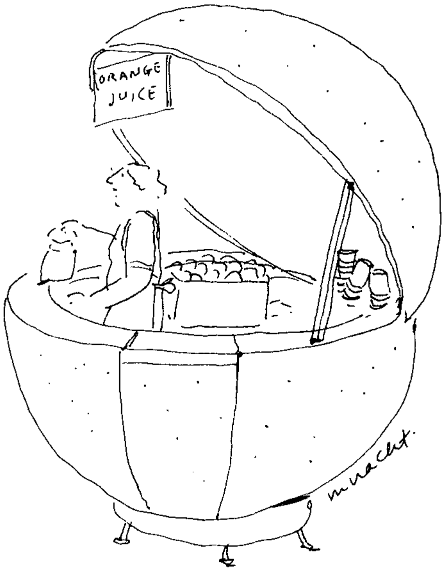
the varied array of scandalous events brought to them in so many front-page news stories—stories that only rarely bore the dateline of this particular pestilential city. The saga of the P.T.L. ministry does have a New York connection, though not one that is likely to lead to a name change for some grammar school. Jessica Hahn, the church secretary whose sexual encounter with James Bakker helped bring down the ministry, is the daughter of a longtime member of the New York City Police Department and lives in West Babylon, a Long Island town within this city's commuting perimeter. Local and national reporters have regularly staked out her bungalow to get her side of the story ("BIBLE BELLE BARES BASH" was a *Post* headline). On one occasion, she was asked for her judgment of the ethical controversy in a rival scandal story—the one involving Gary Hart. She said she would vote for him anytime. It never occurred to any of the reporters to ask her opinion of the Wedtech scandal. Then, on June 4th, her picture was on the front page of the *News*, beside the large headline "WEDTECH LINKED TO PTL PAYOFF." Federal authorities were said to be exploring whether some of the cash being diverted from the South Bronx by Wedtech associates who were close to the born-again-Christian movement had been used to pay off Miss Hahn to keep quiet about the sexual episode with the Reverend Bakker. Everything that rises must converge.

Deliverers of television monologues have naturally had hours of fun ringing the changes on their alleged confusion over the women whose names have been on the front pages: was it Fawn, Donna, Tammy Faye, Jessica, or Mary Beth who compromised the marines in Moscow? Possibly a trivia game will be devised in which players are asked to sort out the names of some of the navigable vessels that have been in the news lately. Any question to which the answer is Monkey Business is surely too easy. A really hard question would be one to which the answer was F.A.B. Pursuivant—the name of the decommissioned troop barge that the New York State Commission of Correctional Services is considering buying to ease a shortage of prison beds, if Mayor Koch doesn't buy it first to solve his prisoner-gridlock problem. Possibly, Koch would find the Pursuivant useful for incarcerating foreigners arriving here who have not complied with a law he is urging Congress to pass, barring foreign tourists from this country unless they have been tested for AIDS. An exception, he said, could be made for the Pope. (Of fifty-one thousand reported cases of AIDS, worldwide, as of late May, the United States had thirty-six thousand, of which almost thirty per cent were in New York City. It would seem that if any group of tourists should be subject to mandatory testing for the new pestilence it would be those setting out from Koch's home town.) Another hard question would be one to which the answer was Sea Goddess. According to the Los Angeles *Times*, some of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's former associates have said that he had plans for chartering, at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, a three-hundred-and-forty-foot Caribbean cruise ship of that name. The passengers he had it in mind to invite were the top leaders of the Nicaraguan Contras. The liner would be protected by United States Navy submarines and aircraft carriers while the Contra guests first issued a Declaration of Independence of the Managua government and then adopted as their constitution one modelled on the United States Constitution; after that, they would seek recognition from Washington as sovereign heads of state. North was said to have assured his N.S.C. colleagues that if the Contras were to adopt the United States Constitution as their own, members of Congress, who have sworn to uphold that Constitution, could not refuse to defend the Contras without violating their oath of office. According to his former associates, North had reported that the President thought the Sea Goddess idea was "great." Even so, cooler heads won out, and the ship was never chartered, although this may have been a big disappointment to North, especially since he was said to have just about decided on a smashing finale for the dramatic venture. At least one American took with the utmost seriousness President Reagan's assertions that the Contra leaders were the equivalent of the Founding Fathers. The constitutional business concluded, the Sea Goddess would sail up the East Coast and head for the place where American government began. North's plan was to take a sharp left into the Delaware River and, docking at Philadelphia, deliver the new heads of state almost at the door of Independence Hall. In the judgment of many New Yorkers, if North had any sense of history he would have had the Sea Goddess sail into New York Harbor and dock a few blocks south of Federal Hall.



INSTEAD, a pair of more notorious vessels—whose names would surely be included in any new maritime trivia game—have made their way into New York Bay. Despite Donald Trump's claim that in view of Koch's mayoral performance a steady, one-way movement out of New York is only to be expected, one group of visitors, after departing purposefully from the city, did return last month—though it was not as if they had been given any choice in the matter. Enterprising types from other jurisdictions may take real or imagined cruises in the Caribbean on the Monkey Business or the Sea Goddess. The visitors who arrived back in New York against their will, on May 16th, were Captain Duffy St. Pierre and three other members of the crew of the now celebrated tugboat Break of Dawn. The tug was towing the barge Mobro, piled high with three thousand one hundred and eighty-six tons of garbage, after a six-thousand mile journey during which the vessels' attempts to dock were rejected by six states (North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Texas, and Louisiana, whose governor threatened to turn the National Guard on them) and three foreign countries (Mexico, the Bahamas, and tiny Belize, in Central America, which mobilized its tiny-plane Air Force to repel the invaders).

The story of this odyssey began last September, when the Long Island town of Islip was told by state officials that, because of environmental hazards, it could not enlarge its landfill. Since the landfill—a few years

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back, it would have been called the town dump—was approaching the overflow point, Islip officials announced that thenceforth it could accept only residential trash. Commercial refuse had to be disposed of elsewhere, and that meant trucking it, at great expense, to less populated areas, some of them in other states. Hearing of this situation, Lowell Harrelson, the head of a construction company in Bay Minette, Alabama, had what seemed to him at the time a very bright idea: he would go into the methane-gas business. Taking note of the possibilities in the vast amount of garbage generated by the almost continuous stretch of urban territory along the Northeast coast, he planned to start with the commercial trash available in Islip. He would have it tightly baled, and would barge it to a plot of land he knew of in North Carolina, where, after ripening for a time, it would give off methane gas, which could be sold at a tidy profit. The Break of Dawn, leased from a Harvey, Louisiana, company, began pulling the loaded barge southward on March 22nd.

After the state government of North Carolina declined to have the three thousand tons of trash unloaded there, however, the resistance movement spread rapidly to nearby states and nations. "If I have the power to prevent garbage from New York from being unloaded in this state, I intend to use it," Florida's Governor Bob Martinez announced. Recognizing the especially testy tone often taken by out-of-staters when they are referring to this city—in this century as in those that preceded it—members of the Koch administration complained that such talk gave the impression that the Break of Dawn's trash was from here, whereas it was *Islip's* garbage. Officials of the company that had loaded the garbage explained, however, that although about forty per cent of the trash was from Islip and a few hundred tons were from Nassau County, more than half was from New York City, mostly from the borough of Queens. Indeed, the tugboat's embarkation point in March had been Long Island City, which is in Queens. (The fact that New York City has extensive waste-disposal problems would not have surprised Thomas Jefferson; a cloacina is, after all, a privy.)

Down in Jacksonville, Florida, the barge's owner blamed the whole thing on "the Yankees." Delegations of reporters, including one from the *Times*, descended on Bay Minette to see how Harrelson was bearing up. (The Miami *Herald*, momentarily diverted from other national concerns, sent a reporter to interview Captain St. Pierre's mother.) By early May, there being no alternative—the federal government had issued a bulletin warning that dumping trash at sea was a violation of international law—the "pariah barge," the "garbage without a country," the "good ship Redolent," as headlines variously called it, began moving back up the coast toward New York. State officials, relenting, announced that this one time the garbage could be unloaded at Islip, once it had been landed at Long Island City and trucked across Queens. A band of Islip residents had already held a demonstration, waving signs that said "Ban the Barge!" Claire Shulman, the borough president of Queens, got a court order barring the barge from docking in her borough and the trash from travelling through it. For one thing, said the Borough President, who had no objection to appearing on television as a significant figure in a national news story, the garbage had been in the Caribbean and could be a health hazard. A partner in the company that had loaded the barge reminded her that almost half the garbage was city garbage and that the Caribbean was a place where he—like many Queens residents—had spent healthful vacations. Frank Jones, the Islip town supervisor, described Mrs. Shulman as "porky," which was presumably something like "piggy, piggy, piggy." He added, "I heard her say Islip's garbage will never travel the streets of Queens, and she presides over the corruption capital of the universe"—a reminder of the numerous political figures from Queens who have been implicated in the municipal corruption scandals, including former Borough President Donald Manes, whose deputy Mrs. Shulman was for six years.

As the Break of Dawn approached the city, Captain St. Pierre, beginning to sound desperate—it was more than fifty days since the crew had been off the boat—said he planned to dock no matter what: "I think they'll have to have gunboats to stop me." Harrelson, up from Alabama to fight the Queens court action, demanded that the Mayor "show leadership" in resolving the barge dilemma. For the moment, Koch resolved it with gunboats, ordering Police Department launches with armed cops aboard to turn the tug away. Although a spokesman for his Sanitation Department had mentioned in passing that between sixteen and eighteen bargeloads of garbage were dumped in city landfills every day, the Mayor, putting the Mobro-trash problem in historical perspective, said that if the cargo were ever to be trucked through Queens it would be treated "like the Germans treated Lenin"—referring to Lenin's return to Russia from Switzerland in 1917. The Communist leader, he noted, had been permitted to travel "in a sealed railcar provided he did not . . . open the shades . . . until he got to Russia."

Rejected one more time, the Mobro and the Break of Dawn lay at anchor in Gravesend Bay, off Brooklyn. "WRETCHED REFUSE MOORS OFF OUR TEEMING SHORES" was the *Newsday* headline. That mooring, too, may not last. Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden was threatening to ask the Sanitation Department to get the garbage without a country out of his borough's waters. Captain St. Pierre commented, "All the politicians are trying to get themselves reelected on this barge." While the Break of Dawn and the Mobro have been waiting to discover the fate the politicians have in store for them, they have become a big local tourist attraction. Brooklyn residents have lined up along the Belt Parkway, training telescopes on the vessels, while excursion boats and private yachts, some of them from neighboring states, have circled them. Phil Donahue did an hour-long show on the ships' plight. He was shown on a field trip to the Mobro, wading about among the bales of trash, which he called "the most famous three thousand tons of garbage in the history of the universe." Johnny Carson has paid almost nightly attention to the story of the barge, or, as he and some others prefer to call it, the scow. ("HOW NOW FOUL SCOW!" was a *Daily News* headline.) On one occasion, Carson, holding a map of the world, advised Captain St. Pierre how to proceed: "Hang a left around Florida . . . cross the Mediterranean Sea . . . a hard left at the country of Oman, up into the Gulf of Persia—there is Iran. Dump it right there." After some investigation, an enterprising *Newsday* reporter named Shirley E. Perlman suggested that perhaps Carson should not sound so detached from the Mobro's problem. According to the company that loaded the barge

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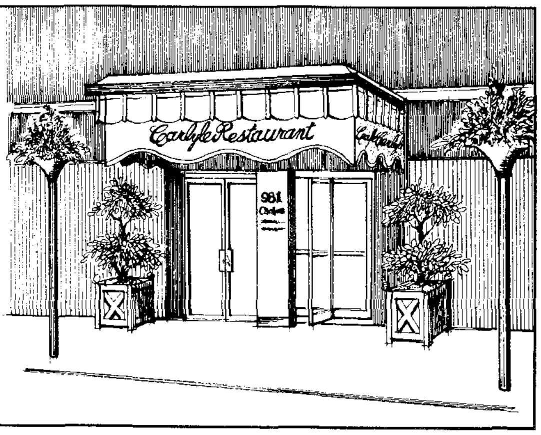

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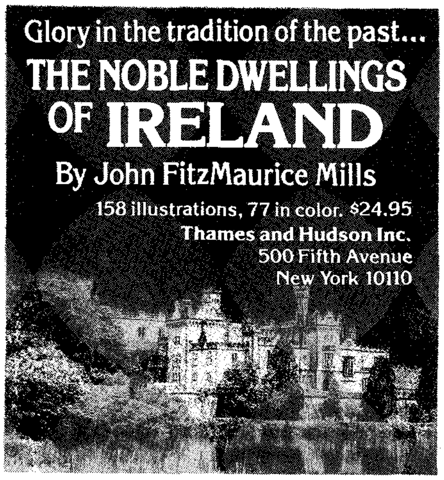

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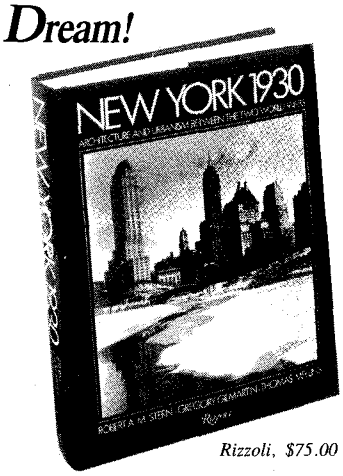
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in the first place, one of the pickup points had been the Kaufman Astoria film studio, in Queens, which were used by many of the producers of many of the ninety-four movies that were made in the city last year, including Woody Allen's "Radio Days." Carson is one of the owners of the studio. The *Newsday* reporter called Carson's office to tell him that some of the garbage he was making so much sport of was his own. Ollie North and the P.T.L. leaders aren't the only people who have scriptural references at the ready. After a good laugh, a Carson spokesman cited Ecclesiastes 11:1, which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Some commentators have insisted that, as a metaphor for a dilemma of modern civilization, the pariah barge is nothing to make jokes about. In an editorial entitled "A Garbage Scow as Paul Revere," the *Times* declared that the barge had "sounded an alarm about an imminent threat to American life." No doubt the voyage attracted the attention it did because it offered yet another welcome distraction from the grim implications of some of the testimony before the Iran-Contra committee—particularly the errant disregard for the law revealed, in this year of the celebration of the Constitution, by many Reagan Administration officials and their friends who have been allowed to direct critical areas of America's foreign operations. All the scandals—national and local—seem to be merging just now. A recent Rigby cartoon in the *News* showed the reeking barge surrounded by vultures and large rats. Aboard it, peering out of trash cans, were principals in many of the scandals of recent months. From a can labelled "Wedtech Scam" Edwin Meese was saying, "As Attorney General, I insist on investigating myself;" Oliver North laughed to himself about having put ten million dollars in the wrong Swiss bank account; Gary Hart asked "Adultery? Me?;" Admiral Poindexter urged Reagan to "Take the fifth, Ron, take the fifth!;" and one goggle-eyed figure told another, "Say a prayer for Islip, Tammy!" The caption was "The garbage is heading home! The garbage is heading home!"

—ANDY LOGAN

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# BOOKS

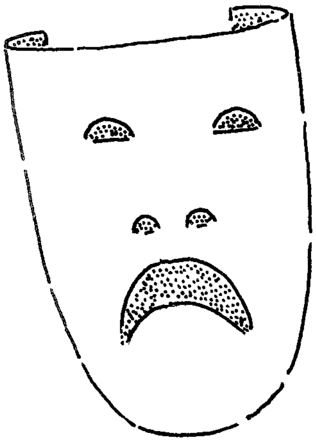
## *The Last Fiction Show*

WOULD it be fair to say that there's something just a touch apocalyptic about Walker Percy's imagination? In his novels of the contemporary South, even the most trivial everyday events are drenched in Judgment Day significance. Percy keeps telling us we're all dying; in book after book, he maintains the portentous tone of The Last Voice You'll Hear. He's clearly a man in love with finality: his second novel is called "The Last Gentleman;" his third, "Love in the Ruins," carries the subtitle "The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at a Time Near the End of the World;" he has written a nonfiction work titled "Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book;" and there's even a novel called "The Second Coming." Surely, with all these last things parading by, some revelation is at hand. But what's revealed, usually, is only that Percy's hellfire rhetoric has got the better of his judgment. This Louisianan sounds a little like a preacher who's stumbled through one Mardi Gras too many: in his dazed state, the party animals slouching down Bourbon Street look to him like rough beasts whose hour has come round at last.

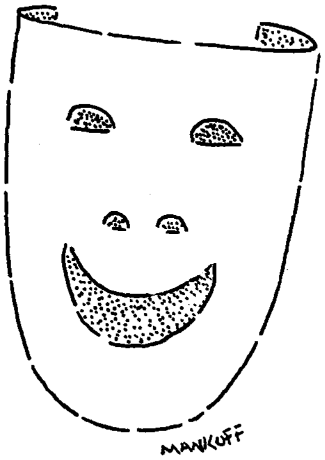
Holding up a succession of "The End Is Nigh" signs isn't the easiest calling in life, especially if you've been at it for over twenty-five years, as Percy has. The world always gives us plenty to be alarmed about, but the effort of updating the doomsday message must get wearying, and even humbling: for Percy, every new book is a tacit admission that, O.K., maybe the end wasn't *quite* so nigh as he made it out to be in the last one. (But this time it is, for sure.) An artist who conceives of his work in this way, as a search for the absolute, the definitive—one of Percy's most impassioned novels is called "Lancelot"—is himself doomed, to endless repetition, to a debilitating sense of futility. On some level, Percy seems to know this. Since "Lancelot" (1977)—which was, for better or worse, the strongest and purest expression of his ideas on contemporary culture, a frenzied summa—he has been explicitly going over the ground of his earlier work for a second time, restating his theories in plain, schematic form (in "Lost in the Cosmos") and putting his old characters through their paces again. Will Barrett, the alienated Southern romantic of "The Last Gentleman," is resurrected in "The Second Coming," and Percy's new novel, "The Thanatos Syndrome" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95), continues the adventures of Dr. Tom More, the "bad Catholic" of "Love in the Ruins," as the world nears its end yet again. (In his march through his own past, Percy seems to have skipped right over his first novel, "The Moviegoer"—an acknowledgment, perhaps, that it stands slightly apart from the main body of his work. It's the most modest of his books, and the most self-sufficient as a work of narrative art.) Percy's project is bizarre enough to be rather fascinating. "The Thanatos Syndrome," with its mock-trashy, Ludlumish title, is a remake of "Love in the Ruins," stripped (relatively speaking) for action: eschatology made simple. And the author of "The Moviegoer" has somehow developed the sensibility of a TV junkie: the book is crammed with references to Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Walters, Jane Pauley, Charles Kuralt, "Barnaby Jones," "As the World Turns," and the like. Or maybe Percy, like all evangelists, simply wants his own show.

Reading "The Thanatos Syndrome" is a little like tuning in, unawares, to the Christian Broadcasting Network, whose mixture of talk shows, Bible-thumping oratory, commercials for Jesus, and "Man from U.N.C.L.E." reruns is so rivetingly weird. As in "Love in the Ruins," Percy's Dr. More, a mildly unstable Louisiana psychiatrist, has to save the world from the destruction threatened by others' misuse of one of his scientific discoveries. In the earlier novel, it's a device called an Ontological Lapsometer, which measures an individual's sense of self; in "Thanatos," it's a breakthrough in "cortex pharmacology"—the discovery that large doses of heavy sodium tend to increase memory and reduce sexual inhibitions. ("What we're doing," says one of the good-old-boy mad scientists who are cheerfully dosing several Louisiana parishes, "is cooling the superego which . . . can make you pretty miserable, and strengthening the ego.") In both books, Dr. Tom, the author's stand-in, fights the good fight against the social engineers. For all his carefully planted human frailties—a weakness for drink, a hint of scientific arrogance, the occasional stirring of lust in his heart—he's a beacon of superego in the darkness of American culture. There are minor topical differences in emphasis between the two novels: "Love in the Ruins," a product of the Nixon era, is more concerned with violence and political polarization, "Thanatos" more with sex (crimes and diseases). But basically they're as alike as an early and a late episode of a long-running series. The later one is just glibber, more streamlined, more cozily familiar—you don't have to pay as much attention to follow it. Percy must know he's repeating himself. Has he begun to believe that in literature, as in television, repetition is power?

The most generous explanation for what this very serious novelist is up to is that he's trying to get his message across in what he takes to be the authentic language of his times—the language of the tube. He doesn't use the pop idiom with



*"I don't get it."*



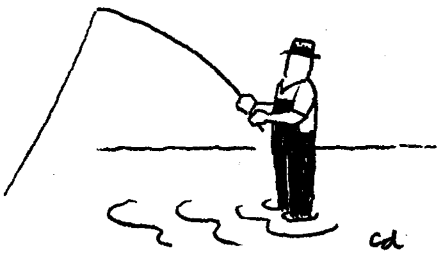
*"You never get it."*

much instinct or irony, though; it’s something he seems to have fallen into awkwardly, like an author on a talk show who finds himself babbling about Vegas with the celebs. Of all the characters in Percy’s recent books, the only one who is truly convincing, precisely observed, is Phil Donahue, as he appears in a brief parodic sketch called “The Last Donahue Show” in “Lost in the Cosmos.” And the reason that this short, funny routine is better than anything in “The Thanatos Syndrome” is, well, ontological. The real, largely unspoken subject of all Percy’s novels, at least from “Love in the Ruins” on, has been the impotent rage of the armchair viewer, who fumes and twitches as the horrible news flashes by—direr and more threatening, somehow, at second hand, because of the unassimilable density and speed of the presentation—and talks back, out loud, to the smug experts who presume to make sense of it all for him. The point of “The Last Donahue Show,” which ends with a “Cosmic stranger” (accompanied by John Calvin and a Confederate officer) bursting in on Phil’s breezy psychosexual discussion group and announcing the approach of Armageddon, is debatable, but here the form that Percy’s viewer-revenge fantasy takes is absolutely appropriate: Percy projects himself into the alien world of television, and his malicious satire has the same dizzying half-reality as its original. In Lapsometer terms, this bit of throwaway wit has a stronger sense of self, a greater congruence between the form of perception and the form of expression, than most of Percy’s more “literary” work.

The real problem with “The Thanatos Syndrome”—what makes Percy’s message about the decline of American civilization so hard to accept—is a kind of formal bad faith. His imperfect Southern knight, Tom More, is less a vehicle for genuine social satire than a prime-time fantasy avenger, an Equalizer who embodies the combined virtues of Kierkegaard, Harry Stack Sullivan, and Robert E. Lee. If his creator showed any awareness that the need for such figures is itself an expression of impotence—a product of the living-room philosopher’s frustration at his remoteness from the culture’s catastrophes—he’d be a lot more persuasive. Everything seems to be in the wrong register. The human foibles satirized in “The Thanatos Syndrome” are barely recognizable, because they seem to come not out of the author’s own experience but from his perception of significant experience *out there*, the data that have arrived from a distance, over the airwaves. His observations on, say, the dangers of female sexuality (one of the first symptoms of the “syndrome” Dr. More discovers is that his women patients “present rearward” to express interest in sex, like apes) and the spiritual emptiness of golfers and bridge players are recklessly imprecise, crusty with resentment. The benign do-gooder that Percy has invented to cure these imagined ills is something of a blind: if the world were truly as Percy describes it, only a wrathful god could make it right again.

The book in which Percy comes closest to really spelling out his vision—both its tabloid sensationalism and its yearning for Old Testament vengeance—is “Lancelot,” the monologue of a deranged New Orleans gentleman who kills his wife, her lover, and the stars of a movie being filmed in his mansion. The novel is in the genre of devil’s-advocate literary ventriloquism (like the Grand Inquisitor section of “The Brothers Karamazov,” or Camus’s “The Fall”), and with a madman’s voice as his shield of irony Percy really lets it rip. Lancelot Lamar’s asylum rant releases all the virulence that the genteel depressives of Percy’s other books keep in check by drinking and moping. The hero of “The Moviegoer” says things like “For some time now the impression has been growing upon me that everyone is dead,” and (understandably) has difficulty committing himself to a relationship; Lancelot says, “We are living in Sodom,” and blows his house to kingdom come when he discovers his wife’s infidelity. He has a lot in common with Travis Bickle, the crazed protagonist of the film “Taxi Driver” (which was released the year before “Lancelot” was published): a horror of and fascination with sex, a streak of psychotic chivalry, and a weirdly intimate relationship with TV. (Travis rocks his set with his foot until it tips over and explodes; Lancelot is addicted to news broadcasts, which he watches alone and avidly, getting an almost pornographic thrill from each day’s disasters.) The wise, humane Dr. More might say that this Percy hero is “acting out”—without, perhaps, adding that *what* he’s acting out is essentially the values of the good Doctor himself and the aesthetics of their common creator. When Lancelot’s Southern Gothic mansion explodes, it goes up in a white-hot blaze of superego.

After a blowout like that, what could Percy do but repeat himself? (“Lancelot” may have appalled even him.) Binx Bolling, the narrator of “The Moviegoer,” has a theory—Kierkegaard’s—about repetition: “A repetition is the re-enactment of past experience toward the end of isolating the time segment which has lapsed in order that it, the lapsed time, can be savored of itself and without the usual adulteration of events that clog time like peanuts in brittle.” And that’s pretty much what “The Thanatos Syndrome” does. The time elapsed between “Love in the Ruins” and its re-enactment certainly doesn’t appear to have been adulterated by anything like an event: it’s as pure as a blank screen, with even the traumatic self-revelation of “Lancelot” wiped out. It’s not easy being a visionary satirist—the very attempt makes Percy worthy of our attention, and even respect—and it’s just about impossible if you cling, as Percy does, to a philosophy that’s fundamentally ahistorical. The apocalyptic imagination is innocent of the kinds of fine distinctions a cultural critic has to make. It’s all marking time until the end, the fiery climax, the series finale, with events in the lapse-time between the original sin and the last judgment erasing themselves continually as we formulate and reformulate their meaning, until all that’s left of them is a blinding-white constant significance—the last word. This is where the mystic and the talk-show crank meet: “The Thanatos Syndrome,” like all Percy’s novels, seems to be taking place in the greenroom of the apocalypse.



THE Texas novelist Larry McMurtry has been around exactly as long as Walker Percy has: his first novel, “Horseman, Pass By,” was published, like “The Moviegoer,” in 1961. And his new novel, “Texasville” (Simon & Schuster; $18.95), is also a sequel—to his third novel, “The Last Picture Show.” (How in the world did he beat Percy to that title?) Covering the same span of history, the two novelists form a nearly perfect dialectical pair: the visionary and the realist, the cosmic and the regional, the major and the minor. Percy has squeezed out six ambitious works of fiction in twenty-six years; McMurtry has knocked off eleven of his readable, character-dominated novels in that time. Percy's books rate front-page reviews and all manner of awards and honors; McMurtry's get made into movies—"The Last Picture Show," "Terms of Endearment," "Hud," which is based on his first novel, and "Lovin' Molly," adapted from "Leaving Cheyenne." (McMurtry did, however, win a Pulitzer last year for his mammoth Western historical novel "Lonesome Dove.") "The Thanatos Syndrome" is dedicated to the Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles, "Texasville" to Cybill Shepherd, who played the beautiful tease Jacy in the film of "The Last Picture Show." Both writers are trying to portray what it's been like to live in America for the past two and a half decades, yet the work of each reads almost like a science-fiction version of the other's, as if they were describing alternative universes. (And Louisiana isn't even that *far* from Texas.)

"Texasville," which picks up the story of the parched small town of Thalia some thirty years after the events of "The Last Picture Show" (which was set in the fifties), isn't a sequel in the same way that "The Thanatos Syndrome" is. It's not an act of repetition, either in the mundane sense or in the more exalted Kierkegaardian one. We feel that McMurtry has returned to this place and these characters simply out of love and curiosity: far from wanting to purify the lapsed time since their first appearance, to reduce their histories to a hard nub of meaning, he adulterates like crazy, filling in details as fast as he can think of them. This is oil country, and McMurtry gushes crude. Thanks to oil, the depressing little nowhere town of "The Last Picture Show" (where the only entertainments were sex, which no one in Thalia managed very well back then, and movies, whatever was playing the single theatre, until it closed down) seems to have become a boomtown in the seventies. In "Texasville," Thalia's on the way back down, done in by the oil glut and OPEC's low prices, as the anxious residents prepare, with all the enthusiasm they can muster, to commemorate the town's centennial: they're putting on a

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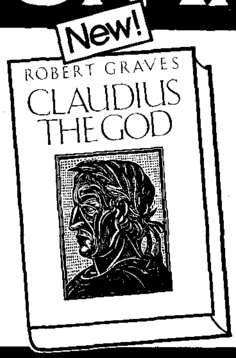

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festival to celebrate Thalia's origins when in fact what they're most afraid of is that their home really *is* in the process of returning to where it began.

What's funniest, and most lifelike, about McMurtry's new book is that his people, having enjoyed a brief but exhilarating run of American abundance (both financial and sexual), don't mind indulging in a little harmless romanticizing of their frontier history, but they're not about to give up what they've got and go back to their arid, windswept beginnings without some kicking and screaming—any more than McMurtry would return to Thalia just to re-create the spare hopelessness of the previous book. (In his preface to the current reissue of "Somebody's Darling," a sequel of sorts to "All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers," McMurtry says, "I have an almost exaggerated horror of self-repetition.") The current crop of Thalians includes some veterans of "The Last Picture Show"—like Duane Moore, a high-school jock who's become an oilman, sensitive Sonny Crawford, and Jacy, newly returned to her home town after a mediocre movie-acting career in Europe—and some new faces, like Duane's sexy, unpredictable wife, Karla. But there's not a laconic Westerner—on the order of the earlier book's mythic Sam the Lion—in the bunch. The new Texans never seem to shut up. Karla's so full of verbal energy that even her wardrobe speaks: she wears an apparently inexhaustible succession of T-shirts with outrageous double-entendres printed on them. There's plenty of McMurtry's own history as a writer in the rambling, garrulous, one-thing-after-another ease of "Texasville"—see, for example, his loosely constructed non-Texas picaresques of the seventies and early eighties, like "The Desert Rose," "Somebody's Darling," and, especially, "Cadillac Jack." And by merging a setting out of his early, elegiac fiction with the casual, overstuffed style of his more recent work he's managed to define himself—his time and his place—with comic precision and not much visible sweat.

Although ideas have never been McMurtry's strong point, "Texasville" also shows that a realist who's accurate enough can sometimes hit on a notion that seems mysteriously right, and no less satisfying intellectually than the elaborate exertions of the visionary. The climactic pageant here (which, like the book's title, has echoes of Robert Altman's teeming, ironic Bicentennial movie "Nashville") actually ventures into Percy's territory and comes out intact. The townspeople planning the celebration have such a hazy idea of their origins that they figure they'd better just throw everything in and cover themselves as best they can. They not only include a replica of Texasville, a legendary pre-Thalia settlement that seems to have consisted of one building, two guys named Brown, and ten thousand diamondback rattlers (and that the county's lone centenarian denies ever existed), but also decide to stage a scene from the Garden of Eden. What the heck—here, at least, are ancestors they can be certain of. In McMurtry's lovely plan, Duane and Jacy, Thalia High's best and brightest from the fifties, are roped into playing Adam and Eve, and these middle-aged troupers reënact the Fall as a series of pratfalls. It's a beautiful image, funny and moving, of how Thalia's people have lived their small chunk of time, and a perfect example of how they, and McMurtry, represent themselves to themselves. In our end is our beginning, and all that, but the fact is that the happy accidents, and even the foul-ups in between, do tend to dull our taste for the ultimate, the cold perfection of resolution. The Thalians' not-so-innocent ceremony ends in slapstick, Main Street drowned in broken eggs. A more ambitious novelist might tell us more than this about our origins and speculate more penetratingly about what's in store. But, in its affable, offhand way, McMurtry's novel, which ends with a joke about repetition ("These centennials are awesome," a minor character says. "I think we should have one every year"), really *is* about history, at least as Americans live it.

—Terrence Rafferty

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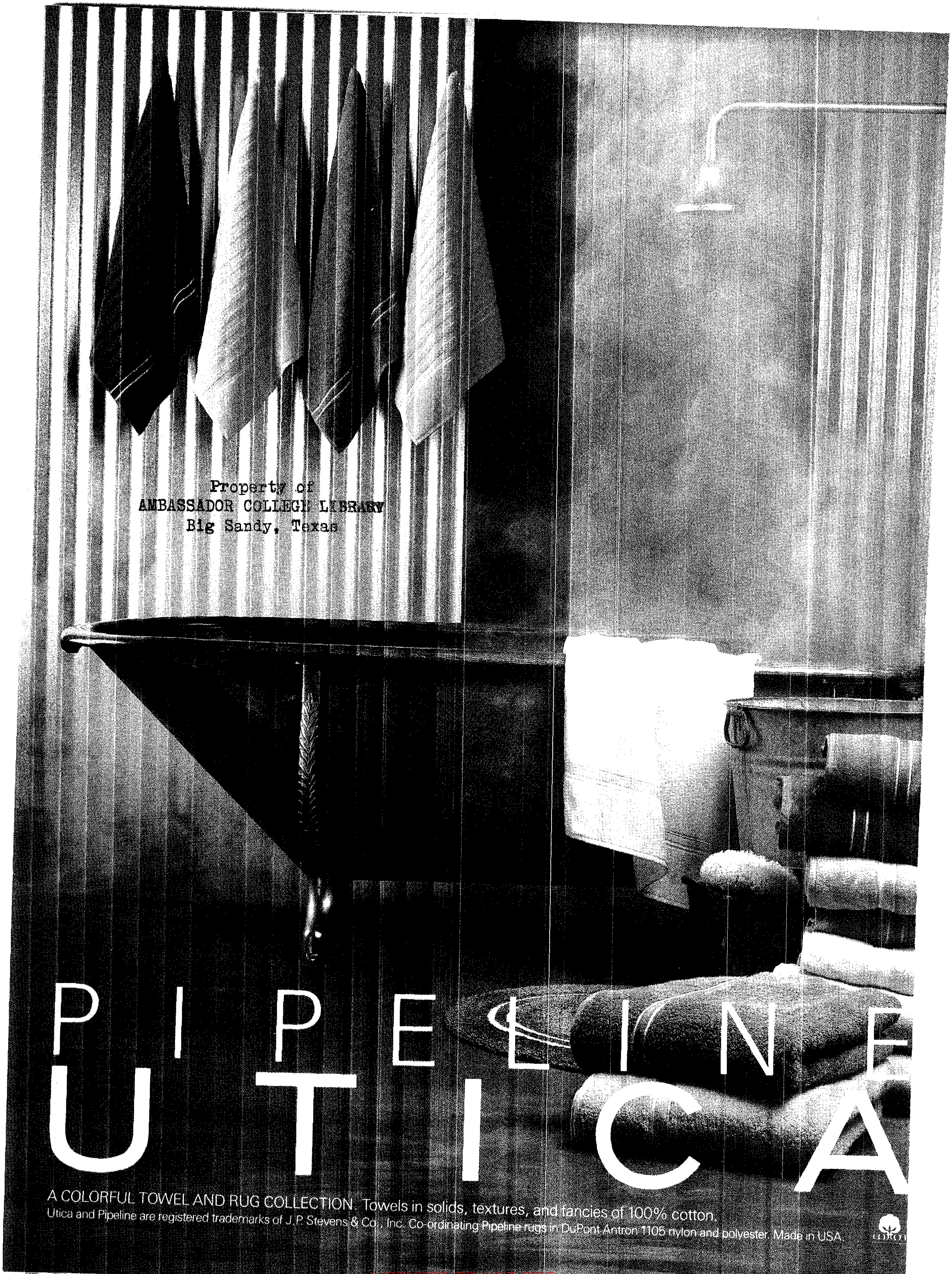

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